



The Betty Letters

My Dear Grandchild,

To begin with, my dear, you must learn to keep these letters in a very safe place, under lock and key, because, like the memoirs of Chairman Mao Zedong, they will become priceless in time.

You know, my dear, the wife of Mr George W. Bush (he's the Chief Executive of the United States of America, you know) is known as the First Lady of America. I think that it is wrong that I should be addressed in that manner. I should be addressed as the Chief Lady of Hongkong – in keeping with the standing of my husband. After all, I would not like the Prime Minister of England, Mr Blair Witch is his name, I think, to address me as Ah-Hung, or Lindy, or Lavender, or any other name for that matter. Position is everything in life, you must understand. It is politically correct, I have read, to address somebody of my standing by title rather than by name. Then, when I attend official functions, I can be introduced as follows: 'Hear yee! Hear yee! The Chief Lady of Hongkong, The Honourable... etc, etc. etc.' Sounds good, don't you think? Later on, when I write my memoirs, you will see the importance of being referred to as the Chief Lady of Hongkong as early in my new career as possible. History will prove that this is correct.

On another subject, when I went to Canada, a couple of years ago, I noted that people responded very positively, when I gave them the Open-Hand Salute (the Back Open-Hand Salute, of course, otherwise, it could have been mistaken for the Open-Hand Salute of that Neo-Nazi of the Republic of South Africa, the head of the Afrikaner Weerstand Beweging [AWB], Mr Eugene Terreblanche, who stole the salute from Adolf Hitler). I was walking behind your Grandpa after his wonderful speech in a very, very grand hotel in Toronto (not as grand as Hongkong's hotels, of course), just one day after landing there, and there was this wonderfully big, handsome, ripply-muscle policeman, all dressed in red, walking in front of me. The Prime Minister of Canada, Mr Jean Cretin, is his name, appointed him, personally, to be my bodyguard, you know. I shall do the same for him when he visits me in Hongkong, of course, but the People's Liberation Army uniform is green, not red. However, I assume that he will not mind a little change in colour in view of his propensity to change the colour of his politics, quite readily, when the spirit moves him. Not to digress, as He-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed was shaking hands with this person and that person (mostly, upstart Canadian Chinese residents, who wanted to get their photographs, taken in His presence), I was giving my Back Open-Hand Salute to the throng, walking very slowly through the hall, of course, and all the ladies were smiling in appreciation of my gestures. Very re-assuring, I can tell you. Other than the Queen of England, I think I am the only Chief Lady to employ this salute. I was thinking, however: Do you think I should refer to the population of Hongkong as: 'My people?' Or, just, 'them'? Difficult decision, really, because I have only, recently, assumed this position as Chief Lady.

As more and more people recognise me and my Back Open-Hand Salute, there is the question of my coiffure. What do you think I should do about it? The little girl, who comes to my house to take care of it, knows, now, the style that I should have, depending on my busy social and official schedule. She comes as I summon her, prior to any official function. Chinese hair is so much finer than European hair, I have noted. I am lucky that, at the

young age of 46 years, my hair is still black. Just like the political bigwigs of China: Their hair never gets grey. Have you noticed that? I suppose, being a politician in Beijing, is good for health, wealth ... as well as hair.

But there is, always, the question of appearances ... with the neighbours, I mean. I would not like them to be more jealous than they are, already. As it is, I have a lot of trouble in rubbing shoulders with them because one never knows of their politics. One of the many problems with being the Chief Lady of Hongkong is that one has to be so careful of associations. You can become guilty of having a wrong association, you know. I can hardly ask a Brit to come over for dinner; or even a cup of coffee, can I? What would the Premier of China say about such a faux pas? Probably, he would rebuke me for fraternizing with people of the ilk of Chris Patten, the last white Governor of Hongkong. Horrible man! I don't think that I shall ever forgive him for what he did to my people. Getting back to my hair, I want to teach you something: There are just 2 types of people in this world: Masters and servants. Servants must, always, know their place. He-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed knows his place – naturally: One cross word from me and your Grandpa pisses in his pants. And that is the way that it should be. Remember that for the time that you get married.

Listen, I must rush, now, I have to attend an official garden party and my hair is still disheveled. And, I have not seen my girl to do up my face.

Love you,

Chief Lady of Hongkong

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