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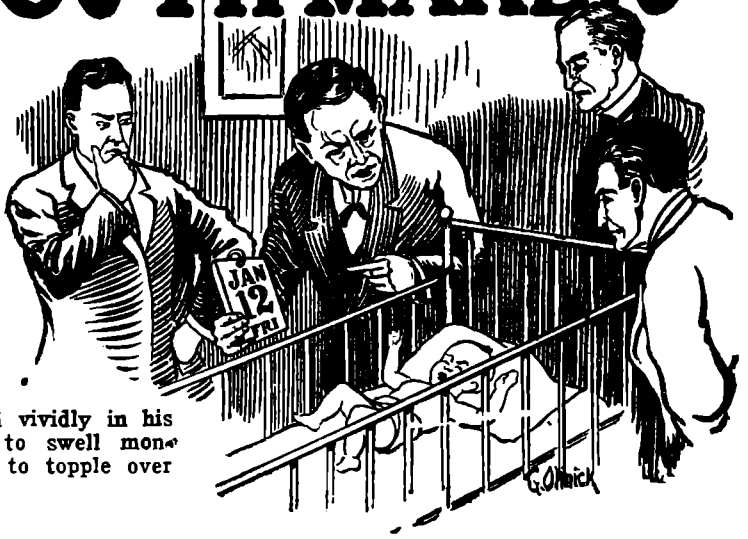
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# The YOUTH-MAKER

By

W. Elwyn  
Backus



"The figures registered vividly in his brain. They seemed to swell monstrously, to be about to topple over and crush him."

THE stairs creaked in dismal protest as Perry mounted the last flight. A musty odor pervaded the air, adding to his growing repugnance of the place. He recalled Latimer's esthetic inclinations at college despite his queer bent even then for certain mysterious chemical experiments, and he wondered at his living in such quarters. A shaft of sunlight, struggling through the dirty skylight overhead, threw the finger smudges on the blank wall at the top of the stairs into sharp relief. Perry halted there in momentary bewilderment. The oblong gallery seemed at first glance to be devoid of any doorway. Then he observed a recess in the shadow at the other end. A few steps brought him before a closed door in it.

His knock echoed eerily in the stillness of the hallway, but without response. Presently he rapped again. The door swung partly ajar, revealing one end of a disorderly room. A curious singing sound, like that of a simmering teakettle, was audible. Unconsciously he rested his hand against the door. It gave noiselessly,

swinging inward before he realized what he was doing.

At a table by the window Perry saw the back of a man bent intently over something before him. A wisp of yellowish vapor rose above the silent worker, mingling with a cloud-like haze that hung low in the stuffy air of the room. Perry choked as it got into his lungs. The figure at the table raised an unkempt head and stared round at him.

"I beg pardon," Perry began, "I expected to find——"

Something familiar about the haggard countenance made him hesitate. Was it—why, yes it *was* Latimer. The other had already recognized him.

"Well, well, Perry, old fellow. What a surprise!"

Perry grasped his old chum's hand with a curious mingling of emotions. This was not the fastidious Latimer of old. His clothes hung on him like a scarecrow's; his once boyish face was drawn and deeply lined; strange eyes peered out of shrunken sockets—a little wildly, Perry thought. An uncomfortable feeling crept over

him. The hand he held was limp and moist and cold, unlike a living thing.

"Just learned the other day that you were located right here in my own home town, Lat," Perry said. "Thought I'd drop in and see how you're getting along."

His gaze rested on the amber solution bubbling in the crucible on the table and wandered over the room littered with the odd paraphernalia of a chemist. He wondered whether there was any truth in the rumor that this man had discovered a practical elixir of youth—and how best to tell him the real reason for his visit. He became aware that Latimer was talking, answering his query. ". . . doing nicely. Working on high-explosive formula for the government . . . blow Gibraltar off map. Great stuff——"

"But about this wonderful elixir of yours," Perry interjected. "How about your experiments with that?"

