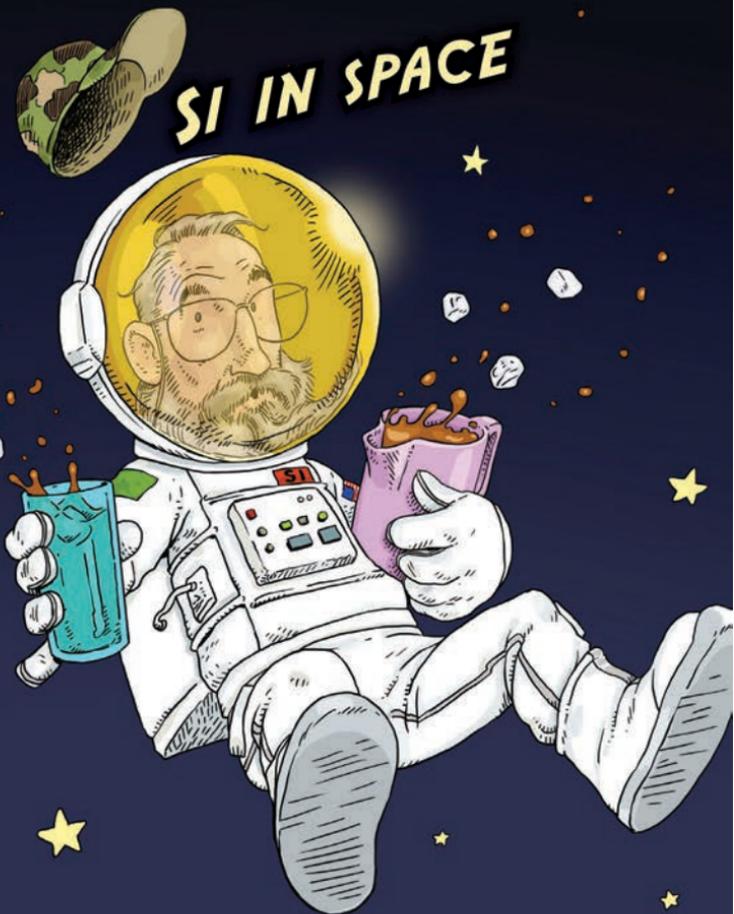


**BE YOUR OWN DUCK COMMANDER**

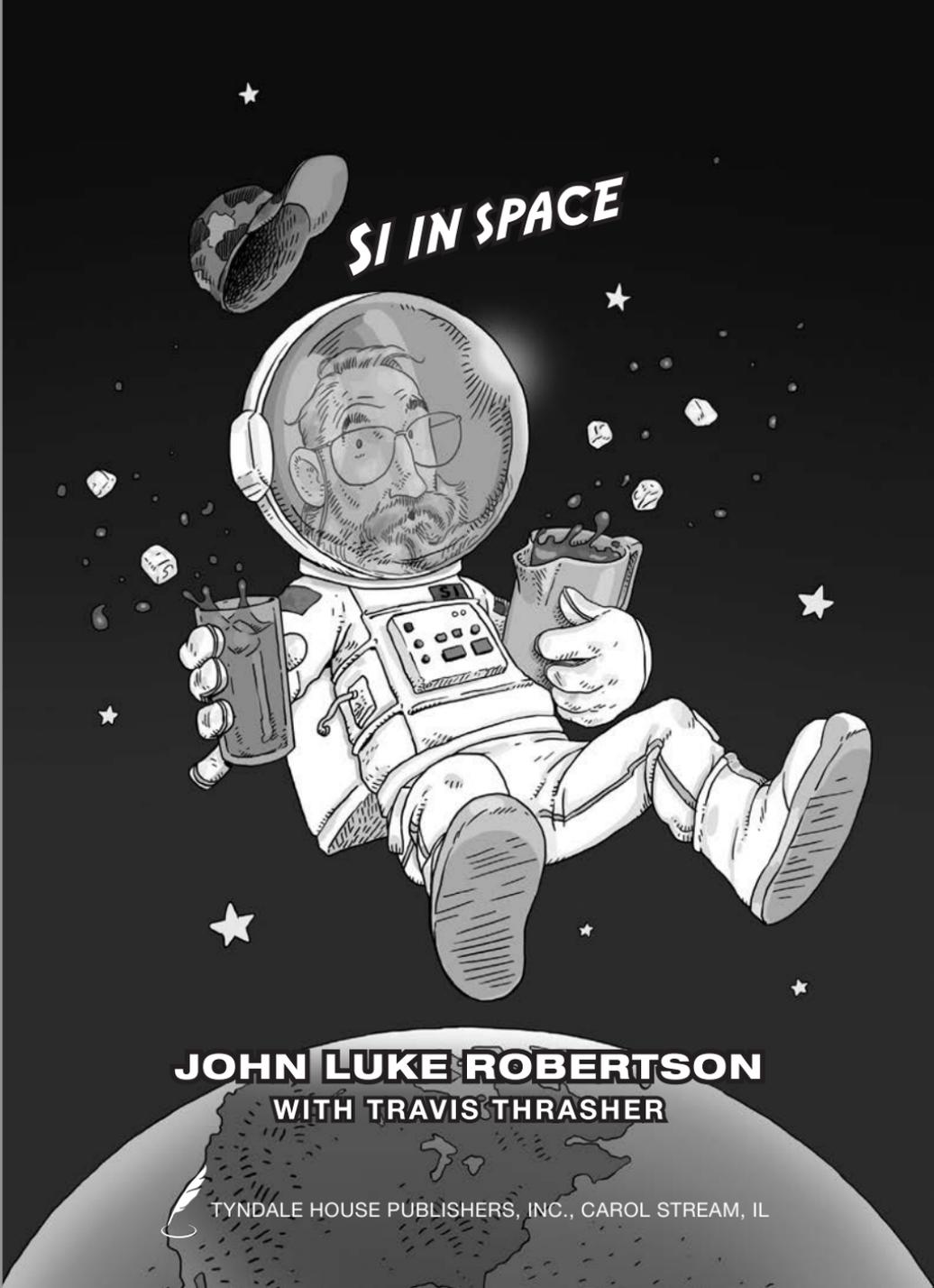


**SI IN SPACE**



**JOHN LUKE ROBERTSON**  
**WITH TRAVIS THRASHER**





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TYNDALE HOUSE PUBLISHERS, INC., CAROL STREAM, IL



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*This book is dedicated to Uncle Si.*

*Uncle Si, thank you for showing us the value of good  
storytelling, for your service to our country, and for  
letting us see the joy you have in serving others.*

*Everyone needs an Uncle Si!*



# WARNING!

DON'T READ THIS BOOK  
STRAIGHT THROUGH!

You'll miss out on all the fun if you do.

Instead, start at the beginning and decide where to go at the end of each chapter. Yeah, sure, you're going up, up, up, and away. But you still have to follow the instructions on which page number to turn to once you make your decisions. You'll be going back and forth, but hey—that's like the roller coaster called life.

When you finish one story, back up and do it all over. Get on the ship and blast out into space again. Feel the g-forces. Get ready for a close encounter of an awesome kind. Prepare for some Armageddon. (But if you get into serious trouble, don't panic. Just start over and choose different options.)

The great thing is, *you* are the main character. *You* make the decisions.

And right now, *you* get to be the Duck Commander. That's a fact, Jack!

So get ready and strap in for dear life. Just make sure you bring back John Luke and your plastic cup in one piece. Also, beware of the strange entity out in space. And whatever you do, *do not* eat the Froot Loops. Hey, I'm just tellin' you ahead of time, Jack.

## THIS IS WHO YOU ARE

BEFORE WE BEGIN,  
THIS IS WHO YOU ARE.

You really don't need an introduction, but hey—even the most famous of all famous people get introduced.

Your name is Silas Merritt Robertson, but most people call you Si. Or Uncle Si.

