

## 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.**

To Solicitor Wong, friendship is, and always has been, equated with money: A client was a friend just as long as he paid his legal bills, promptly. In the event that a client did not pay his legal bills promptly, then, complications ensued, the end result of which was either a Letter Before (legal) Action, signed by the fair hand of Solicitor Wong on behalf of his firm, or, if the legal bill had been outstanding for more than 3 months, then, a Writ of Summons would be filed, forthwith. Judy, Solicitor Wong's wife, never appreciated the way in which her husband pounced on clients' delinquent legal bills, especially those delinquent bills of clients to whom, in the past, Solicitor Wong claimed that they were his friends. Judy was not afraid to tell her husband of her dislike of the legal firm's method of doing business. *'If a client has been using your services for years on end, do you think that you should be a little understanding when that client falls a little behind on paying your firm some outstanding bill?'* The question had not been expected since Solicitor Wong rarely brought the office back to The Peak home of the family. *'I think you should allow me to operate my legal firm and take care of the finances, thereunder; and, I shall allow you to operate the finances of our home, completely unfettered,'* Solicitor Wong snapped at his wife, thinking to himself how clever had been made the utterance, devoid as it was of legalese. And, then, he added for good measure: *'Anyway, how I run my office is none of your concern. You are not a solicitor of record.'*

Now, for a man to determine to go on the attack in the midst of the fury of a woman is rarely a clever idea because, in most cases, *'Heav'n has no Rage, like Love to Hatred turn'd, Nor Hell a Fury, like a Woman scorn'd'* in the words of Mr William Congreve, in his classic poem, *The Mourning Bride*,

published in 1697. *'I think,' began Judy, 'that it IS my business – especially when a relative of mine, who went to you for help, finds himself served with a Writ of Summons from my husband's legal firm ...'* Solicitor Wong tried to interrupt his wife, but was immediately rebuked with the classic command: *'Shut up and listen!'* Judy continued with her monologue as Solicitor Wong sat nonplussed in his seat: *'When my uncle came to you for legal help with regard to his marriage problems, it was because I recommended him to your firm. And you knew this. When my uncle had dinner in this very house, you told me that you felt empathy for his plight and that you would be quite willing to help even if it meant on a pro bona basis. Now, 2 years later, because my uncle's fortunes, due to the divorce, having been depleted, considerably, and he, being unable to pay you within 30 days of your firm, having performed a required service, you decide to sue him in the District Court. What happened to the empathy that you claimed you felt for my uncle when he came to you with his family law problem? Now, you may talk – if you dare.'* Solicitor Wong fidgeted for a minute and, then, started his defence: *'There is nothing personal about the Writ of Summons, your uncle, being the Defendant. He owes my firm a little more than \$HK100,000 and, under the terms and conditions of the firm's insurance policy, it is necessary that the firm sues a delinquent client within a certain period of time in accordance with standard practice and in accordance with the Statute of Limitations Ordinance. Further, my legal firm is an artificial entity and it is distinct and separate from an individual. I, as the Principal of the firm, have a duty of fidelity to the firm and I cannot permit the firm to suffer a financial loss, no matter how small it may be, just because a client is a relative. What would The Law Society say to me if such a situation were to be known, publicly?'*

While most of that which Solicitor Wong had uttered in his defence was absolute poppycock, it sounded very legal, he thought, and it should hoodwink his lay wife. Judy, however, had been at the end of such verbal nonsense before. *'Rubbish!'* she screamed. *'Statute of Limitations Ordinance! Insurance requirements! What are you saying? Do you take me for a complete fool? My uncle falls on hard times due in part to the amount of money that you recommended that he pay to his estranged wife in accordance with the divorce settlement. He did all that you asked of him and, now, his meagre savings, having been eroded due to the divorce settlement, you want to grind him down a little more. I am ashamed of you! You are not a man, at all. You are horrible! I want a divorce!'*

When Solicitor Wong picked himself off the floor, he was almost in tears. Not only had he lost the battle with his wife – because he had no rebuttal at hand and, anyway, he was too confused to focus on a defense – but his very empire looked as though it could come cracking down on him, too. A divorce would be ruinous for him. On his knees, he went, begging for forgiveness and promising to withdraw the offending Writ of Summons. Judy turned her back on her begging husband, but, in truth, she did not want a divorce, also. However, she had to be firm on this occasion, if, for no other reason than to lay the foundations of the next challenge to her authority in the Wong Family. She looked at her husband, begging on his knees in front of her. She liked him in this position because she felt very masterful even though she weighed less than 100 pounds. She spoke after what appeared to be hours to Solicitor Wong but, in truth, it was less than 2 minutes: *'It is difficult for me to forgive you unless I am assured that your firm, and you, will never ever treat clients in the manner in which you treated my uncle. Do I have your word on that?'*

And so Judy, the legal wife of Solicitor Wong, took up about one third of the entire office of her husband's legal firm in the Central Business District of Hongkong. On moving in, she, immediately, changed the carpets, had the walls painted in her favourite colour of pink, and had an interior decorator select new desks and chairs for all of the 10 members of the staff. After spending more than \$HK2 million, redecorating the offices of the legal firm, much to the chagrin of Solicitor Wong, she established complete control of the office save the Articled Clerk and the Associate Solicitors – because she did not know anything about their duties. However, on taking up residence, during office hours, in the firm's offices, expenses were cut to the proverbial bone.

Which all goes to prove that a man may have vast physical strength, much greater than any woman

could ever hope to have, whereas a woman needs only one finger to control any man no matter how strong he may think he is. She merely has to point her index finger in his direction, signalling his immediate and total attention – and, then, give her orders. Disobedience it paid in the coin that the lady chooses.

*Beware of the index finger of that lady of your life!  
It could be pointed at you!*

.....*yaW gnoW ehT*

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