A strange look came into the overbright eyes of the emaciated chemist.

"Ah, yes," he said softly. "So you've heard of that. That elixir of youth. The fact is, Perry, that I have perfected it. I lack only a human subject to prove my theories, although I have already been able to change the age at will, so to speak, of guinea-pigs and mice."

"And you are still looking for a human subject for experiment?"

"Yes."

"How would I do?"

"You!"

"Me"—quietly.

"But, man, you have everything in life that is good: wealth, health, social position and all. Besides, you are the last of the Sutherlands. You would not be a proper subject for experiment. And you are not old. Far from it. About forty—aren't you?—though you don't look that."

"Forty-three. But I am going to try it, Lat. You see before you your first subject, if you will take me. I

will sign a complete release for you, to cover any—ah—emergencies."

"Jove. I believe you are in earnest!"

"Your belief is correct."

The chemist's intense face lighted strangely.

"Very well. As you wish." A sly smile stole over his countenance. "I suppose there's a girl concerned in this?"

"I don't mind telling you that there is," said Perry, thinking of Alice. What an exquisite little thing she was! Her lovely dark hair and eyes, perfect features and delightful personality had captivated nearly every eligible male in her set. Yet, until recently, she had seemed to favor him over all the others, notwithstanding the difference in their ages—she was twenty; though Perry might easily have passed for thirty-two or three, coming from a family of those fortunate beings who seem to mature very slowly, in appearance at least. The change in Alice's attitude had been coincident with the return of Dal Arterburn, handsome and youthful, after a two-year absence. And now, apparently, she was lost to Perry. Lost because he could no longer fire her youthful imagination.

"When—when would you wish to begin this—er—treatment?" Latimer broke into his reflections.

"Now."

## 2

THE weeks that followed were fraught with excitement and suspense of the most acute sort for Perry. Always in the background of his consciousness lurked the specter of dread, a product of that universal instinctive fear of things unknown. After that first visit to Latimer's laboratory he had thrown himself into the whirl of social activities with an abandon that soon earned for him

the sobriquet of "the life of the party." All this while he continually received wondering comments from all sides on his changing appearance. If he continued the treatment much longer, the secret would have to come out. Latimer had said on Perry's last visit, a few days previous, that he was now approximately thirty years "young," and advised slowing up the rate of rejuvenation to, say, a couple of years a month, to avoid danger of passing the age of twenty-five. This was the mark Perry had set as his ideal.

"Of course, in that case you could grow older again at the regular rate until you reached the desired age again, after which you could remain at the same age, physically, for an indefinite time by the proper treatments," Latimer explained.

A sudden fear clutched at Perry's heart.

"Suppose something should happen to you unexpectedly. What then? Would I go on approaching closer and closer to infancy until I passed out into the unknown?"

"That is just what would happen, for the present rate of rejuvenation has now been well established. Only by somewhat drastic treatment can I even alter that rate."

A curious, mad glitter came into the chemist's eyes.

"What an interesting experiment that would be!" he murmured, as to himself. "One wonders what would become of the soul when the body returned to the age of zero—the absolute nadir of the point of birth."

"Don't, Lat! You give me the creeps."

The chemist seemed to shake himself out of a trance.

"I beg your pardon, Perry. Don't take my ravings too seriously."

But after Perry had gone, the chemist stood a long while gazing with unseeing eyes out of the window. He was thinking of what had hap-

pened once in the case of the guinea-pigs.

"What an experiment!" he repeated, softly.

## 3

**O**CTOBER fourth. That fateful date arrived without the slightest warning of the horror it was to bring and the terrible dread which was to stalk in its wake.

On this day Alice had finally yielded to Perry's plea to accompany him on a drive. He called for her at 2 o'clock. It was a delightful fall day. The sunlight fell softly through an almost imperceptible haze as they glided over the road behind the sweetly purring motor. For the first time in months, Perry felt absolutely at peace.

