It’s weird, man.

I don’t like this feeling.

I’m not exactly sure how to describe it...

I don’t want to say it’s jealousy. That shit is weak; and I’m Superman, right?

I can’t be jealous because I don’t understand the concept.

Look - It’s not that I’m full of myself, but I just think that jealousy is a label that limits you. It keeps you from really finding out what’s bothering you. Take my example, right:

This guy walks into our lives. My girl met him when she started working at that place almost a month ago. He had come up in conversation a couple of times, which already had me irritated. But then my girl decides we should all have dinner. He shows up and he’s all the things she didn’t mention when talking about him: good looking, successful, straight and single. I hated being there at that dinner, man. I don’t remember what the conversation was about, but I remember exactly when he made my girl laugh. I don’t remember what he said, and honestly, I couldn’t give a fuck. The point is: he fucking makes MY girl laugh! I was sitting right next to her when she almost pissed herself laughing. And the more she laughed, the more I wanted to punch this dickhead in the face. But what did I do instead? Out of politeness, I chuckle too. And I hate myself for it. I just want to be a caveman and drag my girl by the hair...away from this prick. But in modern society, the only way I can do that is to come up with an even funnier joke. A joke that ACTUALLY makes her piss her pants. But here’s the thing...we’ve been together for almost 9 years now. She has seen and heard my best material. I’m old news. She knows what I’m going to say before I say it. How do you surprise someone who sees you coming a mile away?

Now, would you say that’s jealousy I’m feeling?

Jealousy. I hate the ambiguity of the word. I even looked it up, to see if I could find comfort in a hard definition. So, I type in the word “Jealousy”.

Google spits out the definition in exactly 940 milliseconds.

And I think that’s the same amount of time it took me to go from bothered to beast mode. The definition read: “The state or feeling of being jealous” - how FUCKING CRYPTIC! I’m trying to define myself here; understand myself a little bit better; find the soothing relief that comes with labeling your emotions. And that’s the shit I get? So, now I type, furiously: “JEALOUS” - and I hate doing it because it’s almost like I’m admitting it. But you know I can’t be jealous. I’m fucking superman.

This time, there’s more content in what Google returns. I see a group of definitions that could apply to a whole bunch of shit, and, still frustrated, I laugh at how imprecise language can be. Don’t you think? Anyway, one of the definitions was:

“feeling or showing suspicion of someone's unfaithfulness in a relationship”

But it doesn’t strike a chord. I don’t think my girl is being unfaithful, so this doesn’t apply to me. And just before I conclude that it is not jealousy I feel, I read the other definition:

“feeling or showing envy of someone or their achievements and advantages”

CLICK.

You see, man? I was envious of this fucking guy.

Of his achievements? Sure, but not his career achievements. He made my girl laugh in a way I hadn’t in a long time.

Of his advantages? Absolutely. Like I said, he is new. Whatever he says, it’s new. His jokes and comments - they are fresh. I, on the other hand, am old. Nine years in. I’m not new, fresh, or exciting. And even if I tried, it would be so out of character that it would feel weird. What. The. Fuck.

And to add insult to injury, if you scroll down a little bit on the google results, they give you a graph. It says “use over time for jealous”. The Y-axis reads “mentions” and the x-axis lists the years; from the 1800’s to 2010. In that period of time, the use of the word “jealous” has decreased by 66%.

Do you know what that means? I’m no fucking superman. I am part of a shrinking population. I am one of those losers who still feels like they can label one of their emotions as “jealousy” . But this label is not soothing at all. Do you know what I mean?

Anyway. That’s why I called you.Thanks for coming, by the way. And sorry about all of this bitchiness. I’m not usually like this.

Listen, this is my first time doing this. I want you to know that I would usually deal with my problems myself, but...this is different, you know? To be completely honest, I am a little nervous. Shit man, I mean, you are the first hitman I meet..ok. How much for the job? And what information do you need?