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The Uberman Sleep Schedule

By Robert K More

Sunday June 9th, 2019, 15:19¹

Remember, [REDACTED], when it gets tough, why you're here: to adapt your body and mind to the uberman sleep schedule.

I've more or less settled in my new apartment here in Rome. It's an old building with thin walls, but that shouldn't be a problem in the summer months. [REDACTED], the landlady, kept some of the original furniture and wallpaper. I love the antique feel of this place. The uneven and scraped wooden floors. The old-fashioned doorknobs that lock with a small key. My favorite piece is the decoration of the front entrance. Green wallpaper decorated with these little

¹ The following is a transcription of the handwritten journal of [REDACTED]. This is as faithful of a replica as we can reproduce for the records. Refer to the full incident report 10.07.19.1052 for more details.

cherubim on golden wings surrounds the doorway. Walking through it makes me feel like a sixteenth century Italian noble.

The neighborhood is brimming with history, too. There's a church across the street. There's plenty of churches in the neighborhood, but ████████ tells me this one is worth visiting. It's not San Giovanni's basilica, but it houses several holy artifacts. And because it's such a little-known church, there won't be crowds of tourists. Great! I'll check it out before the first nap at 16:00. Behind the church is an old wall from the days of the Roman empire which runs parallel to the whole street. Isn't that cool? You can almost feel the ghosts of antiquity calling from the other side. Men like Marcus Aurelius and Seneca sing here, dampened though they are by modern mediocrities.

I should find a Marcus Aurelius quote for today. I'll be relying on stoic philosophy to carry me through the upcoming endeavor I've undertaken.

Maybe I should wait until after the first nap to go to the church? It takes a while to adjust to the uberman sleep schedule. I need to have strict discipline throughout the next [few months].² I can't afford to miss a single nap, which is why I've resolved not to go too far from the apartment until I've adapted.

Eight hours of sleep replaced with six twenty-minute naps. Who would have thought it possible? Looking forward to having five extra hours in a day. Then I can keep up with the ridiculous demands of university. [I outlined in my] journal at home how the last semester went.

² We've used square brackets to mark interpretations in places where the original text is damaged. Refer to the full incident report for further notes. Interpretations done by ████████.

If I had one extra hour each day, I wouldn't be on academic probation now. Well, as Marcus Aurelius once said, what is thrown on the fire becomes fuel for the fire.

We're resetting everything this summer. [G]oing back to basics. No school. No job. I'm in a different country, for Christ's sake! All to focus on adjusting to the new sleep pattern. And to write, of course. And read. Reading is a habit that has always fallen by the wayside when I get busy. Can't wait to finally read real books that sell copies instead of the dead or artsy-fartsy things university made me read. But for now, I'm reading this novel, *The Dancer*, by Veronica Natalie. It's a white girl book. Sure to be a lesson in how not to write. Still, it was a bestseller last year, so there's got to be *some* take away, right?

Anyway, it's Sunday, so let's write out the virtue table before the first nap. The virtue for this week is [re]solution: resolve to preform what you ought; preform without fail what you resolve.

Resolution: Resolve to preform what you ought; preform without fail what you resolve³

	Su.	M	Tu.	W	Th.	F	St.
Te.		*	F				
Sil.			u				
O		*	c				
R			Resoluti on				
F		*	k				
I	*		F				

³ The bottom right-hand corner of this chart was damaged when we recovered the document, but Mr. [REDACTED] did not survive to complete the chart.

Sin.		*	u				
J			c				
M	*	*	*	*			
Cl.	*		k				
Tr.		*	F				
Ch.		*	u				
H			ck				

Time is precious. There are only 1440 minutes in a day. Can you believe that? A minute is powerful. How many words can you write in a minute? How many sentences can you read in a minute? It only takes a minute to come up with an idea for a bestseller! Isn't it a crime to waste any of it? Eating, sleeping, shitting? People spend a third of their life sleeping. ~~Can you believe that?~~ I will win back all that time this summer.

