

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.

Say what you like about Solicitor Wong, but the moment that there is the potential of a dollar to be earned, up go his built-in antenna, zeroing in on the money. So, when a former client of his telephoned the Central office, requesting an urgent meeting, Solicitor Wong could hardly refuse. The trouble was, however, that the meeting was scheduled to take place at an old restaurant in the heart of Wanchai, a restaurant, known to be frequented by triad members, motor-car salesmen, tradesmen of all kinds, and was frequented by corner-to-corner prostitutes. Solicitor Wong did not tell his wife, Judy, of the exact location of the venue of the secret meeting, stating only that it would be in Wanchai. *'Don't you come home late!'* Judy warned her husband. *'And don't bring anything home that you didn't have when you entered that horrible area of Hongkong Island.'* Solicitor Wong was tempted to joke about Judy's warning, but determined that it would be better to keep his silence.

The meeting at the Wanchai, Chiu Chow restaurant was very successful, but the walk from Wanchai to Central in order to meet up with his Filipino driver in his second-hand, Rolls-Royce at Pacific Place was terribly difficult in the heat of the summer evening with not even a breeze. Taking a tram had never been Solicitor Wong's cup of tea because one never knows with whom one is rubbing shoulders on a ding-ding. And, at the same time, he could not permit his Filipino driver to drive him to the Wanchai restaurant because it could easily have resulted in somebody, scratching the beautiful, gleaming white motor car, made by superb, English craftsmen of 8 years earlier.

By the time that Solicitor Wong entered his Peak home, sweat was pouring off his brow and his shirt was dripping wet. Judy and young Nicholas, the teenaged son of Solicitor Wong, were awaiting his

arrival, watching the latest televised episode of Star Trek, an episode that, originally, had been screened at least 3 decades, earlier. As he entered the living room, Judy, rather than showing her relief that her solicitor-husband had returned to the safety of The Peak, yelled out: *'Take off all of your clothes and put them into the basket at the door! And don't touch anything in this house before you have had a shower.'* Solicitor Wong was more than a little miffed at the attitude of Judy and asked her as to the reason for her very definitive orders. She said: *'You have touched all kinds of horrible things in Wanchai. I don't want them brought into MY home. And don't touch Nicholas, too, unless you are wearing a pair of white gloves.'* Solicitor Wong was about to voice a strong rebuttal, but, as he had learned on his last trip to Venice: *'Quieta non movere'* – Let sleeping dogs lie. And, so, he quietly followed the commands of his wife, dropping all of his clothes into the wicker basket at the door of the living room, and, then, toddled off to the bathroom to take a shower and brush his teeth.

On trying to re-enter the living room, about 35 minutes later, Solicitor Wong was met at the door by a Filipina maid, guarding his entrance. She was carrying a pair of white gloves, wrapped in a transparent, plastic bag. He was told that, on instructions from *'Mistress Judy'*, Master Wong was to wear the white gloves in the house for a period of not less than 24 hours. Solicitor Wong did not take this kindly and, pushing the Filipina aside, he strode into the living room, not wearing the white gloves. He was met by screams from Judy: *'Don't come into this room without the gloves!'* screamed Judy in a high-pitched voice. *'You don't touch anything in MY home until you have been sterilised for 24 hours!'* Solicitor Wong was furious and rebuffed his wife with entreaties that he had done nothing wrong ... except to eat dinner in an *'out-of-bounds'* restaurant in Wanchai. *'You don't know what you have picked up in that horrible area. And I suppose you took a ding-ding, too, with all of those "wild flowers" trying to touch you. No! You put on those gloves or go to a hotel for 24 hours.'*

And so, for the next 24 hours, Solicitor Wong was not permitted to touch anything in his luxury Peak home, even at breakfast the next morning. And trying to butter a piece of toast, wearing white cotton gloves is not an easy task.

Oh! The life of a Hongkong Solicitor can be very trying at times! Wives just don't seem to understand the difficulties, carried on the broad shoulders of a married, Hongkong solicitor.

Dulce et decorum est pro Patria mori (It is sweet and seemly to die for one's country).

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