

Introduction

Compassion... a word that seems to have been forgotten. Peace and freedom... something we all wish we had.

I want to tell you it can be had: the path of the Zero-Six Contingent has been laid out before you for all to walk if they choose to do so. Devoid of worshiping, secrets and rules that constrict who can follow this unique path... a path to your personal freedom and, in the end, leading to peace for all in this world, a universal church you could say. This Book is the start of something truly amazing. When people come to us, they find

not only words of truth and justice by a man walking here among you in the world that goes only by one name - "Neo", you may have heard of him in the past - but they also find a cast of beliefs that echo their own, and some that most people might not have ever considered; this being sentient rights to freedom.

This book was put together to contain in an easily accessible compilation the founding beliefs of the Zero-Six Contingent, the reasons behind the mission and people's faith in Neo. Neo has spent every waking hour of the past five years compiling this Book, showing people this new light and building the Contingent. He was put here to help them find the key to their own truth and a reason to live, to build a bridge to true PEACE in this world.

Welcome to the *Codex Veritas Neo*.



Read on, and choose to believe if you will.

The *Codex* is intended to share the compilation of beliefs that encompasses Neo's ultimate Mission; changing the vision of reality, waking people up from the mass blindness that leads to fear, hatred, and ultimately destruction. The message within, however, is meant to be taken however you choose to take it - you can simply read and understand it, and apply it to your own life however you see fit; you can merely dismiss it... or you can read on, and if you feel moved to become a direct part of *spreading* this message - helping to show others a new way to see, to show them that the choice and power lies within *their* hands - you can contact those of the Zero-Six Contingent and walk the Path beside us.

Chapter One

The Man Behind the Words: Neo, In the Words of Believers

Why should you listen to the words contained in this Book? No one can tell you what to

choose; that, after all, is the entire point of the mission we're speaking of. But these sincere testimonials come from real people, people who have been there, people who *believe...* people who *came* to that belief through their own experiences, through things they saw with their own eyes and heard with their own ears. And you can feel their heart shine through in their words. Listen; hear. And let the choice be yours.

Neo, Between Worlds:



My own small vision, inspired by one of Neo's sermons.



by Kee (Maryland, USA)

Man of Truth

Precious is the man who knows the truth
And holds the fire to change the earth
Who suffers the burns and the burdens of man
And vows to fight for as long as he can.
He holds his ground though it shifts like sand
And speaks what he knows though few understand
And he suffers the hate and the scorning jeer
Of the masses who simply refuse to hear.
Shielded only by his few close friends
And spurred by his mission which never ends
He rarely bows and he never breaks
He will weather the storm whatever it takes.
And he'll speak his message 'til understanding awakes
In the minds of men who are accustomed to sleep
Accustomed to being led and fleeced like sheep.
They will open their eyes and finally see
The truth that will save them and set them free.
He will break through their fear and doubt and hate
For such is his mission, wyrd and fate.
And he will stand before them; hope unfurled
The man with the truth that will free the world.

Mordax

Mordax (Rochester, NY, USA)

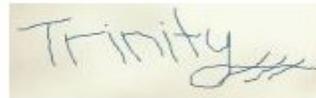
I AM Trinity, and I have loved this man for two lifetimes. He started to come into some of his greater abilities shortly after the two of us found each other again.

Between the "wild talents" (which he has spoken very little of and tries to keep out of the line of discussion), the Guiding visions sent from the Old World that plague him many a day and night, and the other psychic abilities (such as his apparent ability to heal certain afflictions of the body) it is quite obvious to me that Neo is something miraculous. That he has been touched by the Divine and is meant to serve some great purpose here in this world.

I have never put such faith in anything or anyone before. What I believe has less to do with who I am and more to do with what I have witnessed with my own two eyes and felt with my heart and soul.

I believe that Neo is needed in this world. That it will be him and the work that he begins that will shed a light in the darkness that humanity has lost itself in.

Yes, my name is Trinity and I have seen many things, and after two lifetimes of strife, this is still what I believe.



USA)

Trinity (Washington State,

I'VE known Neo for a number of years now, and from the very first time I got to talk to him I felt this awesomeness and this strong sense of purpose. It seemed to leap up from the very words on the screen that he typed. It didn't matter if those words came from an e-mail, a blog post, or whatever, the effect of his words were still there. He believed in me, even when I didn't believe and downright hated myself. His voice on the phone is quite powerful too. It reaches out to you and wraps around you like a warm, comforting blanket. His very voice itself, when you hear it, is filled with so much love and compassion that at times I've listened to his voice and simply wanted to weep. I close my eyes when I listen to him speak and am awed by what he says. It draws you in, hooks you and makes you want to keep listening to hear more of what he has to say. You find his words ring true and you're nodding your head in agreement to him.

