

## AGE & THE AGES

Not many people realize that Esme is older than Carlisle. She is the matriarch of our family at 26 years old. Carlisle is 23. Continuing down the line, Jasper and Emmett are 20; Alice is 19; Rosalie is 18; I am 17; Bella is three days shy of 19, or as she prefers to say...18. She quakes when Emmett teases her about robbing the cradle or calls her a "cougar." I don't understand her discomfort. I was born in 1901; she was born in 1987. I could be her great-grandfather. Similarly, Esme is a "cougar" by Emmett's (joke) standard, but Carlisle is still 252 years her elder.

If you look at us in terms of how many years we've each been a vampire, the lineup looks different:

	Born	Changed	Human Years	Vampire Years	Total Age
<i>Carlisle</i>	1640	1663	23	348	371
<i>Jasper</i>	1844	1863	19	148	167
<i>Edward</i>	1901	1918	17	93	110
<i>Alice</i>	1901	1920	19	91	110
<i>Esme</i>	1895	1921	26	90	116
<i>Rosalie</i>	1915	1933	18	78	96
<i>Emmett</i>	1915	1935	20	76	96
<i>Bella</i>	1987	2005	18	6	24

*It just goes to show you that age is a state of mind. I'm three years older than my mother and 55 years younger than my 19-year-old brother, Jasper. Emmett and Rosalie were born in the same year, but Rosalie is two years older. Eventually, Bella's age won't matter so much to her since it all depends on how you look at it.*

*Tanya's family is much older than ours. Her mother (maker) and the matriarch of the coven was destroyed by the Volturi before Carlisle was born. That makes Tanya and her sisters older than my father. They are true creatures of the millennia.*

*Because we can exist for so long, it is imperative that we update ourselves...our language, our clothing, our manners, mores, pretty much everything about ourselves, on a regular basis. The problem is that after a thousand years, if not sooner, one learns that all change is transitory and it can become difficult to care.*

*Take the Volturi...they have not modernized their style of dress or language in at least 300 years. To them, 300 years is not a significant amount of time, so the constant pressure to "change, change, change" that humans or younger vampires often feel doesn't exist for them. It's a wonder that they've remained undetected for so long, living their petrified lives. I suppose it helps that if a human gets too curious about them, they simply invite him to dinner.*

*If a vampire wants to live among humans (and as the earth becomes more crowded, not doing so is more difficult), he must continually evolve to mimic their brief and fast-paced existence. It becomes imperative to remain engaged with the world, to find interests that keep one moving forward. Otherwise, ennui or despair sets in.*

*In Anne Rice's wonderful (but wholly imaginary) vampire sagas, long-lived beings can become "tired" and choose to bury themselves in the earth for decades or even centuries. Though Ms. Rice*

*has accurately captured the desolation that can overtake an immortal, we real-life immortals can only daydream of dropping into sweet unconsciousness whenever we wish to escape our lives.*

*That is the predicament of our kind—the relentlessness of existence. I suppose that most of us will still be here when Mother Earth shrugs off her over-productive population of humans by ice or fire. Or perhaps humans will make themselves extinct sooner by depleting the earth of resources or poisoning the ecosystem. Or maybe some crazed dictator will acquire atomic weapons and wipe the planet clean. The latter case has the advantage of setting us all afire and releasing us back to the place from whence we came. What a catastrophe it would be for us vampires if all possible prey was wiped out and we were to live on.*

*Now that I have Bella and we both have Renesmee, I don't look forward so much to the end times. The miracle of procreation changes one's perspective by irrevocably altering and indefinitely extending one's future. Boredom does not set in so easily. And believe me, boredom can kill.*

*Edward*

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