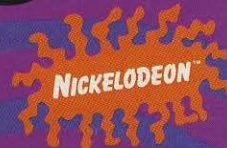
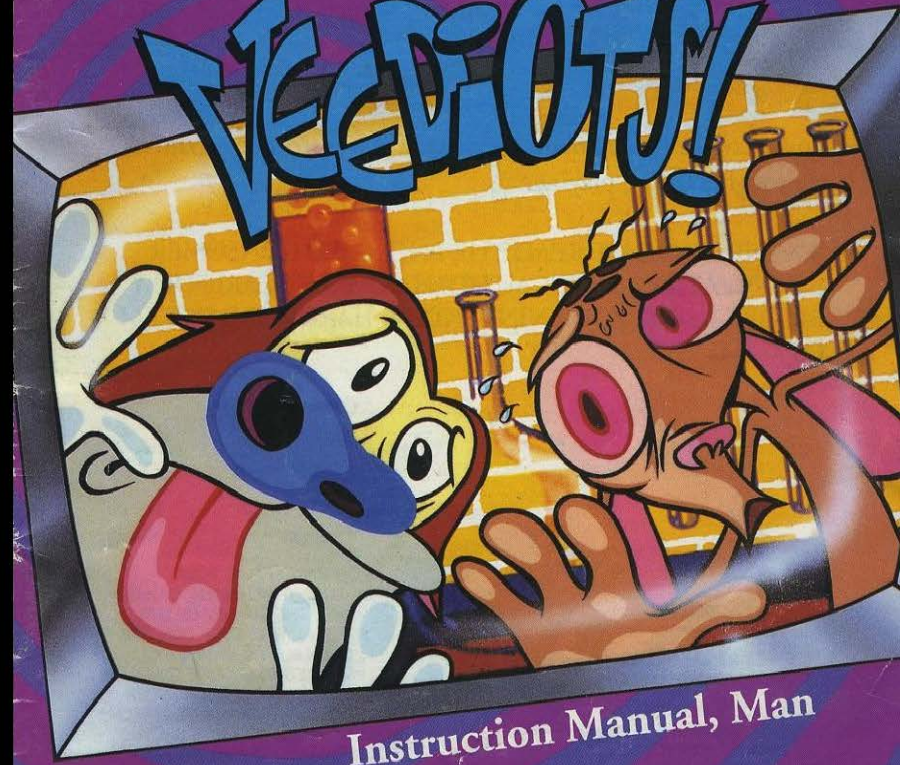


The  
**REN & STIMPY**  
show™



**VEE-DI-O-TY!**



Instruction Manual, Man

EmuMovies

**T•HQ** SOFTWARE  
A DIVISION OF T•HQ, INC.

**SUPER NINTENDO**  
ENTERTAINMENT SYSTEM



For maximum enjoyment, please read this instruction manual thoroughly before playing.

**WARNING: PLEASE READ THE ENCLOSED CONSUMER INFORMATION & PRECAUTIONS BOOKLET CAREFULLY BEFORE USING YOUR NINTENDO® HARDWARE SYSTEM OR GAME PAK.**



LICENSED BY



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# VEEDIOTS!



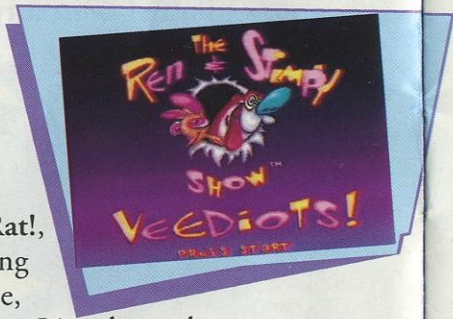
Hey kids, we're trapped in our own T.V. show!

Stimpie and I, we can't take it anymore, man! We've decided to make a break for it – to bust out of this two-bit tube and into the real world of fresh air and pizza delivery, but we need your help!

It goes like this...

