At the end of the day it was a soldier fighting a soldier. I mean, when you did capture them or when you did physically meet them you realised that you were in a sense one of the same, you know. He was fearful for his life and he was doing whatever he could and been told to do exactly the same way we did. It's a game of luck really. I mean, I came very, very close to losing my life on many occasions and thank the lord afterwards that I'm still living and I suppose everybody else was roughly the same. There were heroes but they're not heroes to start off with at that precise moment, they became heroes for what they did and one should be very proud of them. But heroes are not made, they happen, in my opinion and that's the situation.