

## 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.**

Life was good for Solicitor Wong in Hongkong. It was, also, good for him in Xian. Few of his Hongkong friends knew this, of course, but in Xian, where Solicitor Wong had opened an office, he had a lady friend – who helped him in many ways. Solicitor Wong had no Rolls-Royce in Xian, but he did not need a motor car there, because, on the 2 days per week that he spent in Xian, he was in need of very little land transportation. Most of Solicitor Wong's transportation needs were reserved for horizontal movements from the recumbent position.

His lady friend had been of very great help to him, over the 3 years that he had operated his Xian office, but she was becoming more and more demanding of the ageing solicitor as the months flew by. It was becoming terribly taxing of the strength of Solicitor Wong, flying to Xian on Friday mornings and returning to Hongkong on Sunday mornings, and, between, there were those taxing moments of meeting the needs of his lady friend. More of his hair was being lost. That was quite worrying. Nothing could be more disconcerting than for a Hongkong solicitor to be seen, going bald.

One Saturday morning, he asked Mei Ling if she knew of a doctor in the city, one who could be trusted. Mei Ling, immediately, thought that Solicitor Wong was going to have a medical examination, which is required by law for a man, wanting to marry in the Middle Kingdom. She was more than delighted to offer her assistance. At the doctor's clinic, Solicitor Wong was given a plastic bottle by the nurse and asked to make a deposit. This was of some concern to the solicitor because he had come to see the doctor about his waning strength not to learn of the motive power of his sperm. Mei Ling was consolatory, and, holding his hand, gently, she led him into a small room where, after about 15 minutes, the milky white deposit had been made into the little plastic bottle with the able

assistance of Mei Ling. Solicitor Wong, by this time, understood what Mei Ling had in her mind and he was wondering whether or not he could pull it off. It seemed, in many respects, to be the perfect solution to his sometime humdrum lifestyle in Hongkong.

When he arrived back in Hongkong, the idea of living a double life, one in Xian and one in Hongkong, titillated him mentally to such an extent that a great deal of time was taken in considering the prospects, even when at work at his Central office. At a luncheon, one Wednesday, he happened upon a gentleman who was known for his cavorting with the opposite sex in a number of cities in China. The gentleman, a Hongkong barrister when he was sober was happy to share his experiences with Solicitor Wong. He told him that it was expensive to keep 2 wives, one in Hongkong and one in China. On hearing that it would cost about \$HK25,000 per month to keep a second wife in Xian, or in any other major city in China, for that matter, and, on looking out of the window, the idea of Mei Ling, becoming his Common Law Wife, waned. Solicitor Wong did some sums: Two months of keeping Mei Ling was equal to the price of his second-hand, Rolls-Royce.

Now, what is more in keeping for an aspiring Hongkong solicitor: Two Rolls-Royce motor cars or 2 wives, one legal and one not quite so legal? It was not a very difficult decision to make: Take the motor car and let the second wife be, remembering his Shakespeare. And, then, he recalled the haunting words of Hamlet: '*Frailty, thy name is woman!*' Then, as a precedent, he recalled the words of the 11<sup>th</sup> Century poet, Omar Khyyam: '*Ah, take the Cash in hand and waive the Rest; Oh, the brave Music of a distant Drum!*'

And so it is clear that Solicitor Wong can, sometimes, wax lyrical ... in and out of bed.

.....*yaW gnoW ehT*

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