



The Betty Letters

My Dear Grandchild,

One of the few things that has, always, confused me, and concerned me, are the 'normal' acts of homosexuals. While I hold no candle for homosexuals, and I do admit to having difficulty in understanding their 'natural' proclivities, I do try to be tolerant of these people, who seem to frequent only certain parts of Hongkong (thank God!). I suppose you know that homosexuality only occurs in Hongkong, England, and the US and not in China where it, like smallpox, has been eradicated for some years, now. I think that the weather and the food of China are not particularly conducive to the spread of homosexuality in my Motherland. Anyway, getting back to those things that confuse me: Can you tell me the reason that homosexuals seems to fall in love with, and have great affection and attraction for, the dirtiest and smelliest place on the human anatomy? God made the human body, resplendent in its majesty, my dear, with sneezing, peeing and doing one's number two, being on a par with the pleasures that one may obtain from indulging in secret things in one's bedroom when the lights are out. However, I do not understand what kind of pleasure some people claim to obtain from being enamoured with orifices, designed, exclusively, for the excretion of waste material from the human body. According to my studies of nursing, it was the Greeks of the Sixth Century Before Christ that started the business of homosexuality; and, it spread from a small town, called Miletus, which is situated near the mouth of the Büyükmenderes River, now being part of Turkey. Anyway, Miletus, being a trading port, exported homosexuality, it seems, in the same manner as Severe Acute Respiratory Syndrome (SARS) was exported from China. And, now, homosexuality has come, and has found roots in, Hongkong. I, sometimes, wonder whether or not it was a good idea to disband the Special Investigation Unit, known as the Bum Squad, from the former Royal Hongkong Police Force. Many Catholic priests are known to be afflicted with homosexuality, you know; and, I have asked Grandpa whether or not it would be a good idea to study this affliction as it infests Catholic priests. It seems to me that Catholic priests only work one day per week (on Sundays), never indulge in normal, heterosexual activities (assuming that they do not cheat or masturbate, of course, but I have never seen hairs, growing out of the palms of priests, which is said to be a sure sign of masturbation), rise at about 5 am on workdays, do not eat breakfast, prior to going to work on Sundays, and, when they do sit down to breakfast on Sunday mornings, it is only after having some glasses of (sacrificial) wine – which is very cheap and tastes awful, I am told, reliably. Therefore, if one works in a religious organisation for only one day per week, does not engage in heterosexual activities, goes to work on Sundays on an empty stomach and has a couple of drinks, prior to eating breakfast, then, one stands the chance of catching the homosexual bug. I pointed this out to Grandpa, but he said that he only believes in Confucianism and does not want to court the ire of a Catholic God. One has to wonder whether or not Catholic schools are safe in certain places, now, you know.

What is even more worrying than Catholic priests, who have a propensity for homosexuality, is the situation of young boys, being bugged and turned into homosexuals when they could have been damned good lovers of women. There is, in Hongkong, a street called Monmouth Street. It is located on the border of Wanchai and Queensway. At the junction of Manmoth Street and Queen's Road, East, there is a public toilet. This, I have been told by my informants in the Hongkong Police Force, is the latest hangout of youngish homosexuals. If you are in

this area, I would suggest that you do not use the public toilet, either you or any of our nephews – because they could end up getting more than they bargained for. Some of these homosexuals dress up as Legislative Councillors, complete with briefcases. Which is about right because I am told that some of the LEGCO people are not to be trusted, too. Others dress up as young students. Others, again, give one the appearance of being up-and-coming business executives. And, still, others want one to believe that they are athletes. It is all very sad because, as I have explained, they are all smitten by the homosexual bug which, if left for too long a period of time, can make the host a carrier for life. There is no cure for homosexuality, you see. That being the case, one would have thought that, in the fullness of time, homosexuality would burn itself out because I know of no males, having conceived of a child, via the anus. Have you? But, getting back to Monmouth Street, if it is illegal for female prostitutes to solicit for johns, then, for what reason is it not illegal for male prostitutes to solicit for male johns? Manmoth Street is becoming notorious for homosexuals, congregating there, doing their little things in facilities, paid for by the taxpaying public. It is all very disturbing, if you ask me.

*Ah, well, que será sera. However, do not play drop the soap in the shower with one of these people, being close by, otherwise the idea of having soap in your eyes will take on a completely different meaning, with a kind of soap, invading other parts of your body.
Must go, now.*

Love you,

Chief Lady of Hongkong

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