In order for us to escape the airwaves, you need to guide us through four different episodes:

First, in *The Boy Who Cried Rat!*, Stimpie is trying his hand at being a mousecatcher – and the mouse, of course, it is I in disguise! Man, I just hope that eediot doesn't eat me by mistake!



Then, in *The Army*, I'm behind enemy lines and up to my earbones in all sorts of bad guys bent on keeping me from escaping. *Jeez!* Who wrote this episode, anyway?

In *Stimpie's Invention*, that feline friend of mine is putting together something in his crazy laboratory. I hope it's a way to get us out of here, but knowing him, it's probably a gritty kitty toaster. Hmm... looks like a hat...

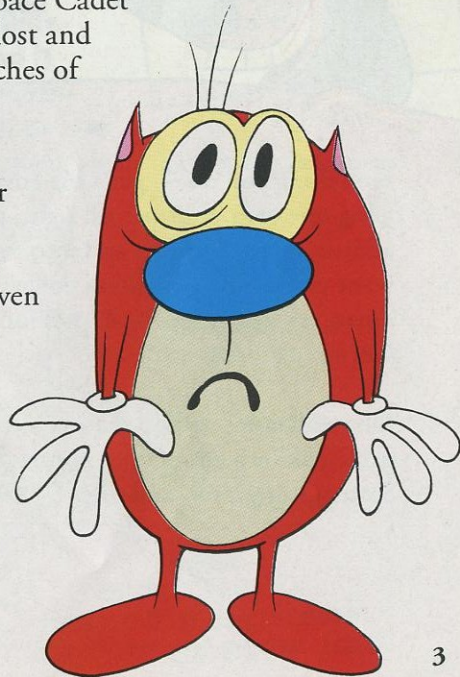
Finally, in *Marooned!*, Space Cadet Stimpie has gotten himself lost and digested in the furthest reaches of the galaxy! *Deesgusting!*

Oh, yeah, everyone else is trapped in here, too: Mister Horse, Space Cabbages, Anatomically Correct Log, Muddy Mudskipper, and even Powdered Toastman, man!

Is everyone going to get out? Beats me.

I just want out so I can pick up some real food.

So grab those controls and get us out of here!



# GETTING STARTED



Okay, man —  
listen carefully.

First thing you do — get a big envelope — a **big one**, you hear me? All right, now write my address on the outside, and into the envelope, I want you to put 47 million dollars. Write that down, it's important — 47 million dollars. Got it?

Oh, yeah, after you do that, you can put the game pak into your Super Nintendo Entertainment System, turn it on, and press START.

It's time  
for

## ASK DR. STUPID

with your host,  
Dr. Stupid.

Doctor, here's a letter  
from Billy Byron:

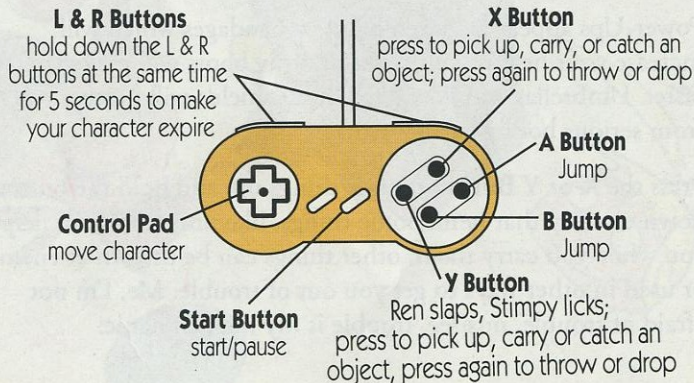
**That's very simply, really, Billy.  
It's called a Television, and it  
tells you how bad your breath  
can get if you don't brush, or how**

**Gee, Ren, I...**  
You fat, bloated *eediot!* He's talking about the control pad, man!

Shut up and show him the controls!



Dear Dr. Stupid,  
what is this boxy  
thing with buttons  
and knobs that is  
plugged into my  
Super Nintendo  
System and how  
do I use it?



