

The Betty Letters

My Dear Grandchild,

While having my facial, the other day, my beautician, a very loquacious young lady of about 35 years, told me about her friend who, recently, gave birth to a charming little girl. Now, Barbara, as she calls herself, is from Indonesia and, as such, her skin colour is a little darker than the average skin tone of Chinese ladies. In fact, her skin colour is almost that of light chocolate colour: Very appealing to many men, no doubt. Well, getting back to Barbara's friend, who is, also, an Indonesian, her little baby girl's skin colour is a rather dark brown, darker, in fact, than hers. The baby was born out of wedlock, Barbara whispered into my ear so that other people could not understand the gist of our conversation. This was very interesting to me, as you can well imagine, because scandal is my favourite subject and, when I have spare time, I buy all of the scandal magazines in order to learn the juicy bits that are happening here, there, and everywhere. Barbara told me that her friend had had an affair with an Arab and the result of a romp in the bed (or many romps in the bed) was the conception of the baby girl. Because of the very dark skin colour of the baby, her friend could hardly state that the baby's putative father was a Chinese and he, definitely, could not have been an Indonesian. Barbara said that she had prodded her friend into telling the truth about the nationality of the baby's father. Wow! What a juicy bit of scandal! The putative father is a high-ranking diplomat from a major, oil-producing country of the Middle East, stationed in Hongkong. And he, also, is a member of the ruling royal family of that country! Barbara refused to divulge the name of the putative father, but it did not matter a hoot, as far as I was concerned. I did ask the question, however, as to how it was proved as to who was the biological father of the little girl. The answer was that the putative father had signed the baby's birth certificate, admitting to his darkly deed. Bastard births are commonplace, these days, especially among movie stars, so that the scandal of the birth of an Arab girl to an Indonesian lady, living in Hongkong, was only a little titillating to me – until I learned that the putative father was the representative in Hongkong of a sovereign state of the Middle East. Further, I discovered that the putative father had a wife, back home, and that he was a Muslim, also. Was fornication the teachings of the Q'ran? I pondered this and other questions of decorum: Is this the action that one may expect from the appointed representative of a sovereign state of the Middle East to Hongkong?

Barabara's story was a good one and I thought about it for some time. Of course, it is inconceivable for Chinese ladies to indulge in such immoral activities: It is never done, is it? However, while taking tea in a 5-star hotel in Tsimshatsui, a few days after being told of the sexual adventures of Barbara's friend, who is, now, the mother of a bastard girl, who should enter the hotel but the Hongkong representative of a Middle-Eastern country. I had met him at a reception, held in honour of Bo-Bo, who had just been awarded a citation by Beijing for meritorious services to China. On seeing me, this diplomat came right over and kissed the back of my hand. Charming manners! I just loved it and I could feel goose bumps on my back. It was then that I noted that his skin had the colour of chocolate! The bells started ringing in my head: Is this the putative father of Barbara's Indonesian friend? I just had to find out! 'Please join me for tea,' I entreated the CG – CG is the acronym for Consul General, you know – whom I guessed was about 45 years old. He sat down and, once again, kissed the back of my hand. I swooned ... I just could not help myself. I could feel the warmth spread throughout my body, ending in ... you know where. During the next 30 minutes, I discovered that the CG could not be the putative father of Barbara's Indonesian friend, after all, because he had only been in Hongkong for about a year and the little baby girl is no more than 3 months old. As such, according to my arithmetic, the CG could not have done the darkly deed. At the same time, this man was the personification of sex, walking on 2, lovely shaped legs ... and having a relatively healthy heart to boot. Before leaving for an appointment, the CG handed me a piece of paper on which he had

written his telephone number, saying: 'Call me when you are free and I shall make myself available to you. OK?' I was flabbergasted, as you may appreciate, because I have never cheated on Bo-Bo and I had, up to that point, never even considered it. But this man, this charming, suave, sophisticated diplomat from a Middle-Eastern country reminded me of that 1965 movie, *Doctor Zhivago*, staring that hunk of an Egyptian actor, Omar Sharif. If ever I could be tempted to follow my basal instincts, this would be the man that I would choose as my mate for a night. And, then, the sensible Betty took over: 'What are you thinking, you nutcase?' my conscious told me. 'Do you want to risk your good life for a little romp between the sheets with this chocolate-coloured diplomat? He just wants to be a conqueror of any Chinese lady, especially one as comely and inviting as you. Forget it! Come back to your senses, immediately!' My good conscience! I listened to my good self and cooled down, drinking a very cold glass of cold water along the way.

And, then, I analysed my experience with the CG and correlated that experience with those realities, facing the Indonesian friend of Barbara. When a person accepts the responsibility of representing a sovereign country, let us say the Middle East – Egypt, Iran, Iraq, Israel, Jordan, Kuwait, Lebanon, Saudi Arabia, Syria, Turkey, Yemen, and the states and emirates along the southern and eastern fringes of the Arabian Peninsula, namely, Bahrain, Oman, Qatar, and the United Arab Emirates – he dons that historic purple cloak of office, one that, by innuendo, guarantees that such a person is one who is imbued with the highest standards of morality and honour. Such a person is judged by others, both citizens of that person's country and those who are not citizens of that person's country, who look upon that person as one looks into a mirror in order to examine one's true appearance. It is unseemly for high-ranking government officials, living in Hongkong and representing sovereign nations, far afield, to use ladies of Hongkong as their personal, sexual toys. For Muslims, Christians and Jews, is it not written: 'You shall not covet your neighbour's house; you shall not covet your neighbour's wife, or male or female slave, or ox, or donkey, or anything that belongs to your neighbour'? And, what about: 'You shall not commit adultery?' (Exodus 20:2-20:17) The practice of religion is not restricted to the Sabbath and other Holy Days, but it is supposed to be a way of life that all, God-fearing men should follow. It is really too bad that certain Middle-Eastern countries permit immoral persons to represent their countries in Hongkong. Diplomatic immunity is not conferred upon representatives of sovereign nations in Hongkong, giving them licence to perpetrate immoral acts and to advertise such acts, wantonly. Shame! Shame! Shame! Would these same representatives of foreign powers dare to act in Beijing as they do in Hongkong? What about the CG in Hongkong of the United States of America? Is he to be trusted when in the company of a lady of Hongkong? Talk about Pandora's box, which was forbidden to be opened and which loosed a swarm of evils upon mankind when Pandora could not control herself and did open it out of curiosity. Gads! What a thought!

Talk to you, next week.

Chief Lady

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