Subject: Bunker Boys letter to Brittney Griner

Letter to Brittney Griner

Ms, Miss, Mrs Griner is a famous female basketball player who, in the past, has disrespected our anthem, flag and country. She is now behind bars in Russia, charged with drug smuggling, for which she pleaded guilty. She is now screaming that America’s umbrella of goodness should intercede on her behalf by begging the USA embassy in Moscow to use any method of pressure to gain her release. It’s funny that woke liberals who get into trouble overseas never cry out to the countries that they admire to help them with their problems! The letter below should also be sent to NBA, NFL, MLB, and others that make their living playing a game and also disrespect our nation, its symbols, traditions, and our venerable veterans.

Dear Ms. Griner,

We hope that this letter finds you in good health, and we understand you are having some rough times in your life. We are a group of old Vietnam Combat Veterans from North Carolina. Our average age is around seventy years old. We call ourselves "The Bunker Boys." We spent a lot of time living in rat and snake-infested holes in the ground known as bunkers. When we were not in the bunkers, we were crawling through the jungle being shot at and shooting back at little people wearing black pajamas. We must be honest and tell you that the only thing we may have in common with you, is that we, too, were drafted.

We noticed you were drafted number one in the WNBA draft a few years ago. Since we were all drafted, we thought we might let you know what it was like when we were drafted. Unlike you, most of us had no college. The people of the United States drafted us. We consisted of all colors, religions and personal beliefs. We had no choice of which team we played for: Army, Navy, Air Force or Marines. We were sent halfway around the world to fight and kill people we didn’t know in a place we had never heard of. We were paid (we know you can relate to this) $3.00 a day and required to work 24 hours a day if needed. When we returned home, many or most of us were treated very badly by our fellow Americans. We were spit on and hit by bottles and rocks as the police stood by and watched. We did not complain, we just continued on in life and made the best of it. We fought for God, family, country and, of course, the Flag and the National Anthem . . . a poem that was written by, of all people, a lawyer. He wrote the poem as he watched bombs fall on and kill fellow Americans. Ever since that night, our nation has played that little poem before millions of social functions. For some people it’s just a little song. For a Veteran it is a reminder of how many men and women of all colors have given their lives, so the rest can have the right to be free.
We found in our research that you requested the National Anthem not to be played at sporting events. We find it odd that now you are requesting the citizens of the United States to pay for your release from a jail in Russia. Yes, we the taxpayers are paying for all of those diplomats working on your release. Our government told you, and all fellow Americans in Russia, to leave Russia after the invasion of the Ukraine. You play basketball in a country that is known to treat Americans badly. You fly a great deal and must know, by now, all of the rules about what one can bring into a country. All of us that travel know the rules for entering a foreign country. You are a guest and must go by the rules of the land. By your own admission, you were attempting to bring an illegal substance into a country that is known for its long prison sentences. You had to know this because you are making a million dollars a year to play a game and hold a college degree. At six feet nine inches tall, you know that security officers are going to focus on you from the moment you stand in the boarding pass line.

We also noticed that you are now saying you placed the drugs in your luggage by accident. Please! That is something that an 18 year old would say. We also found out that your net worth is somewhere around $5 million bucks for playing a game. For old guys like us, living on a fixed income, that’s a lot of money for just playing a game. Don’t get us wrong; we are not against you. We all went and fought, so all Americans can have the freedom to make their own choices. We just hope that the next time you have to endure the playing of that little poem, that you will pay close attention to the “land of the free” part.

Wishing you the very best,

The Bunker Boys

Semper Fi