



## *The Betty Letters*

*My Dear Grandchild,*

*I am more than a little concerned about certain statements that junior members of the Government of Hongkong have been making of late. I am referring to statements by these junior staff members, who like to say, on camera: 'Trust me ...'. 'My God!' I told Grandpa, 'People are supposed to be trusting **YOU**, not your underlings! Do something! These junior staff members are trying to unseat you.' You know, Grandpa is getting a little long in the tooth, but he should, at least, realise that he has people, snapping at his heels, looking to usurp his highness position. I cannot understand where these Chinese staff members obtain their recently acquired chutzpah. Perhaps the Jews have been tutoring them? What do you think? Ever since the Israeli Defense Force started beating up the 'Palestinians' on the West Bank, they have been more than a little cocky. The Jews are good at making claims about this and that when engaged in negotiations in order to have, what they call, a fall-back position – which is, usually, one tenth of their original demands. Trust is something that has to be earned over an extended period of time. It is not something that everybody can claim to have or be able to offer to another, willy-nilly. That is reserved for only special people, such as your Grandpa – when he is awake, that is, which is not too often, these days. I suppose that is the reason that I am so well loved by the citizenry of Hongkong: People love to trust me.*

*The New Year celebrations of Hongkong were lovely, don't you think? I, always, love holidays, and the New Year celebrations, be it Chinese New Year or gweilo New Year, is one of my favourites, second only to my birthday when Grandpa likes to buy me expensive and very colourful presents. The good thing about last New Year's (gweilo, that is) celebrations was how reverential people were to me. Which is correct, of course, but it is, always, nice to have people show their love. We were at this party, at which about two hundred other people were in attendance. It was so grand that I thought that I would cry. I waved to my people (using the Back Open-Hand Salute, of course) and you could smell the appreciation from them. I, now, know how the Queen of England feels when she sits in her splendid, horse-drawn carriage, waving to the mobs of English people as she passes down the streets of London on her way home after an official do. I wonder whether or not I should have one of those horse-drawn carriages, too. It would be so easy to get some workers from across the border to do it, cheaply, because things are so cheap in China, compared with Hongkong. I could get it made out of teak or ironwood – which would be a step up from English oak. I was thinking, also, that it is high time that I paid a visit to Queen Elizabeth II before she gets too ill to welcome me to that country. She is seventy seven years old, you know, and you know how English people tend to become a little senile as the years take their toll of their body ... and their minds. In my official capacity as Chief Lady of Hongkong, on my official visit to England, I should expect to be staying at Windsor Castle in order not to offend the old lady. The Hongkong Government's Chief of Protocol would have to make all the necessary arrangements, naturally, such as economy-class passage for my retinue, plus an armed squad of my People's Liberation Army in order that no Arab terrorists attempt to do me harm while on my important travels. I shall never fly on Cathay Pacific Airlines, any more, because I cannot be sure to have my special seat: A-1. I shall be flying on Dragon Airlines, only, until Grandpa can arrange for our own: Air Force One Hongkong (I don't see the reason that only US President George W. Bush should be the lone*

government leader of the Western World with an Air Force One). But, I am not certain that Windsor Castle serves Chinese food. It is of real concern for me. If I brought along my own Chinese cooks, it might offend the old royal dear. On the other hand, I don't know how much of that over-cooked food – for which the English are famous – I could stomach. I can imagine to be served boiled beef and boiled cabbage, day after day after day. Or sardines on toast. Or, worse yet, baked beans on soggy bread! My God! I would stink up the entire Castle if I had to eat too much of that stuff. Of course, their Scottish Smoked Salmon is, always, good, but I cannot be expected to live on that fish for my entire stay in England. I do hope that they don't serve bangers, or muck like that. I have been told by my social secretary that July is a good month to visit England. Would you like to come with me? I am sure that Lizzy (that is going to be my pet name for the Queen, I have decided) can find room for you in the Castle. We can go shopping in London, together, in the company of members of those wonderfully tall English guards with bear skins on their hats. They, always, make a splendid display when they march down the road. One thing about the British is that they do have good soldiers' uniforms. They may be no good in battle, but they look the part. I, especially, like to see the Scottish soldiers, dressed in their kilts. I guess that I am still a little old-fashioned, but I do like to see a nice set of knees on a man. Grandpa is past it, you understand, but there was a time when his tush-and-knees fascinated me. That is called a tush-and-knees fetish, I suppose. Very bitable parts of the male's anatomy, you will learn when you have your own man to look after you and to buy you presents and things, and to service you in other ways, too.

Well, must make plans, now. Let me know whether or not you want to join me in Windsor Castle.

Love you,

Chief Lady of Hongkong

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