Something of his mood must have communicated itself to Alice, for she seemed to have returned, for the time, to her self of the first days when they began going together. Despite the exotic rambling of his imagination, Perry felt when he looked at her sitting there quietly beside him, that he might easily forego the trip abroad he had planned. For with unlimited youth at his command, and no encouragement from Alice, he was tempted to have one wild prolonged fling.

"Perry," she said, following a long silence during which their souls had seemed in perfectly peaceful and mutual accord, "you seem so different today."

In this she simply voiced his own thoughts of her. He told her so.

"I, too, feel different," she admitted. "But you are different in many ways. You act more like your former self today than you have for months. And yet, you are strangely changed since then." She looked at him critically.

"You look younger—much younger," she went on. "I can't just pick

out the actual changes. But you were a little thin, and were becoming tired-looking. At times you appeared to have lost interest in things, to be becoming prematurely 'settled'—if you know what I mean."

He nodded. Dull and uninteresting, like an old man, was what she meant.

"But now your face is filled out. You evince a keen interest in everything. Your eyes seem brighter and clearer. And you are not a bit 'settled' any more—or my observation of the last month or so have been all wrong. I really don't see how you keep up such a pace."

Almost he obeyed an impulse to tell her everything. The temptation—or the opportunity—passed, however. He couldn't bring himself to do it. Foolish of him to have considered it, he decided. Wouldn't do at all to let the secret out. Everyone would know it a day afterward.

"I am glad you like the change, Alice," he said. "I would rather please you than anyone else."

He suddenly realized that this was the truth.

"More than Irma Chadwick?"

Irma Chadwick was the ravishing blond who had recently dazzled the men of their set on a prolonged visit from Philadelphia. Perry and she had been much together while Alice and Dal were pairing up at the various social functions and driving about and playing golf together continually.

"Much more." Then some imp of perversity made him add: "Provided Dal doesn't object."

A hurt look clouded the dreamy hazel eyes. Her lashes dropped and she turned her head away from him.

Already sorry for the note of discord he had allowed to escape from him in that unfortunate moment of selfishness, Perry stole miserable glances at her between his watchfulness of the unwinding ribbon of road.

Why couldn't he have been satisfied when matters were going smoothly? The realization came to him that all he had done during the past six weeks had been for her.

He was about to venture something conciliatory when a car, stalled in the road ahead, forced him to throw on his brakes.

"Can I help?" Perry called out, pulling up on the roadside just beyond the other car.

"Thanks. Maybe you can," hopefully smiled the young chap who had been tinkering about the car. "I think I'm out of gas."

A quantity of gasoline was soon drained from Perry's tank and put into the tank of the stalled car. A moment later the unfortunate motorist's guess was confirmed as his motor began to roar. He drove away voicing profuse thanks.

"I think we'd better turn round and start back," Alice suggested.

"But aren't we going to have dinner somewhere together, Alice?"

"Can't. I have another engagement, Perry."

He pondered gloomily.

"I'm mighty disappointed, Alice. Is—is it because—? I'm very sorry I made that remark about Dal. Won't you forgive me?"

"That had nothing to do with it"—coolly. "I simply have an engagement."

"Then will you let me see you some other evening this week? You know, Alice, you have been pretty hard on me for the last few months."

Even as he spoke, he realized that he had again said the wrong thing. He cursed himself inwardly for a bungling fool.

"You did not seem to be taking it hard. However, there was always the convenient Dal excuse—as you have already reminded me this afternoon."

He wanted to tell her that he had not understood. That he had really

preferred her all the time. That he thought she was acting just a bit unfairly. But she would not hear him.

"You needn't stammer excuses, Perry," she said. "You are mistaken in the presumption that any are required. Please take me home. It's growing late."

The trip back was made mostly in silence, broken only by occasional brief remarks on purely superficial subjects.