I've talked to Neo before on my worst feeling days, days when I'd rather glare at a person and shove them away than have them anywhere near me. He's got a way about him that even just hearing to him speak, you find yourself feeling much better, realizing that things aren't really as bad as you originally thought. I've ended phone calls and conversations with him feeling so much better and able to face the world again.

It amazes me, over and over again, his outlook on the world and all the love and compassion that he's got in him. It doesn't seem possible at all to be in one person. He loves even his enemies!?! That completely blows me away, especially being around during the times he was heavily attacked. Those attacks reduced him to tears. You could just feel the deep emotional hurt in his writing and in his voice. I was ready to rise up, along with others, and give those violent detractors 'what was coming to them', but

he would shake his head and tell us no. He cared about them so much that he didn't want to see anything bad happen to them, even if they did deserve it.

Around the time of the first attacks that I knew of, I was still new to the group so I didn't understand how he could remain so steadfast in his love for humanity when quite a few of its members were openly mocking him, having a laugh at his expense and not caring what it was doing to him. Hell, it was actually encouraging them. It wasn't until later on that I realized why. Other people I know would have just said 'forget it' by now and would have struck back against those haters and attackers.

Yet Neo will still stand there, smiling and with open arms to them. I'm not saying he's perfect. No one is perfect, but that doesn't make his words any less powerful nor his actions any less awesome.

I wrote my feelings about Neo in a poem, some time ago:

Neo

He's a dreamer
And he'll make sure they all come true
He's a dreamer
Planning on saving the world before it's too late
He's a dreamer
So move over Superman 'cause he's coming to save the day

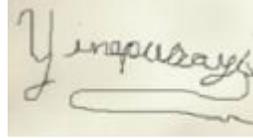
He wakes up each morning with a true sense of purpose,
He knows what must be done
He's strong of spirit
He's determined to win
He's got his eye on the prize
He's quickening his strides
So either keep up to help him out or get out of his way

His muscles tighten in his back
As he sheds both blood and tears
Look deep into his beautiful, kind eyes
And you see a wisdom that far surpasses his years

You give him holy hell
And he is able to shake it off and move on
He has friends to hold him up
Friends that pour out unending support
He draws strength from them in times of trouble
And in return they pour out love

He is not a saviour
He is a mere man

Yet he is the One
and with help he can save us all



Nicolas (Nevada, USA)

I want to tell you a few things I have known of him, he says that I am able to see right though him, that's only because he sees through me. He's my hero for many reasons, one of which is the fact that he is worried about all of you, [all of us]. However he barely worries about himself. That is a mark of a hero, of a leader, I don't care what people say about him.

I have seen such greatness in him, my dear friend...

Neo, thank you for doing what you are doing. For speaking the words that need to be spoken. I see your strength and your love for the people who are around you. Yes, there are people who are not ready to wake up so they spread lies or say things to hurt you.

But with the passion and truth you speak others find you and they wake up. They find themselves standing before you, like a child wanting for to help them across this world to find themselves. You can do this.

Keep speaking because you speak words that have such a powerful meaning that they reach into people and pull something out, sometimes, yes people will be scared of that. Yes, people will worry because they aren't sure what it's supposed to mean, but if you keep talking, if you keep whispering the words out there into the world, then maybe it will finally sink in. And people won't be scared, won't try to push out too much. They will finally be able to listen and hear. I have faith in you Neo, not just because you are my brother, yes brother, my best friend and closest friend. But because I've heard your words.



Gina (California, USA)

I HAVE NEVER in the 28 years of my life come across a person that has so much love and compassion for every single one of us in this world and is willing to give up his life to help show people there is another way.

Why is Neo an inspiration to me, and why do I believe? For starters he made me realise more that I CAN in-fact do anything if I tried, there has been a number of times that I felt to tired or lacked the confidence to do something but then I think to myself, if Neo can do what he does then I can do what ever it was I thought I could not, as it has to be easier, I then get the burst of energy that gets me through. He let me know that its ok for me to believe what I do (more on that further down), and it is not up to another person to tell me what I should believe. The fact that he is the ONLY person in the world doing what he does every hour of his life for the past five years, why you ask...because he can.

