When Vukovar fell in 1991, Dragutin Tuskans’s wife and son sought refuge in the hospital. The ICRC secured an agreement to place it, along with its war wounded and staff, under the protection of the Red Cross. But the agreement was not honoured and hundreds of injured fighters and civilians were loaded onto buses and trucks and driven away, never to be seen alive again. Today a memorial stands at Ovcara where 200 bodies were exhumed. Dragica and Drazen were not among them.

‘For 17 years I haven’t known where my wife and son are. During the day, during the night, I think about finding them, burying them, lighting candles for them,’ said Dragutin Tuskans, hitting his chest with his fist again and again. ‘I beg you to find their bodies before I die.’