

## Speeding Ticket

I cannot claim confusion as this image could certainly create. I was on the Northwestern Motorway on a beautiful, clear Saturday morning doing 100km, and I was photographed by a speed camera and a ticket was issued, a large fine for 30km per hour excess speed due to the temporary speed restriction signs. I did it! And then the mind goes to work and creates fog...

“I was in a line of traffic and everyone was doing the same speed... revenue gathering, not enforcement.”

“There was no one working... it was not a matter of safety... more strength to the revenue gathering argument”

“What about the traffic show on TV a few weeks ago where the motorcyclist got stopped by a traffic officer doing 100km in a 30km temporary signed area, and was let off... unfair! Impartial speed cameras just click away and there is no mercy, justice only. Grrr!”

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### Abstract

*While emotions may erupt in response to an event, many of these will link back to other situations and experiences, and inflame the moment, particularly when resentment is part of the mix.*

### Keywords

Attitudes, emotional states, mental states, resentment

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*Confusing speed signs*

I then imagine all the individuals in the other cars that sunny Sunday morning, all now having received their infringement notices, and all on their own in their grief, anger, frustration, or whatever else they may be experiencing. What fog are they experiencing? It is an individual experience even for a commonly share situation.

I notice my resentment, and know I am struggling with all sorts of stories in my head about fairness and justice. I feel powerless against the impartial machines that snap photos irrespective of what is going on around them, and it takes me back to a period of my youth with an authoritarian stepfather where powerlessness was a frequent experience. I feel angry because I have to pay money, and while I may slow down in the future out of fear of the machines, my 100km per hour was exactly on the speed limit for the motorway I was on except for... that temporary sign. I feel annoyed about the supposed teaching moment, one that has much less potency being confronted with a piece of paper a couple of weeks after the fact than having the 'taking to' by a police man at the time.

Of course I could write and argue the point with the New Zealand Police. Would that work? Or perhaps marshal all the other invisible, individually grieving drivers, and create a collective that makes this a bigger social issue.

All of this is fog, clutter that gets in the way of clarity, with feelings that are often rooted in past experience, regurgitated for this one. Much of this is irresponsibility in action, looking for the excuse to put blame for the result on someone else, and the sooner I claim and own responsibility, the quicker and easier my life will become. I still have to pay, and speed cameras will still be snapping tomorrow. At the end of the day (or of this episode) I have to own I was speeding, was snapped doing so, and either choose to follow an appeals process or pay up and let it go. The quicker I get to that place the quicker my life can literally move on to more important matters.

What raises clouds of fog for you? What do you do to process and clear it?

***For more information related to themes in this article, refer to chapter 6 (Deciphering Your Internal State) of: Harrison, S. G. (2012). [Appreciate the Fog: Embrace Change with Power and Purpose](#). Auckland, New Zealand: Xlibris Corporation.***