A Story about this Stephen Guy

Most people would likely find that being a milkman would be boring, but to Stephen, with a “ph” if you asked him, was not like most people. Aside from a garish sense of style that was so abnormal that it somehow crossed back to stylish, Stephen attempted, in almost every way, to be different from others.  
 He first discovered his need to be different when he became a milkman, where he realized that he was the only one left on the face of the Earth. It didn’t make him truly unique, but he could, and would often, claim to be “The World’s Greatest Milkman”.

Being a milkman, being different, required much, as Stephen told himself. He had to wake up and deliver milk the best he could, because after all, the world thought of all milkmen by their experience with him. Stephen was polite and energetic with the customers, who he referred to as “clients”, to make them feel important, and for him to feel like a businessman. Stephen would go on with this life for a couple of years, feeling the pride and joy of his work.

Then one day, he was given a letter, by the only postman left on Earth, Steven, but with a V, which informed him of his newest duty: Stephen would not only deliver regular milk, but from this day forward, he would also deliver chocolate milk. He nearly died of excitement.

Now armed with two incredible sources or calcium filled goodness, Stephen truly felt purposeful in life. He no longer felt the need to be different, though he would continue to be so. Now all he wanted was to deliver milk as best he could, and for the rest of his life he would, unperturbed by anything in his path.  
 Except of course for one thing that happened near the end of his career. He had faced many challenges over the years, finding a wife, having kids, buying a ranch and cows to produce his own fresh milk, and creating a sanctuary for all cows who might have been made into steaks (called “Moo York City). But along came the day when he realized he forgot about coconut milk.

You see, everyone loves milk, in one form or another. Stephen made sure to supply all kinds in his milk truck, the Cow-dillac, such as soy and almond. And yet when he came into the brand new, niche coffee shop in his town, he hadn’t the faintest idea what to say when asked if he’d like coconut milk. Legends say that part of him died right there due to living a whole life unaware of a kind of milk.