You are the sixth of seven children, including five boys and two girls. You're the closest to your



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older brother Phil, who happens to be the original Duck Commander.

Your wonderful wife is named Christine, and you have a daughter and a son. You also have eight grandsons. That's right. The Robertsons sure like their males, don't they, Jack?

You served in the Army and went to Vietnam. You came, you saw, you received some Tupperware cups from your mother (still drink your iced tea out of them too!). You retired from the Army in 1993 and started working with Duck Commander. You're the chief reed maker and really the most valuable person at the company. Don't let any of them boys fool you—Uncle Si is the reason for the success.

Hey—you get up and nothing gets you down. So go ahead . . . *jump!*

# NEVER GOING BACK AGAIN



ALL YOU CAN HEAR IS YOUR BREATHING. Inhale, exhale. Deep breath in, deep gasp out. *Uuuuhhhh, hhhhuuuu.*

*“DC Enterprise, do you copy?”*

Nothing but silence. Nothing but the gasping, wheezing sounds of an old redneck in space sucking up the oxygen in his helmet.

*“Houston, do you copy?”*

You’re twirling, spinning, swirling, being Mary Lou Retton in deep space. Not sure who that is? Google her, Jack, ’cause there’s no time to explain. You’re doing somersaults in front of the big blue ball that’s known as Earth.

It looks close enough to touch. But it’s a long, long ways away.

*“West Monroe, do you copy? This is Mission Specialist Silas Merritt Robertson. But you can call me Si. Or Uncle Si.*

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Or, hey—you can call me Al. I don't care. Just call me angel of the morning. Say somethin'."

But you get nothing.

Still gasping, still trying to control your breathing, still trying to stop your backflips, you don't know what to do.

You're in your space suit, but you're not connected to the space station.

"George Clooney, do you copy? George? Anybody?"

This is quite the start. Or maybe this is already the end.