I have to go to the grocery store quick and pick up a well overdue lunch. Then I'll settle in with The Dancer before the first nap at 16:00.

Quote: Reject your sense of injury and the injury itself disappears. – Marcus Aurelius

17:32

This is going to take some getting used to. But I knew that already. I didn't get much sleep during the first nap. It felt like I was just dozing off when the alarm rang. I think eventually I will get tired enough that my body will fall asleep immediately to take full advantage of the twenty-minute naps. Either way, I feel great now that I've taken some time to rest.

God, fuck The Dancer. The story opens with a funeral for this Muslim kid, Amit Kaur. The father spits on the boy's grave, the mother sobs about her awful son, blah blah. Then we flashback to the kid getting sucked off by another man during [a] New Year's [eve party] in the 1980s. YaWN. Kid's so going to die from AIDs. Calling it. It's basic white girl shit. The author looks like she's [in] college. She doesn't know about being Muslim or gay, or of being a gay Muslim in a ~~Muslim~~ conservative family. What she does know is how to play the queer crowd.

Anyways, after the first [failed *or* flawed] nap, I did go to that church. It was nice. [Mast]erwork sculptures like they have at San Giovanni's. It's all made in old fashion stonework, like you might see in [*indiscernible*] in Korcula. They don't hold service there anymore, so it isn't considered desecration to walk around the alter. It's actually in the back [*indiscernible*] where they keep the artifacts. Kind of underwhelming. Bit of a saint's finger bone. A nail they think was used at the Passion. Two thorns from Christ's crown. Three splinters supposedly from the original cross. There was a card next to the splinters that said there are enough alleged cross pieces in museums and churches that you can build a ship out of them. That's Christianity for you. You could sell a Christian your spit if you told them Saint Kismias blessed it.

At the front of the church there's a display about this girl who lived in the neighborhood called Antonietta Meo. She's the youngest saint to have gotten canonized. She was real smart. Apparently, she started composing letters, her own prayers, and even poems at the age of five. Not roses are red, violets are blue kind of poems, but good ones. She was also real sick. Had osteosarcoma. Had to get her leg amputated. She wrote over one hundred letters to Jesus and the virgin Mary between then and up until she died. They were childish in scope but touching and thought-provoking. She passed away shortly before her seventh birthday.

In some of her letters, she asked Christ to give her back her leg, and if he wouldn't, then "your will be done." I find that kinda funny, which sounds awful. But hey, what is a journal but a container for the sick shit that passes through your head? A private place where you can write your thoughts and not worry about an[y]one reading it.

But on another note, Meo's story holds valuable lessons in stoic virtues, such as the virtue of industry and the value of time. Here's a girl who knew her gift, and must have spent her every living minute, few thought those minutes may have been, cultivating that gift. Secondly, tragedy can strike anyone at any time. Youth is not a buffer against death. You can leave life right now. Let that determine what you say and what you do.

Now that that[']s taken care of, it's time I lay out my daily schedule.

00:00: Nap
00:20: Rise, Reading
04:00: Nap
04:20: Rise, Shower (Thank you, Elon :D) and [s]have.
~04:40: Journal (What good will I do today?)
05:00: Write
08:00: Nap
08:20: Rise, Small Workout, Breakfast, Walk
09:00: Write
12:00: Nap
12:20: Rise, Lunch
~ [13]:00: Call Mom and Dad. Read
14:00: Workout (M, W, F: Weights. Tu, Th: Run. Sa, Su: Walk)
15:00: Editing
16:00: Nap
16:20: Rise, Editing (Small workout to wake up?)

18:00: Supper

19:00: Editing

20:00: Nap

20:20: Rise, Reading

23:40: Journal (What good have I done today?)

20:21

Could not fall asleep at all this time around. Still felt good to lie down a bit.

23:42

What [good have I done today?]