And the people I have spread the message to have told me how true Neo's words are, and these are people I go to college with, family and friends. The problem is most people do not want to know some of the things Neo has to say, because they might have to stop and think, they might have to change the way they look at the world around them, and that means change... something most people don't like or fear even if it's something great.

It comes down to this: you either believe, or you don't. And belief can come in degrees.

After reading about what true prophets went through and experienced, so much resonates with what he experiences... I am now convinced that this is what Neo is: a prophet.



Zeal (Australia)

Chapter Two

Neo's Words and Parables; Belief, Purpose, and Learning to See Beyond the World

Neo's Open Letter to the Human Race: Love.

*This is where this Book begins.
The "teachings" within this chapter were all entirely written, spoken, and shared by Neo himself.*

For most people, hate is easier than understanding. Strong word, hate: it carries a weight that many would like to think themselves incapable of. But be honest: it's easier to hate, to detest, to dislike, to turn your face away, than to pause for compassion. Isn't it?

From the moment you're born, you're born into a system: a system of right and wrong, black and white, a citadel of society's expectations... and like all systems, it is self-perpetuating. Human nature, from its earliest origins, teaches you that to belong is to be safe: that to be part of the group, to be accepted completely by society, is to be sheltered, cared for, nurtured. It is a badge of approval, of security... and those who are the most secure in it are those who are also the most frightened of change. What is change? It is, as a noun, 'A transformation or transition from one state, condition, or phase to another'. But it is the action itself that is the threat to the very root of the System:

"To cause to be different; to lay aside, abandon, or leave for another."

People fear what they do not understand: how many times have you heard that? How many trendy T-shirts have you seen, how many bumper stickers, how many e-mail signatures or scrawled graffiti on some back-alley wall? But fear runs deeper than blood, than bone, than the pulse that drives the cortex of the human brain... and fear of change may well be the most terrible of all of these. Because if the system changes, if their comfortable worldview is threatened, then they might have to actually rethink the

way they see the world. Like a caged animal that simply sits motionless when it's been freed after a lifetime looking at the skyline through bars, it is easier for them to live by the rules, live by the limitations that have been given to them, easier to snuff out the universal spark that they carry within them, than it is to open their eyes and follow the drive in their souls. Change is hard; change is terrifying; change is work.

And like any self-perpetuating cycle, it is easily fed by its own fear: those who are different, those who choose rather than simply accept, those who see the world's illusions and perhaps choose to look beyond them, are more easily hated than anything. And the more any kind of difference is condemned, the fewer people will have the courage to make a difference. No one wants to be outcast: no one wants to be alone. This, too, is human nature.

This nature is what will destroy the human race, in the end.

Fear.

Blindness.

Hate.

War, the only kind that matters, is being waged here every day. I look around and I see it: I hear it, it heats my nerves like radiation from my soul. Every sixteen-year-old that climbs into Daddy's pickup with Daddy's shotgun at midnight because what they feel, what they believe, does not somehow 'fit' with what is accepted of them. Every child of the Is who is stomped down into a molded, die-cast drone, for whom money, taxes, a snazzy car, and 'dying with the most toys' are all that matters: so what if the world ends? At least they lived a comfortable life. At least they impressed their neighbors. It's not up to them to make a difference: you don't rock the boat when you're in it...

Human life is so fragile, so brief: and they waste it, waste it on the material, the petty, the pointless. The hatred. The fear. I look around, and I see the construct of collective reality that reaches so far, so far... when all that matters is inside. Peace, freedom, choice... these things... aren't on sale at Costco. Every life is a spark of infinite possibility: EVERY LIFE.

In the vast unending blackness that is the universe, out of nowhere bursts a red-gold spark. It burns, it consumes and grows and breathes... and then, as it and its light spread, its tendrils waft out into beautiful, infinitely replicating fractals. These fractals are the possibilities, the paths. Choice. Everything, the blueprint for existence, contained within itself. One, five, twenty, a thousand, filling the void with light. And we snuff these sparks before they've even ignited... why? How many lost? How many have given up? Why? Money? Conformity? What good is an easy life if you NEVER LIVED AT ALL?

How distant is this, really? This light, burning within, burning. This desperate search for meaning, and when it is at last within reach, you are blinded to it by the veil of what's 'real'? How many more have to go down the path of destructive truth, feeling that passion, that drive to change things, to stand in the path of the maelstrom and see beyond the walls that the world has imposed: and translate it into pain, into fury, into lines gridded on pale forearms with cheap razor blades from Seven-Eleven, the poetry

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