

The Wong Way

Mr Wong is a practising solicitor in the Hongkong Special Administrative Region (HKSAR) of the People's Republic of China (PRC). Because he is a solicitor, he is very proud of his position in society. He wears only the latest fashionable clothes, which he purchases at a very fashionable departmental store, the same fashionable departmental store from where he purchased all of the furniture for his home. Solicitor Wong lives on The Peak, a very fashionable part of Hongkong. He lives in a house. He is married to a former teacher of the English language. He has a teenaged son who attends an international school. He is the proud owner of a white Rolls Royce, which he purchased, second-hand, about 8 years ago.

The following are just some of the things that Solicitor Wong does; and, the reasoning (or lack of it) for his actions.

On discovering, one evening while having a shower, that there was a great deal of hair on the floor of his shower stall, Solicitor Wong panicked. He quickly sought medical help. On discovering that medical science had yet to find a cure for the affliction of alopecia, which affects most men as they grow older, he turned to alternatives of Western medicine.

After spending hundreds of thousands of dollars in trying to stop his hair loss, it, still continued to grow thinner and thinner, almost on a daily basis. He suggested to a friend that, perhaps, 2 showers per day was one shower too many. After about one year, the hair on his head resembled silk that had been worn very thin.

This is not the way for a fashionable man to be seen in public, he remarked to his close friend.

Lamenting of his misfortune, Solicitor Wong was heard to have commented:

'The senior leaders of China at Beijing have, clearly, found a solution to the problem of alopecia: Each and every one of them has a full head of black shiny hair. It must be something in their diet. Alternatively, maybe the sand in Beijing has something to do with it? Perhaps, the Beijing water? Anyway, I must go to Beijing to find the cure.'

And, indeed, Solicitor Wong did go to Beijing, but to no avail: The hair on his head continued to fall out, day after day after day.

'Why am I being punished?' he commiserated one day.

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