Today I've taken a new step in self-improvement. It's going to be tough. But the virtue of this week is resolution. Resolution. Resolution. Keep it up. No matter what.

I have set up a new living space in Rome. And I have opened my mind to the greater human culture and to Antonietta Meo's life lessons. I've learned something about writing through reading *The Dancer*: always include a petty conflict that addresses racism, sexism, etc, etc. The crowd loves it.

It's time for the next nap. Starting to feel drossy, so this nap will be good.

00:23

Did not fall asleep.

Monday June 10th, 2019, 05:05

I got some sleep in the last nap. [When I] woke up, I was a little confused and it [took] me awhile to get into motion. When the alarm went off, I ~~stopped~~ turned it off and I think just

stood still for a bit. But once the lethargy was [over], I found [myself] in moments of clarity I guess you could call it clarity. I don't know. A cold shower did help a little, but I botched my shave. It looks like I shaved with a weedwhacker. Resolution.

What good will I do today?

Today I'll try to finish The Pigeon, so I can have that project done before the sleep deprivation kicks in. I'm already behind. Time to write.

Quote: Success is not final, failure is not fatal: it is the courage to continue that counts.

– Winston Churchill

09:47

Couple of minutes into writing and I [*indiscernible*] to work. Feel a little better now the sun is up. Might try again. I'm starving right now. I was also starving at 5ish. Had the pizza and prosciutto I bought yesterday but now I'm starving all over again. Went to pick up groceries this morning. Starting to feel the effects of sleep deprivation. Could hardly form a [*indiscernible*] in Italian. Got by with grunts and gestures. T[oo] bad. The cashier was real pretty. Trying to conceal a boner through the conversation made focusing on the transaction harder. Got me thinking unclean thoughts. Did the bad thing over the toilet bowl.

13:00

Braindead. Scattered. Can't focus on motivation. Call mum tomorrow. Sleep deprivation.

16

Resolution resolution resoltution resoluton resloution aresoltion resolution reasolution

What [good] have I ~~fucking hell I'm in hell~~
done today?⁴

Finished the pigeon ~~and~~. [*indiscernible*] don't know how much of it is good. So tired.
Can't do anything but try to stay awake until the next nap. The naps. I'm [finally] sleeping
during the naps. But it isn't enough sleep. Oh god I'm going to get sick and [it's] going to knock
me out. Resolution. That's the [important] thing.

I did call mom and dad. Felt okay after the workout. ~~They knew~~ Much better than I ~~did~~
do now. They knew I sounded sick. I didn't tell [them] why. They'd get upset and make me feel
bad and they'd make me drop the resolution. I have to keep the resolution. A month of this. A
month of hell I'm in hell and I win back fifteen years of my life. You only got this one life!
Better make the most of it!

Can't do any deep. Meaningful work. Sleep. nononono. No [sleep] for the wicked. The
wicked don't sleep. Yawned so long and hard might have dislocated my jaw. Should call world
records. Set a record for how long I can yawn.

Napped. Wasn't enough. Wasn't nearly enough. Resolution.

I told daddy I wanted to write. He looked at me serious. Why so serious? He asked me if
I was sure I wanted to make a living on that. Yes yes yes that's what I want. He told me I was

⁴ No date for this entry, but we assume it was near midnight on the second day.

choosing the hard life. I okay with the hard life. I am okay with this. I have to keep going. I have to keep going. I

Tuesday June 11th, 2019, 08:29

I feel good. Really good. Like, back to normal good. I read what I scribbled last night. I don't remember anything that well. It doesn't look like I had a good time. And I remember that. I remember not having a good time. But no. Everything is clear now. Like, clearer than I've ever been. I don't know if I can describe it, but I supposed I'd better try though if I want to call myself a writer.

