

My Dear Grandchild,

So, the big-mouths of Hongkong have conceded defeat, have they? Capitulation! Ha! How sweet it is! About time, too! But it is far too late, you know. I told Barbara Zhu just that when I was in Beijing, the other day. I told her that, in the words of Clark Gable – he has, always, been the one man to excite me with just one look of his lovely ears – in the film, 'Gone With The Wind': 'Frankly, my dear, I couldn't give a damn!' As I see the situation, people, such as Legislative Councillors Martin Lee, Lau Chin Shek, Lee Cheuk Yan and Emily Lau, are, all, just trying to jump the fence, wanting to talk to Beijing, directly, rather than talk, directly, to me and Grandpa. Don't they yet realise: I and Grandpa represent Beijing, in that order! We run Hongkong. For what reason will these people not appreciate that single fact? For Confucius sake, don't they realise who I am and what I represent! Haven't these people studied Confucianism? If they had, they would know that, in a well-ordered society, it comprises seniors, juniors, and government officials, in reverse order, of course. Put another way: There are superior people (government officials); and, inferior people (everybody else). Would I be correct in stating that these Legislative Councillors do not know their place in the Hongkong society? Just because they were able to be successful bidders in the auction of popularity, it does not make them government officials. Because they are, still, inferiors, and, always shall be inferiors. I know that — and so does Beijing. By their very statements and actions, over the past few years, it is very clear that they are what they are ... and they cannot help themselves because of their class and lack of education. Breeding you know, it is sadly lacking in these people. It is said that, without sons and government office, one's life is light ... never complete. These people's lives shall never be complete. I shall make sure of that. Are they really that stupid as to think that they can go up the chain of command, leaping over me and Grandpa? Crazy! I suspect that Martin Lee, being a barrister by profession, is doing something tricky. He is known as tricky dickey, you know. That's the manner of this sort of person. These people call themselves democrats, but they do not seem to understand the meaning of hierarchy and pecking order. Even in the United States of America, people understand that simple principle. Napoleon Bonaparte coined the expression that an army marches on its stomach. If these, so-called democrats really are desirous of mending communication bridges, then, let them bring offerings to the table, first. What they claim to want is to have more and better communication with Beijing. My God! Grandpa has done his utmost to talk, plainly and compassionately, to these simple inferior people. All to no avail. They are just too stupid to understand. I told Barbara: 'Screw them! Don't even give them a crumb.' She said, being on the top of the Beijing pile: 'My dear Betty, consider it done.' So, there you have it. They are doomed to stay in Coventry, forever.

There was a time that I felt a little sorry for some of these people because they do rely so heavily on their \$HK181,034 per month income as Legislative Councillors. Many of the Legislative Councillors can hardly read and write, in any language, you know, so that \$HK181,034 per month is like the Holy Grail. Where else can they earn so much money? I thought to myself, while getting my hair coloured, the other day: 'If these people want to keep their jobs, then, they have to play ball ... with me.' But all these so-called democrats do is whine, whine, and more whines. Now, come July 1, they are going to lead a parade, round Hongkong, calling on Beijing to give the people more freedom. But, as everybody in Beijing knows, the people of Hongkong have more freedom than

anywhere else in China. The one-country, two-systems of government is alive and well, in Hongkong, Macau and, soon, Taiwan. Everybody is so very happy in Hongkong. For what reason do these horrible people want to upset the Hongkong apple cart? If they go too far, I am afraid that Beijing will order in the troops in order to restore the status quo. It will, then, be completely out of my hands. Then, will these democrats be happy? It was that other horrible woman, then, an Urban Councillor, Mrs Elsie Elliot, a former Christian missionary, who, at one point, was living in sin with Mr Andrew Tu, a Hongkong Chinese gentleman, who fell in love with the English trouble-maker. Anyway, Mrs Elsie Elliott, prior to her marriage to Mr Andrew Tu, led a march on Government House, years ago, over a five-cent increase in the cost of the fare from Hongkong to Kowloon on The Star Ferry. That led to the riots of 1967, you know. Now, where is Mrs Elsie Tu? In Coventry, of course! That is where all trouble-makers end up at the end of the day. Do you realise that Legislative Councillor Martin Lee has never had a brief from me. And he will never have one. As for Grandpa, I would never allow him to use Martin Lee, even if Martin Lee was the last barrister in Hongkong. That man can't be trusted, you know: He has his own agenda. Can you imagine what would happen if our solicitor tried to brief Martin Lee over something. Martin Lee would want to have a face-to-face meeting with Grandpa. Well! That would be the height of arrogance and incivility! Martin Lee is just a paid gun, in any event, and even a rabbit, dressed up to look like a deer, is still a rabbit.

Here bunny, here bunny, bunny, here, here! Hey! I'm getting a little hungry! Must go to dinner.

The Chief Lady of Hongkong

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