

Fluffy

The best pet I ever had the pleasure of owning was a Maine Coon named, Fluffy. Yeah, I know, kind of a cliché name, but there was nothing typical about that cat. To begin with she was beautiful. A beautiful light grey, with blue eyes, a somewhat flat face (flatter than a common "alley cat" at least) and a big old fluffy tail that looked like something you could dust the venetian blinds with. She also had a bit of an anomaly as on her front paws she had six toes each. I don't know if that's something common to Maine Coons, but I always thought it gave her an advantage against other cats and animals.

Fluffy was the perfect blend of docility, sweetness, and spunk. She hardly ever cried, even when she was waiting for that first meal in the morning. She just sat there looking very pleasant and patiently waiting for her bowl to be filled. She loved to be loved and was quite affectionate. And she was very active and playful but never in any kind of destructive way. She didn't tear up the curtains or knock items from a shelf. Her playfulness was more of the string or jingling ball chasing variety. She also liked to play hide and go seek. That may sound a little crazy, but it's true. Of course the Fluff always preferred to be the seeker in those situations.

Fluffy enjoyed the outdoors as well. Our backyard was her territory as she basked in the sunlight on warm summer afternoons and often found a high spot like a tree or our supply shed to rest on and oversee her domain. She did do her share of hunting as it is natural and occasionally brought a bird into our house as a gift to show her appreciation for us. She was just a totally awesome cat and we were so lucky to have her live with us for nearly 19 years before she passed. I don't know if longevity is something inherent with Maine Coons (they are bigger than average cats), but it's possible I suppose.

I honestly can't offer any drawbacks to owning a Maine Coon other than because of their long hair the hair can sometimes get matted and need grooming. Fluffy maintained herself so well that we never encountered that problem. However, my parents have another Maine Coon now and she has had some issues with her fur. Whenever I've visited my parents and from everything they've told me, their new Maine Coon is very much of the same temperament as Fluffy was, and I do believe it has much to do with the type of breed.