Everything ~~was~~ is super vibrant. Like when you put a picture in photoshop and turn up the vibrance. All the colours are sharp. Distinct. And I'm super aware of my body. Like every stroke of the pen happens in slow motion. My handwriting looks better even from Sunday. It looks like a girl's handwriting⁵. But no. I feel the muscles under the skin of my finger contracting and extending, and I have perfect control of how the letter's look.

Let's get down to the days business.

What good will I do today?

I'll try and start a new story. We'll see if I can do deep work. And I have to go get more groceries. With any luck, the cute cashier will be there, and I can make another attempt at not seeming like a complete moron.

⁵ In the original document, there is a great improvement in the legibility of the handwriting. See Section 5 of the incident report.

I seem to of messed up my virtue table last night scribbling ‘fuck’ repeatedly. If I get any black dots, I’ll try and fill them in around the letters.

Quote: True nobility lies in being superior to your former self. – Ernest Hemingway

23:29

██████████, the landlady, said my neighbors complained about the noise from my room. I’m quiet as a mouse as a I’m quiet at night. I asked what they said. She said they said there’s yelling come from my room at night. I told [her] she’s got to have the wrong room. Because I’m quiet at night. I was reading, according to my schedule. The audacity of that woman to come and accuse me of that.

~~What~~ What good have I done toady?

Today went well. Today went really well. I did start writing a new story⁶. I wrote like three thousand words. It was a marathon day. They’re good words too, I think. Of course, you can never tell until it’s t[ime] for the second draft.

I shaved my head, too. My hair kept scratching at my scalp and the tops of my ears. I pushed it aside. It kept coming back and scratching. I pulled at it until my fingers pulled away clumps of hair from my head. When I looked at myself in the mirror, I had these bleeding bald spots all around my head and heaps of hair gathering around the tub’s drain. It looked awful. That’s why I shaved my head. It doesn’t suit me like it suits Tim Ferriss yet. People kept giving me funny looks while I walked around the grocery store today. It will take some getting used to.

⁶ We recovered this from Mr. ██████████’s apartment. It was not coherent. See document 11.07.1143 as well as Dr. ██████████’s psychoanalysis 11.07.1144.

After I got groceries [...poem...cashier...here...eyes...out...believe...bitch...fake tits...⁷]

I worried about filling out the virtue table today, but I don't think I actually breached any of the 13 thirteen virtues. I've gone through the day uber-aware (pun intended) of myself and my surroundings.

Why doesn't everyone do the uberman sleep schedule? How much more advanced would we be as a civilisation if we did? But people are lazy. They want to sleep in, work their eight to five, and then spend whatever scraps of time they have left watching the lives of the rich and famous on TV. Lives they'll never have.

I took a short walk around the block this evening. The streets are quiet at night. You can hear yourself think. You can hear the men in the shadows. They tell me there's a killer on the loose. The idea makes my skin ich. I'm still scratching it now and th[e] ich won't go away.

I walked by a window on my way to the apartment. The curtains were parted enough that I could see inside. It was a woman's room. I looked inside and watched the woman's breasts rise and fall. I watched the pink eyes and grey face stare back at me and I watch the breasts rise and fall. ~~There's a story in that.~~ I could start a story with that.

Anyway, it's time for the midnight nap. The naps are working now. I'm out as soon as my head hits the pillow. And when the alarm goes off, I'm wide awake and everything is clear.

Tuesday, June 12th, 2019, 00:27

⁷ There is something about the cashier, [REDACTED], here, but it is so scribbled and illegible that Mr. [REDACTED] could not interpret all of it. Seems to describe Mr. [REDACTED]'s side of the harassment charge Ms. [REDACTED] filed against him before the incident. See section 6 of the incident report.

Man, I feel great! Feel better than I've ever felt before. The cherubim tell me many great stories at night. Even with all this time, I can barely [write them all down! But I should]⁸ pace myself, less I strip the creative gears. And now that [I've adapted, I'd better get a handle] on my diet and intensify my workouts. I can't recall what [I've been eating, or when or how often,] but my gut's getting a little flabby. And my [teeth are piss yellow. I should buy] whitening strips.

