

## *The Betty Letters*

*My Dear Grandchild,*

*There have been more complaints about the long-haired lout, who is a Legislative Councillor. Mr Leung Kwok Hung (), aka the long-haired lout, has got into the habit of throwing empty plastic water bottles, bananas and what-have-you, during Legislative Council Meetings for the sake of obtaining publicity for himself rather than making any constructive comments or suggestions. Last Thursday week, February 17, 2011, he threw empty plastic water bottles at the Secretary for Labour and Welfare, Mr Matthew Cheung Kin Chung (), during a Legislative Council Meeting. Whether or not Mr Matthew Cheung Kin Chung deserved a spanking is immaterial because that is a matter for his mother or father to administer, only. It is not for the long-haired lout to administer punishment to this Hongkong Government Civil Servant under any circumstances. Further, being a Government Civil Servant, it was cowardly of the long-haired lout to throw things at Mr Matthew Cheung Kin Chung because, clearly, he is unable to defend himself due to the hours that he spends, sitting on his bottom, filling out reports about this and that. Throwing things at Hongkong Government servants and expecting them to avoid, being hit by the missiles, is akin to asking a policeman to give evidence while being seated – because a policeman is only accustomed to walking the beat and trying to think while walking. In a seated position, it is well known that he would be squashing that part of his brain that permits him to think. Also, with regard to the long-haired lout, throwing missiles at anybody, is, surely, the offence of assault and attempted battery. That is a criminal offence either inside or outside of the Legislative Council Chamber. It is, in my opinion, a disgrace. I feel that right-minded, Legislative Councillors – and they do exist, albeit in short supply these days – should act to defrock (or whatever the term is to get rid of people, such as the long-haired lout) the Legislative Council member who insults them, repeatedly, and with no consideration for decorum.*

*I discussed this matter with Bo-Bo, my froglike husband, and he said that nobody pays any attention to this man in any event. 'He is like a pimple on my bottom,' The Frog remarked as he munched on a small slice of dried, barbecued beef. 'It might be annoying, but it is not life-threatening: One day it will pop, all by itself. That is what will happen to the long-haired lout – somebody will pop him when he goes too far. Think what would have happened if he had hit Mr Matthew Cheung Kin Chung in the head and the plastic container had cut the skin, causing blood to pour down the poor man's face. It would be the end of the long-haired lout's professional career as anything. It will happen in due course, I assure you: He will go too far, one day; and, that will be that.' I told The Frog: 'But I do not want to wait for one day. I want him to be punished, today.' The Frog again: 'This is not Beijing, you know, Betty. In Beijing, I dare say that definitive measures could be taken, immediately, against this stupid Legislative Councillor. And herein is the difference between an efficient band of lawmakers, as in Beijing, and those amateurs of Hongkong. In Beijing, things are done differently and very effectively, too. In these 416 square miles, unruly elements are able to ant into the Legislative Council. Not in Beijing, I am happy to state. One of the problems with the way in which people are able to obtain power in Hongkong is through what the Hongkong Government terms as the democratic process. The long-haired lout is a product of this system. You get what you pay for, as the saying goes. You voted in an idiot, so you have a plastic, water-bottle thrower, who is rude, uncouth and completely insensitive. This is the type of person that the voters of Hongkong wanted to sit in the*

*Legislative Council – and, now, they have what they wanted: A long-haired, Legislative Council lout, who, as the Americans like to say, does not know his arse from a hole in the ground.'*

*As The Frog continued with his explanation to me, I realised the danger that is posed by having the long-haired lout continue to be a Legislative Councillor. Somewhere down the road, he is going to hurt somebody, physically, and, then, it will bring the entire Legislative Council into disrepute – if it is not, already. Another problem is that violence actions beget further violence until violence becomes commonplace in the hallowed Chamber, known as the Legislative Council. Think of what kind of an example that will be for the children of Hongkong in years to come. The Legislative Council is supposed to be a body of men and women, all working for the universal good of Hongkong and its entire population. It is the buffer between the Hongkong Government and the people. It is, inter alia, a body of supposed intelligent and erudite lawmakers, empowered by statute, their duty, encompassing the protection of the people from the Government of the day. It is supposed to be a body of the people, being representative of the people, that is all of the people not some of them as many of the moguls of Hongkong would have us believe when they seek to obtain – and, sometimes, do obtain – preferential treatment, permitting them to obtain advantages to which they are not entitled under the law. It should be a great honour to be a Legislative Councillor and one should honour the role that they play in helping to curtail any excesses that the Government may try to foist on us. A Legislative Councillor should be entitled to great respect. But the long-haired lout?*

*The power that the long-haired lout has in his hands has gone directly to his head, which houses a very small brain, I venture to suggest. He cannot follow the rules of the Legislative Council because that would be too civilised for a lout of his order. This reminds me of one of the best prize fighters of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century: Mike Tyson. Here was a man whose talent as a boxer was unsurpassed in his day. He was so good that other boxers were afraid to get into the ring with him. He became the youngest, heavyweight boxing champion in the history of the sport. But he could not control himself and, eventually, his ability to think was located in between his legs. The great boxer was reduced, eventually, to a shell of his former self. This is that which one may expect for the long-haired lout in due course, also.*

*I wonder what would happen if somebody shaved his head of all of his hair: Would he be like Samson, the 11<sup>th</sup> Century B.C. Nazarite, who was endowed with superhuman strength, provided that no razor ever touched his head? When bedeviled by guile of the Philistine lady, Delilah, who shaved all of his hair on his head while he slept, Samson awoke to discover that he had lost all of his strength and was completely powerless. Thus, he became a slave of the Philistines who, promptly, blinded the fool and paraded him to the populous as the idiot that he had become. By the way, the long-haired lout is not married so do you know of a Delilah in Hongkong?*

*Talk to you, next week.*

*Chief Lady*

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