An excerpt from Philip Roth’s novel, *The Dying Animal*:

The only thing you understand about the old when you are not old is that they have been stamped by their time. To those not yet old, being old means *you’ve been*. But being old also means that despite, in addition to, and in excess of your beenness, you still are. Your beenness is very much alive. You still are, and one is haunted by the still-being and its fullness as by the having-been, by the pastness. Think of old age this way: it’s just an everyday fact that one’s life is at stake. One cannot evade knowing what shortly awaits one. The silence that will surround one forever. Otherwise, it’s all the same. Otherwise one is immortal for as long as one lives.