

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.

Solicitor Wong had read a report about the upcoming first voyage of The Oasis of The Seas, the world's largest and most-expensive cruise liner ever built. After having been a non-sailing member of The Aberdeen Boat Club for more than a year, Solicitor Wong determined that it would be very nice indeed to be able to experience life aboard a real, ocean-going vessel. Why not The Oasis of The Seas? Everybody at The Club would be very impressed with his ability to afford to sail around the world in this floating palace of the seas, he reasoned as he pondered the adventure in his calculating lawyer's mind. Ah! The life on the ocean for 3 months! Visiting places, which are the dreams of mere mortals! Everybody who is anybody would be interested in his experiences aboard this 225,000-tonne, luxury liner, he decided as he washed his hands in the Executive Toilet on the 21st Floor of his luxury office building in Central. Solicitor Wong could be the centre of attention at The Club!!! Without telling his wife, he wrote to Royal Caribbean Cruises Ltd in Miami, Florida, for information about The Oasis and, of course, how much it would cost for Solicitor Wong, his wife and his son to be included on the first voyage, around-the-world. A few weeks later, a very colourful brochure arrived at Solicitor Wong's Central office.

Locking the door of his private office, Solicitor Wong read the brochure in its entirety, salivating at the coloured pictures, showing the many dining rooms, the entertainment facilities, an artist's renderings of various luxury staterooms – the vessel was still undergoing fitting out – and descriptions of the places that the vessel intended to visit on the first voyage, around the world. Convinced that travelling on The Oasis would be holiday to beat all holidays, Solicitor Wong brought the brochure home and placed it on the dining-room table that very evening. When Judy opened the

brochure, she smiled, looked at Solicitor Wong and asked, sweetly: *'Are we going on a holiday, dear?'* When she received an affirmative reply, she rushed over to her husband, kissed him on the forehead, and said: *'Great! When do we leave?'* The fears of Solicitor Wong vanished in a flash: They were going! No fight at all from anybody. He had been worried because the cost of the 3-month voyage would cost him upwards of \$HK2 million and he was not certain how to convince his wife that he needed a long rest. Aboard The Oasis, it would be the perfect venue to suit his needs because, aside from a fully equipped little hospital (just in case little Nicholas got seasick) and all of the modern conveniences of a home away from home, plus a library of the latest, blockbuster movies, everything appeared to have been catered for. But, from Judy, there had been no question as to the cost of the trip. Nothing at all: Only the date of departure.

Solicitor Wong, as is his wont, began to worry: For what reason was not Judy, questioning him about the cost of the trip? The answer was made painfully clear when Judy disappeared into her walk-in closet. Then, he heard drawers opened, then closed, then opened again, then a loud sigh was heard from the walk-in closet: *'Oh! My God! I have no clothes to wear!'* Rushing to her side, Solicitor Wong consoled Judy, promising to buy her all the clothes that would be needed on this journey of discovery. Another wet kiss from his adoring wife and all was peace and quiet in The Peak home of Solicitor Wong, his wife, Judy, and their teenaged son, Nicholas. How easy it is to please a lady!

It was a few weeks later, however, that the jewellery shop of De Beers of Landmark, Central Hongkong, telephoned the office of Solicitor Wong, asking when it would be convenient to deliver the jewellery that Judy had ordered. Solicitor Wong was at lunch at the time of the De Beers's telephone call so that, on his return, he was met at the entrance to his office by a stout, Chinese man, accompanied by a uniformed Gurkha security man. There, on a table, were 4 large boxes with the name, emblazoned on the boxes: De Beers. Solicitor Wong was handed an invoice and asked to sign acceptance of the boxes, indicating that he had taken possession of them and that he promised to pay \$HK7.32 million within 30 days. The shock was too much for Solicitor Wong. \$HK7.32 million!

What had Judy bought? The entire store?

That evening, Judy opened the boxes and drooled at her new jewellery collection, showing Solicitor Wong her new diamond bracelet, her new necklace, her new brooch to match this, a trinket to go with that. Then, she dragged her husband into the bedroom and there, taking up nearly every inch of available space on the bed and the 2 armchairs, were new clothes, from mink jackets, to evening gowns, to shoes of every colour, to silk this, and wool that. Judy was in her element. What can a poor husband do, faced with such a situation? Solicitor Wong had promised his wife that he would buy her whatever she needed for the 3-month trip around the world on The Oasis, after all. A quick, mental calculation resulted him in realising that Judy had spent more than \$HK10 million on clothes and jewellery.

He smiled as he went to sleep that night, his wife, having been especially kind to him. He realised, for the first time, just before he dozed off:

Beware of day dreams!
They can be much more embarrassing than nocturnal emissions.

.....*yaW gnoW ehT*

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