On the way home, after leaving Alice, Perry bought a newspaper. He tucked it between the folds of the upholstering at the end of the roadster's seat. Not until he reached his room did he open it.

A "scare" heading riveted his gaze. He stared at it a moment in growing alarm.

#### MAD CHEMIST BLOWN TO FRAGMENTS

Fearfully, he read:

A terrific explosion shook the entire lower section of the North Side this afternoon at 1:15, breaking many windows in the vicinity of 4708 Perkins Avenue, a boarding house, in which the explosion occurred. The upper part of the house was wrecked, immediately bursting into flames which totally destroyed the building before firemen could check them. All inmates of the house escaped except John Latimer, a chemist who occupied the attic. The terrific explosion in his laboratory evidently killed him outright, as his features were horribly disfigured. It is said that Latimer had been working on a high explosive formula, under the hallucination that his services were retained by the government.

John Latimer dead! The terrible significance of that catastrophe sank into Perry's consciousness like a white-hot iron. With Latimer gone he was doomed—doomed to a fate of unprecedented horror, more dreadful than ordinary death, or even torture. His vivid imagination magnified, a hundred times, his fears of the month past. He recalled the bizarre characterization of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and Haggard's *She*, in the

novels of those titles, neither of which could quite equal the horror of his own predicament; although, he reflected, there was a suggestion of similarity between his case and an incident portrayed in the latter of these wild tales.

In an agony of remorse, Perry realized that he could not again consider marrying—even if Alice would have him. For, utterly ridiculous as it may sound, within another month he would have reverted to the adolescence of a fifteen-year-old! In physique and appearance he would be just that old, though Latimer had told him that mentally he would remain the same. And he must expect the end some three months later, retaining his mentality till the last!

#### 4

FOR pure irony the Fates win, hands down, in a walk, the elegant, all-wool crocheted drinking cup. At 8:30 o'clock on the morning of the fifth, Alice telephoned Perry to tell him that she knew she'd been horrid the previous afternoon, that she'd had a horrid time during the evening, and that she wished he'd play tennis with her that morning.

He made some excuse or other, for he felt that he ought not to see her again, though his heart was yearning for her. The wisdom of this decision was clear in the light of his hurried visit the evening before to Dr. Abbott, and its termination. The eminent nerve specialist had listened to his tale with surprizing credulity, considering the grotesque nature of it.

"Mr. Sutherland," he said, "I have been observing your case unbeknown to you. As you know, I am a fellow member of your Atalanta Club, where I see you occasionally, though I have not had the pleasure of knowing you personally. My interest was first aroused through a

mutual acquaintance a while back, who remarked on the spectacular change in you.

"I perceive that there has been a most unusual change in you, even since then. This change probably is less apparent to your close friends, who see you daily, than to me, because they see its gradual workings while I get the full effect of the gaps."

"You believe, then, that there is little doubt that I actually am returning to infancy?" Perry queried, his last hope slipping from him.

"I am inclined to believe so. Some years ago word of this man Latimer's experiments got around among members of the profession, and I was considerably impressed. I have long suspected that there was some means of arresting the march of age, and that it was but a short step farther to extending the process to pushing age backward. Your case confirms this. Very interesting, indeed. Very."

"Very interesting to you, Doctor, no doubt, but intensely inconvenient to me. What I want to know, quickly, is how to halt the action of this substance, or fungus, or whatever it is that my body has been treated with, before it is too late. What can you do?"

"Nothing. I am very, very sorry, Sutherland."

"Nothing? Surely science that can produce an elixir to combat age can also produce a chemical to kill it."

"Exactly, my dear sir. You state the situation exactly when you say that the way to combat it is to kill it. But, unfortunately, it was found in Latimer's experiments that to kill the action of the elixir it was necessary to kill the patient also, because the fungus had become an integral part of the living organism."

"In other words, I have the choice of suicide or this ignominious death?"