Quote: Nothing in the world is worth having or worth doing unless it means effort, pain, difficulty... I have never in my life envied a human being who led an easy life. – Theodore Roosevelt

04:41

At about three in the morning ██████████ knocked at my door, yelling in Italian.

“Mr. ██████████, Mr. ██████████, please stop screaming or I'll have to call the police.”

I got up off the floor and open the door. ██████████ stood frozen with her fist raised in the air. She looked at me. Her lower lip trembled. Her fist shook. Then she screamed like she was being murdered and ran down the hall.

I couldn't tell you what that was about. I wasn't the one yelling. ~~I was reading~~ actually, I don't remember what I was reading, but I was reading on the couch. No, I was on the floor. Yes, I sat on the floor when ██████████ knocked and I was reading. No, I sat under the window with my knees up against my chest. I

My alarm went off at 00:20, I got up. Then I I sat under the windowsill with [my] knees up against my chest. I held my knees to my chest and look[ed] at the corner of the room.

⁸ Much of the following text is lightly obscured, damaged by seminal fluid.

There was a little girl in the corner of the room. She wasn't a scary girl. She had a crutch and an artificial leg. And she looked at me. And I looked at her. And I wasn't screaming. I don't think so.

She's here now, looking at me. And she won't. Go. Away.

What good will I do today?

Someone is knocking at the door.

25:22

The landlady came back with the neighbor. Like Christ, the sun isn't up yet. [Can't these] people leave me alone to do some goddamn work! But they won't bother me anymore⁹. But the [sirens]! and [the] men in the shadows bothered me. So, I left.

The streets are alive. There's a lot of people out now. And they should be. All the lazy people in bed. Quiet now. There's a killer on the loose. I heard them whisper it to me. And the blood the blood is everywhere.

Sirens wail through the streets. [And the lights! The lights are bright. And the wind is]¹⁰ howling up here. I climbed and [climbed and climbed. I can see all of Rome from up here. It] is a holy night. [The ghosts of antiquity are here. They were always here. In the light, in the wind! And I have arrived. I am more aware than anyone on earth. There was a man up here when I climbed up. He screamed so loud I couldn't hear the wind, but I turned him off¹¹. He had soft skin. I have hard skin because I've been scratching, and blood makes the skin hard.]

⁹ See the incident report Section 7.

¹⁰ Blood lightly obscured the writing in the following sections of the original document.

¹¹ See the incident report Section 7.

[...callous...God...Rome...████████...pretty...love...Antonietta...Antonietta...Jesus...sin? ...Uberman...better...virtue...Franklin...heaven...girl...]¹²

¹² This page of the original document was mostly illegible with scribbles and blood. Mr. ████████ has interpreted what he can.

Closing Remarks

We found this document on the body of ██████████ about a mile away from where officer ██████████ said he shot him. Officer ██████████ believed he had shot a demon at around 6:30 AM. There's more information on that in section 8 of the incident report. The body of Mr. ██████████ had undergone a sever physiological transformation. What hair remained on his head was chalk white. His skin was grey and covered in self-inflicted scabs, and the whites of his eyes were bloodshot. Section 2 of the incident report has a more professional breakdown of these transformations.

It seems Mr. ██████████'s experience confirms our understandings of sleep deprivation, though his case seemed unusually aggressive. The Italian police force attributed many of the deaths that occurred in Rome on June 12th to him.

The uberman sleep schedule seems to have come from a hustle culture internet fad. There are forums on the internet such as reddit where people claim to be practitioners of the sleep schedule. They cite the habits of men like Leonardo Da Vinci and Nikola Tesla. These claims, if true, confirm our theory that a rare set of people do not need as much sleep as others. They could thus do more than the average person and be among the greats of human history. But who can tell if they are of this breed unless they test the system? You might be one of them, for all you know.