

The Betty Letters

My Dear Grandchild,

Every day, on opening the newspaper, there is the smiling face of Mr Tony Chan Chun Chuen (), who hopes to be one of the richest men on the planet, very soon. But, first, he has to be believed beyond a reasonable doubt, that he is the person to whom his departed lover, Ms Nina Wang Yu Sum (), left him her entire estate. It is claimed that the estate of Ms Nina Wang Yu Sum is valued at about \$HK100 billion. Against him is the Chinachem Charitable Foundation () which claims that the purported will of Ms Nina Wang, in the possession of Mr Teeth – as I have dubbed Mr Tony Chan Chun Chuen – is a forgery, or something like that. Of course, Mr Teeth does not have to prove that the will is not a forgery because, naturally, he is claiming that it is genuine. The onus of proof that the will is a forgery, therefore, is upon the Chinachem Charitable Foundation. It seems to me that Mr Teeth, in the vernacular of the Americans, is going for broke. If he succeeds, he gets the fortune. If it is proved that the will is a forgery ... well, I think that you can fill in the blank spaces, can't you? You know, My Dear Grandchild, the more that I look at the grinning face of Mr Teeth, the more I dislike this man even though I have never met him. He, perpetually, wears a smile, his gleaming white teeth, being the focal point of his entire face from the very moment that one looks upon his countenance. What upsets me about him is that he, unashamedly, admits that he is a cheat, a liar and a fraud. He is a cheat because, after inseminating his legal wife with his sperm, he was having it off with Ms Nina Wang Yu Sum, according to his testimony in Court. That, to my way of thinking, is cheating on his wife. He is a liar because, at the time that he was, obviously, fornicating with Ms Nina Wang Yu Sum on a very regular basis – if he were not fornicating with this lady, one can only surmise as to what he was doing, spending so many nights in this lady's company while his legal wife was pregnant with their son – he was, obliquely, promising to marry Ms Nina Wang Yu Sum, either taking her as a Common Law Wife or something else. Ms Nina Wang Yu Sum even referred to him as ‘’, which translates into ‘Hubby’ in English, according to Mr Teeth's testimony in Court. He is a fraud, by his own admission, because, on the one hand, he claimed to be, to the world, a fung shiu master, and accepted honoraria from clients for his fung shiu services, when, in fact, he was not what he claimed, at all. Again, this has been established during examination and cross examination in open Court. What in the world could Ms Nina Wang Yu Sum have seen in such a man? I can only guess that he had some special ability that most men only dream that they could have. It has been stated in Court that Ms Nina Wang Yu Sum was keen on having a child with this man and sought assistance from gynaecologists with a view to getting pregnant. She failed, as history has proved, but it is unknown as to the reason that her dream did not come true. Was it possible that the sperm of Mr Teeth was/is slow-swimming? Was it possible that Ms Nina Wang Yu Sum could not conceive due to a medical problem? We shall never know, now. It is a sad state of affairs for this lady who must have led a very lonely life in spite of being the richest woman in Asia.

One of the many troubling aspects of this entire, sordid affair was that the wife of Mr Teeth, Ms Tam Miu Ching (), appeared to know of the activities of her husband with regard to Ms Nina Wang Yu Sum and seemed to endorse them, or at least agree to tolerate them, albeit, perhaps only tacitly. I can tell you that no amount of money would tempt me to allow Bo-Bo, my froglike husband, to fornicate with another woman no matter how much money she had. It is highly unlikely, of course, that any woman would want The Frog as a

lover for even a moment, but, in the event that such a woman did exist, I would just show The Frog the door and tell him never to return to my bed, again. Just think of the situation as it was described in Court: The wife of Mr Teeth is expecting a son, to be named, Wealthy, while Mr Teeth was sleeping with the richest woman in Asia. And Ms Tam Miu Ching, that is Mrs Teeth, knew, and clearly must have sanctioned the actions of her legal husband. I have thought long and hard about this scenario and cannot comprehend how a wife could tolerate it. Money may buy many things, but it cannot buy respect. Is Mrs Teeth cut from the same cloth as Mr Teeth? Are they like 2 peas in a pod? Did Mr Teeth sell his soul to the devil for the sake of promises of hundreds of millions of dollars to come in the future? Did Mrs Teeth, I equate her as the modern-day Eve, as in the case of the Bible's story of Adam in Eve (see Genesis 1:26-27), take God's apple, bite into it and, then, tempt Adam (Mr Teeth) to taste the forbidden fruit? Then, turning to Ms Nina Wang Yu Sum, one has to ask: Did she know that Mr Teeth was married at the time that she allowed him into her bed? Alternatively, did Mr Teeth mesmerise Ms Nina Wang Yu Sum so that she had no will to resist his many charms? What charms? You may well ask this question: White gleaming teeth? That perpetual, sickly smile that he wears? That third appendage that was, one may imagine, unendingly prepared for action? Today, he is in Court and he is spilling the proverbial beans on everything. He is prepared to tell all of his bedroom secrets to the world as they applied to Ms Nina Wang Yu Sum. What kind of man would be willing to do this? Did he indulge in cunnilingus with Ms Nina Wang Yu Sum and such stimulation was the key to his many bedroom successes? Will he admit this in open Court, too? I suppose, with \$HK100 billion at stake, he is willing to admit to many things. But where will he draw the line? From what I see of this man and read of what he has stated in open Court, he has no self respect. I cannot but dislike this cheat of a man.

But, if he wins the day and is awarded the fortune, left by the late Ms Nina Wang Yu Sum, he is likely to be chased after by many women and men, for one reason or another. Women will chase after him for his money – what else does he have, certainly not his looks? – and men will chase after him for his money, too. A man can be as great a prostitute as any woman when a great deal of money is at stake. This has been proved, over and over again. I imagine that magazines and newspapers, around the world, will want to interview Mr Teeth, win or lose that \$HK100 billion. His life story will be published from one corner of the world to the other. Everybody will want to know how he did 'it'. The medical profession is likely to be interested in Mr Teeth, also. The medical profession will want to know the length and breadth of his genitalia, no doubt. I, personally, do not care how he is hung, but from a strictly anatomically point of view, many people, especially scientists, must be interested in this little part of his anatomy. There was a very famous man, called Joseph Carey Merrick, a 19th-Century man who suffered from terrible physical deformities. He was dubbed by the people of his day as The Elephant Man. Mr Joseph Carey Merrick suffered from acute multiple neurofibromatosis. This abnormality produced tumorous deformities of head, face and body, so monstrous as to prohibit any ordinary social contact. His claim to historical attention is less as medical, case-history or side-show, freak than for the paradoxes of Victorian morality exposed by his fate. His early years were made wretched by the inhumanity and inadequacy of the machinery of public welfare. The last four years of his short life – he only lived for 28 years, dying in 1890 – were provided with comfort – even luxury – and celebrity, by the taste of the age for acts of private benevolence. I am not suggesting that Mr Teeth is suffering from multiple neurofibromatosis or that he is a modern example of The Elephant Man, but he must have something physically different to most other men. Scientists will want to know what it is aside from his propensity for fornication, that is. The Frog, one day at dinner, asked me whether or not I have ever been to a fung shiu master. I replied that, after learning of the history of Mr Teeth, I shall never seek out such a soothsayer.

Well, it is late, My Dear Grandchild, and so I must look nice for The Frog lest he get the urge to wander. Get my drift? I know that this is a bit nasty, but Mr Teeth has really opened my eyes as to what certain unscrupulous men are capable of doing.

Talk to you, next week.

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