"I am afraid that is correct. Of course, there is the long chance that, through further experiments, some other counteracting agent may be discovered, which will make a cure possible. However, that would require time; and time is fatal to you."

"Will you undertake to direct such research with all haste?" Perry asked. "Naturally I am willing to devote as much of my present liberal resources as necessary to accomplish the feat."

"Gladly. I shall call together the best minds of the profession. This case will attract world-wide attention. You may be assured of its receiving the undivided attention of experts. But I will not misrepresent the outlook to you in a serious matter like this. There is scant chance of success."

"Thank you for your frankness," said Perry. "There is one other thing I wish to ask of you, however. Bind these men to secrecy until the case is concluded."

## 5

FOLLOWED fleeting days of alternating hope and despair, filled with intense mental anguish. Whatever doubt there may have been about his actually growing younger was dispelled from Perry's mind well before the end of the month. Already his beard was becoming noticeably less wiry and he found it unnecessary to shave as frequently as before. Surely and swiftly he was returning to adolescence.

Dr. Abbott had advocated first going to Brussels, where Ressonier, the famed Belgian specialist, could be consulted. Thither they journeyed accordingly. A brief stay there proving fruitless, they went on to Berlin, thence to Vienna, and finally to Paris. Corps of Teuton specialists had been intensely interested in Perry's case, most of them holding out



hope for him; but none was able to definitely check the relentless action of the mysterious elixir during the patient's stay. Several followed to Paris, there to continue their observation of the strange case. Dr. Abbott had advised remaining at Paris indefinitely, in order that an uninterrupted study of Perry's case could be made. Only a forlorn hope that one of the various European experts might be able to prescribe a positive cure, and the drastic march of time, had caused Abbott to advise the rapid moves.

The end of October saw Perry and the now-devoted Abbott as father and son when walking along the boulevards of Paris. Perry had been obliged to purchase an entirely new outfit of clothing, as his stature had shrunk considerably. His health continued good. And his mentality remained that of a matured man. His memory was unimpaired. Resigned to his fate, he had ceased dwelling upon it. He waited with astonishing calmness for the end.

Not since leaving America had Perry written to Alice.

From this time on, his clothes became a real problem. Plainly it was useless to attempt to maintain a complete wardrobe. For no sooner had he bought a garment than it began growing too large for him. He was kept busy buying clothes to fit him; boys' clothes! It became a sort of game to Perry, who welcomed it as a diversion to help keep his mind off his fate.

Experts continued theorizing and prescribing through Monsieur Thurbin, in whose hands Dr. Abbott had finally placed Perry's case, the two of them, however, continuing to collaborate with the best of the others studying it. The apparent partial checking of the elixir's action had given them renewed hope. But as time slipped by without further success,

it became evident that the fateful race between practical science and the diabolical work of the departed chemist would be lost in the end.

CHRISTMAS saw Perry in pinafores! No longer was he able to procure his own clothing, Abbott now looking after everything. A month before, Perry had made his last will, after a thorough examination by alienists and in the company of two prominent jurists to attest his sanity, in order that there should afterward be no contest over the legality of the testament.

Obviously it was not possible to keep private the facts of so remarkable a case thus long. The news had leaked out, and newspapers and magazines in nearly every corner of the globe were crying with all the particulars. Of this Perry was quite aware. He shrank from public appearances because of the public curiosity he aroused on these occasions. He had had Abbott rent a small but beautiful château on the outskirts of Paris. Here Perry intended spending the rest of his few remaining days.

He had remembered each of his old friends in the usual manner for Christmas, directing Abbott to select and dispatch the different gifts. To Alice he had sent a valuable brooch in the shape of a delicately formed racket of platinum with a small diamond in the end of the tiny handle. Of course she already knew of the terrible fate hanging over his head.

