

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.

For a professional man of the HKSAR, the next thing best to being honoured by the Pope is to be recognised as a great man by the leaders of the PRC Government. Naturally, such an honour must be made known in a widely publicised speech, uttered in earnest and as loudly as is possible in The Great Hall of The People at Beijing. For Solicitor Wong, not being of the Catholic faith, he could never be honoured by the Pope, but, at the same time, he had never been recognised by any of the Great Men of the PRC, also. This worried Solicitor Wong, immensely. When the official invitations were sent to the great men of the HKSAR by the PRC Government, asking them to attend the 10th Anniversary of the assumption of sovereignty over the former Portuguese Colony of Macau by the PRC, his name was not included on the official invitation list. Upwards of \$HK500,000 had been spent by Solicitor Wong in wining and dining people of influence in Shanghai and Beijing in order for this balding solicitor to be included as a Notary Public of Shanghai. He had attained this status while others of his ilk had failed and so, in order to allow everybody in Shanghai to know of his legal presence in the largest city of the PRC, he had opened an office near The Bund and had placed a pretty little Chinese lady to look after it on the days that he was back in the HKSAR. Still, however, he had never even had an audience with the Mayor of Shanghai. That was a slight that cut Solicitor Wong to the bone because, inter alia, when US President Barack Hussein Obama visited the PRC in late 2009, the Major of Shanghai was the first stop in the Middle Kingdom for this first black US President who had a Muslim middle name.

Running costs in Shanghai were mounting, monthly, but if his Bund office were to close, it would be

the end of his ambition to widen his sphere of legal influence, he reasoned. Although, in the HKSAR, he had downsized his offices, considerably, saving about 70 percent of all outgoings on a monthly basis, due to insufficient HKSAR clients, his cash reserves were being depleted, not gradually, but at an accelerated pace. What action could this aspiring gentleman of the legal world take in order to turn the tide? Solicitor Wong had learned one thing in dealing with influential people in the PRC: They do not understand, or could even spell the word, reciprocity. He had purchased countless gifts for many people of the PRC, people whom he thought could champion his causes. But to no avail. Even when he sent a Christmas card to the The Premier of the State Council of the PRC, Mr Wen Jia Bao (), he had never even received a response along the simplest lines, such as a thank-you note. For a 67-year-old, high-ranking official of the Government of the PRC, it seemed strange to Solicitor Wong that Mr Wen Jia Bao would not even take the trouble to write a short note to him in thanks for his Yuletide card. *'Does he not believe in Santa Claus, Jesus and God?'* Solicitor Wong pondered. He had, also, sent the Great Man a card on his birthday, September 15. But that missive, also, went unappreciated, it seemed to this frustrated Notary Public of the PRC. Solicitor Wong, also, tried to obtain the attention of the Great Men of Beijing by trying to make political friends in the HKSAR, those who were pro-Beijing, of course. But it was one failure after another: He was not even included on the important invitation list to functions in the HKSAR. His tuxedo was hanging in his closet, unworn and unloved. Time was running out and, if something could not be done, quickly, Solicitor Wong might have to give up the ghost. At The Bund office, very few people required his services. His weekend jaunts only satisfied the requirement of that ache in his loins, without refilling the depleted office coffers. The situation reminded Solicitor Wong of the words, spoken more than 2,560 years earlier by that Great Man of Chinese letters, Confucius ():

'It is far better to know men in high places than to know the path to one's door.'

'Oy Yeah!' A pious Jewish man would utter in Yiddish at such a predicament, Solicitor Wong recalled as he dug deeply into his memory bank of important words and phrases.

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