

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 never liked Chinese New Year and refers to it, only, as The Spring Festival, refusing to call its Anglicised name of Chinese New Year. *'I am a solicitor, an officer of the High Court of Hongkong, so I must be accurate,'* he explained one day to his 10 year-old son, Nicholas, when challenged as to the correct nomenclature of the most-important holiday of the lunar year of all ethnic Chinese, the world over. Nicholas was about to start a debate on the subject, but Solicitor Wong was too busy, trying to immerse a small sprig of a cherry blossom in a large jug of water in order to ward away any evil spirits that may be flying round The Peak. Judy, Solicitor Wong's wife of more than 12 years, fully endorsed the idea of celebrating The Spring Festival because, among other things, it is an especially long holiday so that she does not have to concern herself about Nicholas's extracurricular activities – Ladies Recreation Club for swimming lessons on Mondays, piano lessons at the Wanchai conservatoire on Tuesdays, tennis lessons at The Jockey Club on Wednesdays, golf lessons in the New Territories on Thursdays, and Friday's Putonghua lessons at home with a tutor. Yes, Judy's week was, for the most part of the year, fully occupied with her schedule of taking her young son here and there so that, when he became a man, he would have a complete repertoire of experiences on which to fall back when needs be such. Solicitor Wong, on the other hand, took no responsibility for the education of his son because, long before, there had been an agreement between him and his wife whereby it had been agreed that Judy would be in total charge of the house and the raising of HER son while Solicitor Wong would be the sole breadwinner of the family. Tradition at The Peak home of Solicitor Wong was The Spring Festival dinner, held in the formal dining room, with the family's 2 maids in attendance. The dinner never varied: A steamed fish; half a barbecued

piglet (); turnip cake (); cane sugar cake (); and glutinous flour dumplings (). Actually, there was no reason to have the 2 maids in attendance at this dinner, but, as Solicitor Wong explained: *'I am an officer of the High Court of Hongkong and I must keep up appearances ... even at home.'*

Nicholas, whose face was, just about, a carbon copy of Judy, was conceived after a great deal of debate between Solicitor Wong and Judy. Solicitor Wong, originally, did not want to have children; and, Judy had, originally, agreed. But she had second thoughts when the lights went out and the sap was rising in the loins of Solicitor Wong. Judy was determined that she would not have stretch marks on her abdomen after the birth of Nicholas and, to this end, she consulted doctors and personal trainers at The Royal Hongkong Jockey Club to give advice. Solicitor Wong was determined that they would have a son because all of his solicitor friends had children. So, for what reason should he not have a male heir. When Nicholas was born at Central Hospital in 2000, baby Nicholas did not look very inviting as the son of such an important man as Solicitor Wong. He told Judy, the morning after the birth: *'My son has a wrinkled face! What is wrong with him? Did you do something?'* Judy threw a dagger look at her husband. *'All babies look wrinkled at birth,'* she explained quietly. *'Wait a few weeks and MY son will look differently.'* When, as Judy had prophesied, Nicholas took on the appearance of a normal baby, Solicitor Wong took an interest in the boy ... except when he cried in the middle of the night, of course. As the months flew by, Solicitor Wong, Judy and Nicholas started to take walks round The Peak where there were children's playgrounds and where, after an hour's activities, Solicitor Wong could sit down in a restaurant to have a cup of tea and eat a cake. Yes, for this officer of the High Court of Hongkong, he had it all: A high position in Hongkong's elite society; a luxury home on The Peak; a white Rolls Royce, complete with a chauffeur; a society wife with a university degree in education; and an office in the Central Business District of Hongkong Island.

But, then, disaster struck: Solicitor Wong's once full crop of hair was growing thinner and thinner by the day. It used to take him the best part of 20 minutes to finish grooming himself in the mornings, but, as the days passed, it took him a shorter and shorter period of time to look as he thought he should look until, eventually, all that he had to comb was the remaining small shock of hair in between his widow's peak. One evening, Solicitor Wong whispered a little embarrassed to Judy that he was worried about his fast-receding hair line. He asked: *'Would you mind, being married to a bald-headed solicitor?'* Judy, playfully asked: *'Would you mind, being married to a lady with sagging breasts?'* *'You can go to a doctor to do a breast implant and, then, nobody but I and your surgeon would know of your sagging breasts. But there is nothing that I can do about losing my hair,'* an almost sobbing Solicitor Wong said in dulcet tones to Judy as though begging for her to find a solution to his hair- loss problem. Judy had, months earlier, been told of her husband's thinning-hair, but had shrugged it off, thinking that Solicitor Wong would just accept that age and his genetic proclivity take its toll on his ageing body. Solicitor Wong continued to look for askance and support, however, from his wife. It never came. Then, one morning, he announced that he would take a trip to Beijing where it was, indeed, rare for men, sitting in the National People's Congress to go bald or even to have very much in the way of grey hair. Judy, not wishing to pop his vanity balloon, agreed with her husband's determination and suggested that he stay in Beijing for at least 6 months in order to investigate every avenue, leading to him, restoring his lost, fine flexible protein strands that grow from follicles on his head. At this point, Solicitor Wong became worried: *'Six months? Are you sure that it would take that long? Why 6 months?'* Judy responded: *'As I said, you should examine every avenue just in case you lose your way. You don't want to be completely bald, do you?'* Solicitor Wong realised that such a long time in Beijing as 6 months would mean that he would lose a great deal of business at his law firm. Could he afford the time? Eventually, after about 10 minutes of deep thinking, he announced that he would give the matter more thought. *'But, Judy, if you think that you should see a surgeon about your sagging "things", I think that you should do it, soon.'* Solicitor Wong quickly interposed into the conversation. *'I don't have a problem, silly,'* Judy said. *'I just wanted you to know how silly you were to think that I would love you less when you lose all of your hair on your silly head.'* Solicitor Wong to the fore: *'I am not going to lose all of my hair, only some of it.'* And, with that, he left the townhouse, the conversation having ended, and he climbed into the

back seat of his white, second-hand Rolls-Royce.

Looking into the mirror at his office, he remarked to himself:

'Maybe I shall look like Yul Brynner in the 1956 movie, "The King and I" as I age ... a little more. It won't look too bad.' And he put his right hand over his forehead in order imitate a man with a bald head. *'Hmmm. Not bad at all!'*

.....*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.*