
Peter Pan or the crime against innocence

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I have been always moved by what happened with those children involved in the Peter Pan Operation, orchestrated by the evil CIA. In spite of everything written and recorded in several documentaries, we have to continue to go over it, analyze it thoroughly, and provide evidence of this shameful chapter of Cuban history.

I had the chance to meet, at least, one of these children to whom so many dreams and certainties were stolen from. I was by his side during his first return. I saw him cry when he tasted the iconic “shredded beef,” made in Cuba...and not that made in Calle 8 (both do not taste the same, it is not possible). We walked through neighborhoods that he could describe with accurate details, and I was even bothered by the fact he saw no flaws. In his eyes, everything was wonderful and he even found a good pretext for things we criticize on daily basis.

My reproval vanished as soon as I realized and understood this land is also his, his true homeland, the one never forgotten, the one he dreamed of. How could he find any flaw to something so sublime as the homeland that someone tried to erase from his memory? No, it is not possible!

The lies that help build this CIA operation take other forms today. After all, it is the same CIA, the same federal fund, the same opposition, and unfortunately, we still have some of those innocent people who believe their children will be stolen and sent to Russia just to be brought back as canned meat.

Similar manipulative versions suggested that **Soberana 02** was hurting Cuban children, or that we were starving here, or that Daniel Ferrer is really involved in a hunger strike. They are the same liars who continue to issue statements and “secret” documents and once they are denounced, they go out and say that that was not their logotype. The same people who watch TV series about drug trafficking where corrupt officials are Cubans, or give credit the same Forbes list, which put our Fidel among the world’s richest men without a single evidence...and much more lies.

I rather treasure in my memory those children who came back to Cuba and cried with emotion, with some of them wanting to stay here forever and bring their children just to know their roots. I rather treasure in my memory their

eagerness to make up for the lost time, which was stolen after all.

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