Christmas morning arrived amid the chiming of the great bells in the cathedral near by, where Perry had once attended services on a former visit to Paris, years ago. A number of Americans from adjacent quarters of Paris usually attended this place of worship, which had become a sort of American shrine. On this morn-

ing in his little bed, for the first time since his affliction, Perry buried his head in his arms and sobbed as if his very heart would break. It was thus Abbott found him.

"Buck up, old man," he said, patting him on the back.

That "old man," and its incongruity brought him out of it. He dug the tears out of his eyes with his chubby fists and essayed a laugh in which there was a hint of hysteria.

"A letter for you, Perry," said Abbott, holding out a squarish gray envelope.

With a start Perry recognized the peculiar rounded style of handwriting. The postmark showed the missive to be from home. Alice! He tore it open feverishly, cutting his soft fingers in his haste.

Only she, Perry decided as he read, could know the painstaking taste and understanding that had sponsored the penning of that letter:

Perry dear—

An old friend understands and feels for you. If only I might help you, too! Most of all, I am glad when I read of the way you are bearing up. That is like you. I admire you tremendously for it. And, when I think that I may have been an influence in the step you made, I feel responsible in a way for your predicament. If I was, I am, oh, so sorry! At the risk of hurting more, I want to tell you while I can—for I must—that I loved you anyway, as you were. But I did not realize it fully until the damage was done. I always shall love you, Perry.

There seems so little I can say. Yet I want to cheer, in some way, this Christmas-tide. My heart is with you, will be with you Christmas day and always, dear. Think of me, too, then, won't you please?

And be brave. Your

ALICE.

Your—Alice! Ah, if he had only known in time that she did care. Well, of such things is the pattern of life; what was done was done. He had not much longer to wait. And now he had her letter to read over and over; to keep and treasure to the

last. That would help. He wished he might see her when she received his own little remembrance.

New Year's came and passed on. Dr. Abbott stayed beside Perry now constantly, counting the days. It was one of Perry's last requests that all the specialists who had lately been in attendance upon him be permitted to be present at the end. He wanted them to be able to study every phase of his unearthly malady and to broadcast to the world the terrible folly of tampering with God's handiwork. That thought offered to him a measure of consolation—at least he was supplying a needed and dramatic warning to mankind.

January twelfth, that memorable day, was stamped upon Perry's brain with the fat black digits on the one-day calendar pad that Abbott had hung on the wall directly opposite the bed in his room. For the last two days, Perry had seen, as in a dream, a ring of faces about him—the specialists, watchful and expectant of the the finish, now imminent. Almost they seemed eager for its arrival, so avid was their interest. And always, over their shoulders, Perry saw the fat, prominent figures on the calendar, that were torn off each day.

Only in the last few days had his hitherto keen mentality suffered. He still retained his mature mind, but the awful nearness of the end—whether through physical or mental stress—had finally affected his consciousness. He seemed to be existing in a kind of hazy fairyland. There were times when he lay for hours in a stupor, for he had grown quite weak. Still, when Dr. Abbott would lean over to talk with him, his mind would clear temporarily, and he could answer the questions put to him.

On the last occasion when his friend questioned him, however, inquiring briefly as to his comfort and sensations, Perry had felt a sud-

den nausea as he tried to reply. One of the specialists took the calendar off the wall and held it close before Perry's eyes. As from a great distance he heard a voice asking whether he could read the date. The figures registered vividly in his brain. They seemed to swell monstrously; to be about to topple over and crush him! He tried to raise his puny arms to ward off the blow. But he could not move. An enormous weight seemed to be pressing upon him all over. His head felt as if it were gripped in rapidly shrinking bands of iron. He was conscious of a sinking feeling and a drawing sensation as if his whole body were suddenly shrunken into a very small bundle—a point, a speck in infinity. . . .

**A**BRUPTLY he found himself gasping for air. Was he to have a brief respite? Then, suddenly, he realized that his hands were free—he could move! He clutched at his body, and encountered—not a ball of shriveled flesh, but a body of normal proportions. With an effort he opened his eyes.

