



The Betty Letters

My Dear Grandchild,

What does Beijing know about the problems of Hongkong? Next to nothing, as far as I am concerned. As you have, no doubt, read in that English-language, morning newspaper, published daily in South China, Grandpa was called to Beijing in order to report to President Hu Jin Tao as to the present situation in the territory. I did not go with him, but, on his return, I could smell his anguish; and, I could not help but empathise with his plight. Poor dear! You know, he is really trying to do his best, but it seems that his best is never good enough for the 7 million-odd human inhabitants of the territory. President Hu – his wife is a good friend of mine, mind you – said, among other things, that he pledged full support for Hongkong and its ‘One-Country, Two Systems’ form of Government. What about Grandpa, though? Does that statement mean that he would not hesitate to sacrifice his most-trusted servant in Hongkong, on the basis that it is for the sake of Hongkong that he has, constructively, to disown him and his mal-governmental policies? I seem to recall a favourite saying of mine, which is, now, widely quoted: ‘Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome even more.’ President Hu said that Beijing is more than a little concerned about the political developments, taking place in Hongkong, today, and urged Grandpa to do something about the situation. He, also, said that Grandpa must learn to do better, by listening to the people of the territory and by improving communications with all walks of life. Again, I repeat: What does President Hu know about Hongkong, anyway? Huh! If I had talked to President Hu’s wife, prior to Grandpa’s Duty Visit, I would have told Betsy to pass on the message to her husband that the majority of the population of Hongkong has been corrupted by the British. I suppose you are aware that the British Consul General is located within spitting distance of the High Court of Hongkong? You can imagine the influence that British Intelligence can assert on political cases, can’t you? The British Government, when choosing the location of its Consulate, consulted a fung shui Master in order to make certain that that location, at Justice Drive, was the best location in Hongkong to rule the territory and the people of the territory ... even by proxy. And, I suppose you are aware that some of the old team of the last British Governor of Hongkong, Mr Chris Patten, is still active in the intelligence community in the territory? If President Hu only understood how I and Grandpa have sacrificed ourselves for the sake of Beijing and the compatriots of Hongkong, in that order, he would not say those nasty things about us. Let me tell you just some of the things that I, personally, have done over the past year or so for my people, and without any reward, whatsoever:

Number One: *When Severe Acute Respiratory Syndrome (SARS) hit Hongkong in March, this year, I dropped writing my memoirs and, dressed in my bubble outfit, specially made for me in order to protect myself from the SARS bug, I went to Ngautaukok, Kowloon, an area, reserved for the poor people (Separate Development, you see, just like in Transkei, an internally self-governing Black African homeland in southeast South Africa, back in 1963) in order to meet some of the elderly people there and to give them a little hope in their hour of need. There was quite a number of nasty Ngautaukok, SARS bugs, flying around in that area, but, regardless of the risk, I had to do my duty. But people just laughed at me! It was very discouraging, I can now admit to you, but I soldiered on, despite everything. I did not catch any of the nasty Ngautaukok bugs from the trip to this area, but my hair was in such a mess when I returned home, requiring me to have Julie come over in order to redo it. I took hours*

for me to get my hair to stand up, again. And, as you know, I do not have as much hair, now, as I had when I was a little younger. Anyway, I survived. It seemed to me that I could not communicate with the poor people of Ngautaukok, at all. They seemed to be a little afraid of me. I know that all this is difficult to believe, but let me continue to tell you of just three of my sacrifices, since Grandpa dedicated the past six years of his life to the ingratitude of Hongkong people;

Number Two: On January 2, 2003, I went to inspect parts of Hongkong, just after the New Year celebrations. Well! I discovered such a mess that I had some of the Hongkong Government civil servants help me to sweep the streets of my Hongkong, as well as going down on my knees to pick up the mess of the revellers. It, really, ruined my nail polish and I had to have Gloria come to the house to redo my nails, also. I had to set an example of cleanliness on the grounds of Confucius dogma: 'A clean house is kept by a clean person and will result in a clean government.' Again, people laughed at me! My God! How can people do that? Here I am, getting up early in the morning, just to make certain that my house (meaning Hongkong, of course) was in order, and people are laughing at me! Only I was setting the example. Few people realised of the sacrifices that I was making. Even the Filipinas maids of Hongkong did not join me, and they were born, especially, for this kind of work: It is so stated in the Oxford English Dictionary; and,

Number Three: I can't go to my favourite restaurants, any more, because it may compromise my security as the First Lady of Hongkong, I have been by the Head of Security. This is, really, another big sacrifice because I cannot, always, guarantee to get the best chefs to come to my home to do the cooking for me. I can't cook, now, because (a) I might cut or burn myself (b) I am so busy, preparing for official functions, and (c) who would be the food-taster to make certain that the food is OK to eat? Also, I do not have any more privacy, in my house, or in my chauffer-driven motor car. All the time, every minute of the day and night, everything that I do and say is being photographed and recorded for the history books. Sometimes, I wonder whether or not it is worthwhile, getting up in the morning. It takes me the best part of three hours, just to face my public: First, I have to take a bath; then, comes my facial; then, my make-up; then, my hair-stylist; then, my dresser and shoser; and, then, I am ready to face my people. It is not easy being a leader of seven million, ungrateful people, I can tell you. Well, enough is enough, back to my memoirs.

Love you.

The Chief Lady of Hongkong

***While TARGET makes every attempt to ensure accuracy of all data published,
TARGET cannot be held responsible for any errors and/or omissions.***

If readers feel that they would like to voice their opinions about that which they have read in TARGET, please feel free to e-mail your views to editor@targetnewspapers.com or targnews@hkstar.com. TARGET does not guarantee to publish readers' views, but reserves the right so to do subject to the laws of libel.