**Is exploring space really something you want to do?**

**Go to page 35.**

**Do you decide to maybe hold off on spending  
time in space? Go to page 217.**

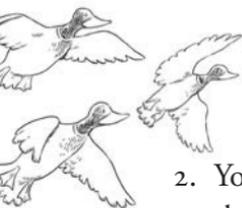
# VENUS



YOU KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT, which, hey—you can do it when you *have* to. If you'd ever been caught in 'Nam, you wouldn't have talked. Not that you would have had anything to tell the Vietcong, but still. You always have to be ready. Like a Terminator. Always ready to *strike*. Or to stay quiet. Or always ready to tell someone, "*I'll be back, Jack.*"

And your patience pays off—this slacker teacher actually explains a couple things. After thirty minutes of listening to the guy ramble, you know these are the facts, Jack:

1. All of these people around you come from some solar system or galaxy called Bananarama. Which you swear is a band from the eighties, but you weren't about to raise your hand to say that.



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2. You don't think these are clones. But you do know these people are in costume. What do they really look like? Will they give birth to lizard babies? You don't know.
3. There's going to be an attack, like D-day in World War II. It's secret, and these aliens are going to take Earth by surprise. Something about world domination. They're going to start by invading the great US of A. And then others and eventually the entire Earth. But why are they going to start with the US? Probably because we're all on our smartphones taking selfies for Twister and updating statuses on Farmbook and posting pics on Instafamous.

So the world's gonna end while we're thumbing away at our phones.

You know you gotta find John Luke and get off this ship.  
Then you gotta tell people.

*Phil. He'll be the first person to know.*

Your brother will have a plan. No—you'll have a plan, and Phil will be able to tell you if it's good or not.

There's a reason you're on this ship. That's right.

God knew he needed the right men for the job.

Si and John Luke to rescue all of humanity.

So how are you gonna do it?

You don't know exactly, but you do know they keep mentioning "the misters." As if they're the leaders and the ones calling the shots.

When this briefing of sorts ends and everybody is dismissed, you casually go along with the other hippie vets who surround you. You decide to strike up a conversation with Mr. Ponytail.

"So you know where you're getting sent?" you ask him.

"Some suburb of Chicago. How 'bout you?"

The guy even talks gruffly, like he's tired and fed up and about five seconds from going Rambo on everybody.

"I'm heading to West Monroe. It's in Louisiana."

The guy nods. You half expect him to take out a cigarette and start talking about the war.

"They're pretty smart, you know," Mr. Ponytail says.

"How so?"

"Taking existing stereotypes and inserting them into a culture. Guess they've been studying this group of beings for a long time."

You nod and see the elevator that brought you to this floor.

"Hey, I'll see you around," the guy says as you head for the elevator.

"Yeah, possibly." *No, hopefully I won't ever see you again.*

You get into the elevator and hit the button for the first floor, wondering if John Luke is getting out of his meeting at the same time.

## SI IN SPACE

As the doors begin to close, you spot a familiar face: Commander Noble.

He's walking with the rest of the crew. Hands tied behind their backs. They're being led by men who look like—

*Pirates?*

Then the doors close.



**Do you decide to find John Luke first?**

**Go to page 113.**

**Do you stay on the thirteenth floor and try to help the astronauts from your ship? Go to page 89.**

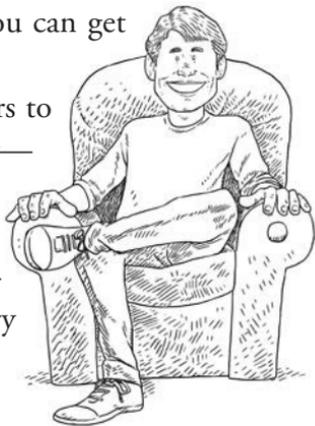
# LOOK AT THE STARS

A Note from John Luke Robertson

I LOVE LISTENING TO MY FATHER TELL STORIES. He's always had an incredible gift to draw people in and make them laugh or surprise them. Obviously Dad got this gift from my papaw, Phil Robertson. Sitting in a duck blind between the two of them while they tell (or make up) stories has been a blessing growing up.

I've thought about this while working on these books. It's been both fun and challenging creating crazy story lines like the ones you just read. Anytime you start to fill a blank screen with words, there are many places where you can get it wrong.

But all I have to do is look up at the stars to realize that the very first Creator—*our* Creator—never gets it wrong. From the very beginning, when he created the sun and the moon and the stars, God got it right. And we see his endless creativity every morning at dawn and every evening at sunset.



## SI IN SPACE

The infinite reaches of the solar system show the awesome glory of our God. The fact that God could make something so endless and so truly out of this world boggles my mind. But it also gives me hope late at night when the darkness surrounds me. I just have to look up to see an ocean of stars and know God is in control.

I love Job 38:31-33, where God responds to Job's questions and doubts:

*“Can you direct the movement of the stars—  
binding the cluster of the Pleiades  
or loosening the cords of Orion?  
Can you direct the sequence of the seasons  
or guide the Bear with her cubs across the heavens?  
Do you know the laws of the universe?  
Can you use them to regulate the earth?”*

Job's answer is the same as mine or anybody else's: no. Absolutely no way.

Yet God can and does. He doesn't need to ponder which choice to make like we do. His actions are always correct—even when we don't understand them.

Next time you look into space, think about Uncle Si being out there. No, just kidding. Really think about God's infinite creativity, as wide and deep as his infinite love for you and me.