Gone was the ring of doctors, the threatening calendar. Dr. Abbott was standing before him. Then he observed that he was sitting in the doctor's reception room. Apparently he had fallen asleep in the comfortable Morris chair while waiting for the doctor.

"Well, you seemed to be having a right eventful dream," laughed Dr. Abbott. "I found you lying back, quivering and trying to talk, and looking as if you were experiencing a perfectly good nightmare. I'll bet you've been giving your stomach the worst of things."

"I'm afraid I have," Perry admitted.

"And trying to do with about half the sleep you should have. It's beginning to show on you."

"Guilty again, Doctor."

Then, at the other's request, he examined his case. The physician listened gravely enough, albeit with evident skepticism. When Perry had finished, he shook his finger at his patient in the brusque but friendly manner that was characteristic of him.

"Young man," he said, "you've been fed up on the rankest twaddle that it ever has been my privilege to listen to. I'm surprized that you gave it credence. Seekers of youth did not pass out with Ponce de Leon, as all well knew; but this is the first time I've heard of anyone claiming to know how to grow *younger*—much less to want to know how to *cease* growing younger!"

"But how do you account for the abnormal change in my appearance?"

"Abnormal—bosh! Just the natural result of being yourself. You'd been moping around and fossilizing until you woke up and gave your mind a chance to enjoy itself. You needed recreation, even at the expense of rest; though now it's time to slow up a bit and use some judgment in your daily program. Try to get at least six hours of sleep. Seven or eight would be better. You are simply one of those fortunate fellows who don't age as fast as the average and you look now about as you should look. If you think you look as if you've just cast your first vote, your vanity needs a jolt. However, you *don't* look older than lots of fellows do at thirty. Now you'd better let me examine you to make sure that that madman hasn't poisoned you with his so-called treatments."

Thirty minutes later Perry bounded down Dr. Abbott's front steps with a heart that felt at least ten years younger than when he had climbed them. He drove home with his head full of plans for the immediate future. Fortunately, the preliminary examination had shown no

ill effects from the treatments he had permitted Latimer to give him. The blood tests Abbott was conducting would settle this question finally.

One thing puzzled Perry considerably at first. How had he visualized Dr. Abbott accurately in a dream, when he had never seen him before? Then he recalled that he *had* seen him once several months back on the occasion of the specialist's making an address at a luncheon as a guest of the Lion's Club.

On the heels of this reflection Perry remembered the letter from Alice that he had dreamed about. Certain words had stuck in his mind vividly. "I want to tell you . . . that I loved you anyway, as you were. I did not realize it . . . until the damage was done." Suppose she *had* said those things. Maybe, as the dream letter had suggested, he had not made the most of things as they were. He determined to see Alice that very next morning—and he would not wait to see whether she would telephone him as she had in his dream.

## 6

PERRY obtained Alice's consent to play tennis with him the next morning, and he let her conquer him

in the first and only set. After that they went driving.

He drew the car up on a quiet stretch of road where there was a magnificent view of the winding river. The red-and-gold hills rose beyond it in imposing grandeur, and their magnificence with the feathery cloudlets above was reflected in the unruffled surface of the water. A sense of great peace seemed to settle over the scene and them.

"Alice," Perry said, "I want you, dear. I've wanted you ever since I first met you. And, by George," he enthused, as she looked at him encouragingly, "I'm going to have you!"

He took her in his arms as he had so often longed to do, and kissed her. She did not resist. More, she slipped an arm round his neck and pulled him close as she kissed him back.

"Oh, Perry, why didn't you do that yesterday?" she asked, presently.

"Wha—what's the matter, dear?" he queried in alarm. Was she going to tell him she had since become engaged to someone else!

"Nothing. Only—only I thought you were going to—and—you didn't. That's why I got angry!"

