

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.

Had it not been for the prodding of the late father of Solicitor Wong, it is highly unlikely that he, ever, would have finished his studies at The University of Hongkong, leading to him, being admitted as an Officer of the High Court of Hongkong. With his son, Nickolas, growing up, day after day, the proud father determined that the future of his son should be considered – even though he was only 13 years old. Judy, the wife of Solicitor Wong, was taken aback when her husband announced that he wanted Nickolas to follow in his footsteps and become a solicitor of Hongkong. *'He is only 13 years old!'* Judy exclaimed on hearing the pontifications of her husband with regard to Nickolas. *'This is the time to mould him,'* came the instant rebuttal. And he went on to state: *'The time is now! He is like a piece of clay so that we can shape him as we see fit. You'll see. He will thank me when he joins the ranks of the elite of Hongkong as a solicitor.'* Judy, the loving mother that she had, always, been, had never thought of Nickolas's future because her only consideration was that the young boy should have a happy childhood and, upon reaching a certain age, he would select the studies that best suited him and his intellectual abilities, with Judy's help, of course. But, here was Judy, faced with a determination of her solicitor husband who was intent to mould the young boy into the shape of his socialite father.

No! said Judy. *'That is silly! Whoever heard of 13 year-old boy, being moulded to become a solicitor when he can hardly string 2 sentences together in trying to write the simplest of compositions? I was a teacher before I married you and I think that I am a better judge of my son and his intellectual capabilities than you.'* With that, Judy sat back in her chair, proud of her statements in defense of her son. Solicitor Wong to the attack: *'I can tell you that it was my father who forced me to struggle as a young man in order to pass the examinations in order to be admitted as a solicitor of the High Court*

of Hongkong. Had it not been for daddy, I would not have been a solicitor and we would not be sitting here, today, talking about moulding my son to take my place when I am too old to continue in the profession, chosen by my daddy. I cannot thank him enough for his intellect, his strength and his drive in pushing me forward. Now, it is our duty to help my son.' 'You were not 13 years old,' Judy quickly (and smugly) responded, *'when you were being pushed by your father at university. And you may recall that you would come to my house, complaining and wanting some physical sympathy from me, rather than studying as you were supposed to be doing. Or have you forgotten?'* 'I was just in love,' Solicitor Wong said, his face, turning crimson with embarrassment. *'Yes, the sap was rising, too. What about you? You were a party to our lust. Is that not correct?'* Solicitor Wong was getting agitated because he had not expected this line of attack from his usual, docile wife. *'Is it not normal and healthy for a young man to be drawn to a beautiful young girl, especially one as intelligent and talented as you?'* he asked (It was a trick to try to take his wife off guard by appealing to the romance of the past, romance that had waned, considerably, over the years) Judy was having none of it, however: *'Nickolas will not be cajoled into you, choosing his profession at this early age. That is that! And all of your tricks, which may work in a court of law, will not work in my home.'*

That evening, as they lay, side by side in bed, Solicitor Wong made another attempt to persuade his wife that his idea to mould Nickolas, now, was the correct decision. He felt a hand, touching his, and, then, the bed creaked as Judy shifted her weight so that, half sitting up in the bed, her night gown, having slipped a little off her left shoulder, she was looking straight at her husband. Solicitor Wong melted and forgot, completely, of his ambitions for his son, Nickolas. After, all, another duty was calling. The sap was rising, again. Lift off!

And so, Dear Reader, which drive is stronger:

1. *A man's lust for power for himself?*
2. *A man's pride of accomplishment in guiding his offspring to his way of thinking? or,*
3. *The natural lust in man that guarantees that another generation will rise from the power of his loins?*

.....*yaW gnoW ehT*

*While TARGET makes every attempt to ensure accuracy of all data published,
TARGET cannot be held responsible for any errors and/or omissions.*

*If readers feel that they would like to voice their opinions about that which they have read in **TARGET**, please feel free to e-mail your views to editor@targetnewspapers.com. **TARGET** does not guarantee to publish readers' views, but reserves the right so to do subject to the laws of libel.*