

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 never been very good with figures. In fact, he was lost when it came to understanding what a primary school child would label as a one-digit, multiplication table.

Historically, Solicitor Wong had relied, completely, on employing Article Clerks to do all of the sums when it came to billing clients. He never reconfirmed the Clerks' calculations because, over the years, he had arrived at the conclusion that there was something in his brain that caused him to become completely befuddled with numbers. *'I do not have the gene for numbers,'* he would tell his friends when confronted with mathematical mistakes. His wife, Judy, however, maintained that when

God was passing out brains, somehow or other, Solicitor Wong was passed over, completely. Nickolas, the teenaged son of Solicitor Wong and Judy, thought that his mother's joke was hilarious. Solicitor Wong was not amused, however. He had to prove to the world that he had the ability to add and subtract, at least, simple figures, say up to 6 digits.

And so he determined to employ a university student to teach him the basics of mathematics. It was at this point that this story really starts. Peggy Lam was luscious and voluptuous and, best of all, she was just 23 years old. She was in her last year of university; her discipline was Chinese History. *'I charge \$HK250 per hour,'* she told Solicitor Wong at their first meeting. *'But I can only teach you in the evenings between 6 pm and 8 pm.'* *'Miss Peggy,'* Solicitor Wong interrupted, *'I think you have the wrong idea. I do not want to study corporate law or astrophysics. I only want to study simple arithmetic.'* *'In that case, I would charge you \$HK300 per hour. Teaching what you call, "simple arithmetic", is even more difficult and time-consuming than teaching advanced mathematics because*

you must not have had a firm backing in the science of numbers. Is that correct?’ At this point, Solicitor Wong realised that this young lady was clever, perhaps, he pondered, even his intellectual equal ... if a female could rise to that level, of course. He was enthralled by her ability to think when pushed. He bargained the price per hour and, eventually, an oral contract was agreed: \$HK250 per hour for the first 50 hours. Any time after the first 50 hours would be subject to further negotiation.

Every Tuesday and Thursday, between the hours of 6 pm and 8 pm, Solicitor Wong would study arithmetic with Ms Peggy Lam, his personal tutor. Naturally, he told nothing of his studies to anybody: It would be just too, too embarrassing. As time went on, Solicitor Wong grew more and more fond of his teacher. And, as time went on, Judy grew more and more suspicious of her husband's late return home on Tuesdays and Thursdays. *'You have no idea how busy I have been of late,'* Solicitor Wong would volunteer to his suspicious wife in order to hide his studies on Tuesdays and Thursdays. And, as time went on, Solicitor Wong started to have lascivious thoughts of Ms Peggy Lam, a young lady who was half of his age. In bed, he would fantasise about his *'Ms Peggy'*. Then, one evening, Solicitor Wong could control himself, no longer: *'Shall we have dinner, tonight? I did not have lunch because I was so busy.'* When Ms Peggy said that she, too, was hungry, thoughts darted through the conniving mind of Solicitor Wong. The first question, of course, was to which restaurant should he take his Ms Peggy – without being discovered by his clients, fellow Officers of the High Court of Hongkong ... or, of course, Judy? In a small and inexpensive Chinese restaurant, part of a Wanchai hotel, owned and operated by a Chinese, State-run entity, Solicitor Wong took his prospective lover for dinner. There, very carefully, he sized up his chances to make Ms Peggy his girlfriend. The following Thursday, they had dinner again. For the next month, mathematics was the last thing on Solicitor Wong's mind as he had graduated to kissing Ms Peggy goodnight when she returned to her room in Hotung Hall at The University of Hongkong.

But then, disaster struck! *'I know where you have been on Tuesdays and Thursdays for the past few months,'* Judy announced one Saturday afternoon when sitting in the sun at The Ladies Recreation Club while Nickolas was having his tennis lesson. *'Would you like to make a voluntary confession? Or shall I tell you what I know?'* Solicitor Wong had a choice: Admit that his mind had never been able to add up figures, properly; or, admit that he was in love with a 23 year-old, university student. However, before making his choice, he had to know how much Judy knew of his meetings with his Ms Peggy. *'I know everything!'* she barked at her husband. And, then, she quickly added: *'If you lie to me, you know what I am capable of doing.'* Solicitor Wong had never been more afraid since, at the age of 7 years, he peed in his pants on being discovered by his mother, having played with himself in the toilet. He told Judy everything ... except that he had been fondling and kissing Ms Peggy. Judy burst out laughing! *'Everybody knows of your inability to add up one and one,'* she told her frightened husband. *'Even Nickolas knows! So, now, I shall give you an ultimatum: You must never see your Ms Peggy again. Failure to agree to this demand will mean that I shall take Nickolas and the Rolls-Royce and move into The Mandarin Hotel while my solicitor prepares the divorce papers. I am not kidding. I mean it. I will not lose face to my friends due to my solicitor-husband's philandering activities with a young girl, half of his age. Did you know that you were double her age ... or could you not multiply 23 by 2?'*

Solicitor Wong, still, cannot add up one and one. Judy has taken over the functions of looking after the books at her husband's office and her signature is, today, the only recognised one as far as the bank is concerned. She has installed herself in one of her husband's offices as a type of Office Manager. Solicitor Wong is given just sufficient spending money as Judy determines is fitting and proper. As for Ms Peggy, Solicitor Wong had to give her up, completely. After all, how could a society solicitor of the standing of Solicitor Wong come to work on a bus? Love is wonderful, we all know that, but love must be balanced on the scales of a Rolls-Royce in order to determine its real worth.

And the moral of this story, Dear Friends and Neighbours, unless you enjoy, riding on buses :

1. *If you are a married man, keep your pecker in your pants when away from home;*
2. *If you are a married women, wear loose-fitting jeans which do not attract the attention of the opposite sex when away from home; and, buy some toys to satisfy your craving for games; and/or, alternatively;*
3. *Learn to do your sums.*

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