# Status Display



Okay, man, this is what the screen looks like — except yours is probably bigger. *What!* You need an explanation?! Jeez, man, where have you been? Okay, okay, pay attention: Lives go down when you run out of time or health. Health goes down when you get hit by an enemy or obstacle. Time, well, time just goes down, man! The good thing is, Money goes up, but only when you find it!

# POWER-UPS & GOD STUFF

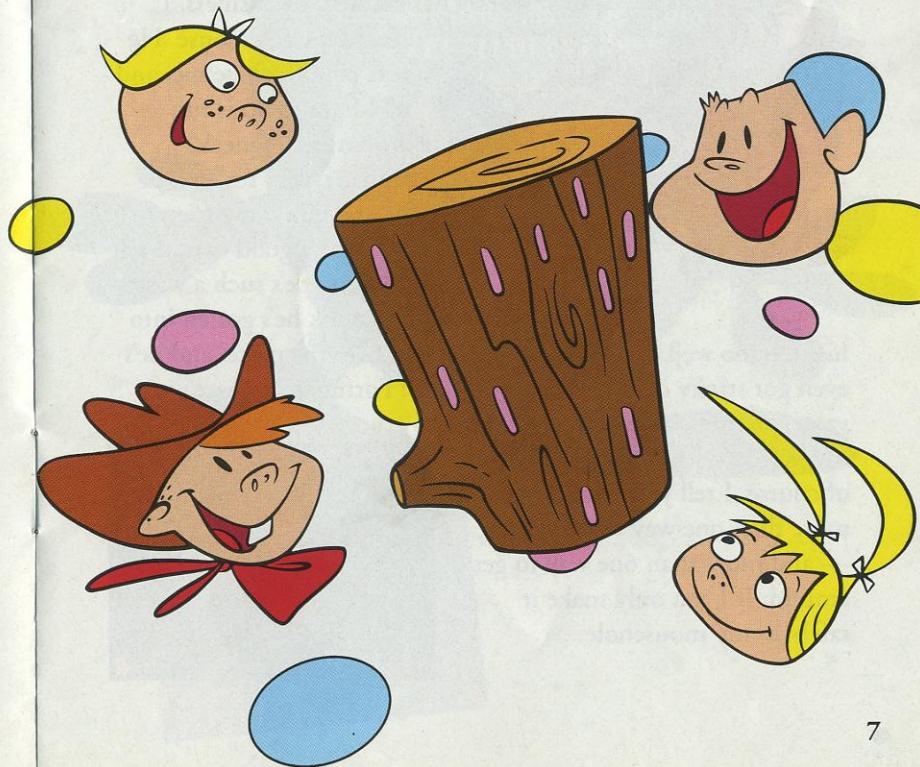


Power-Ups appear as glazed hams or bandages which will increase your health. Left socks or army boots will make you run faster. Umbrellas and Powdered Toast shields will protect you from serious bodily harm.

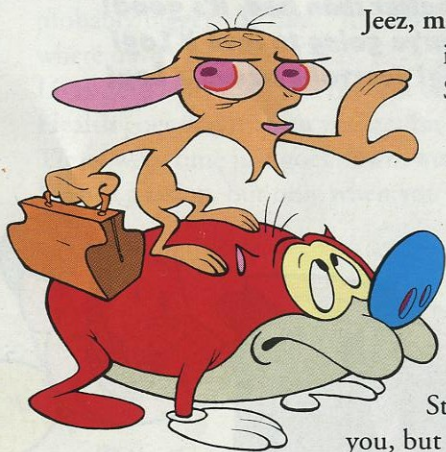
Press the X or Y Button to pick things up, and hold the button down to carry that item. Some things, like umbrellas, can help you while you carry them, other things can be thrown at enemies or used in other ways to get you out of trouble. Me, I'm not afraid of trouble, nosiree, trouble is my maiden name!

Okay, kids, let's sing along:

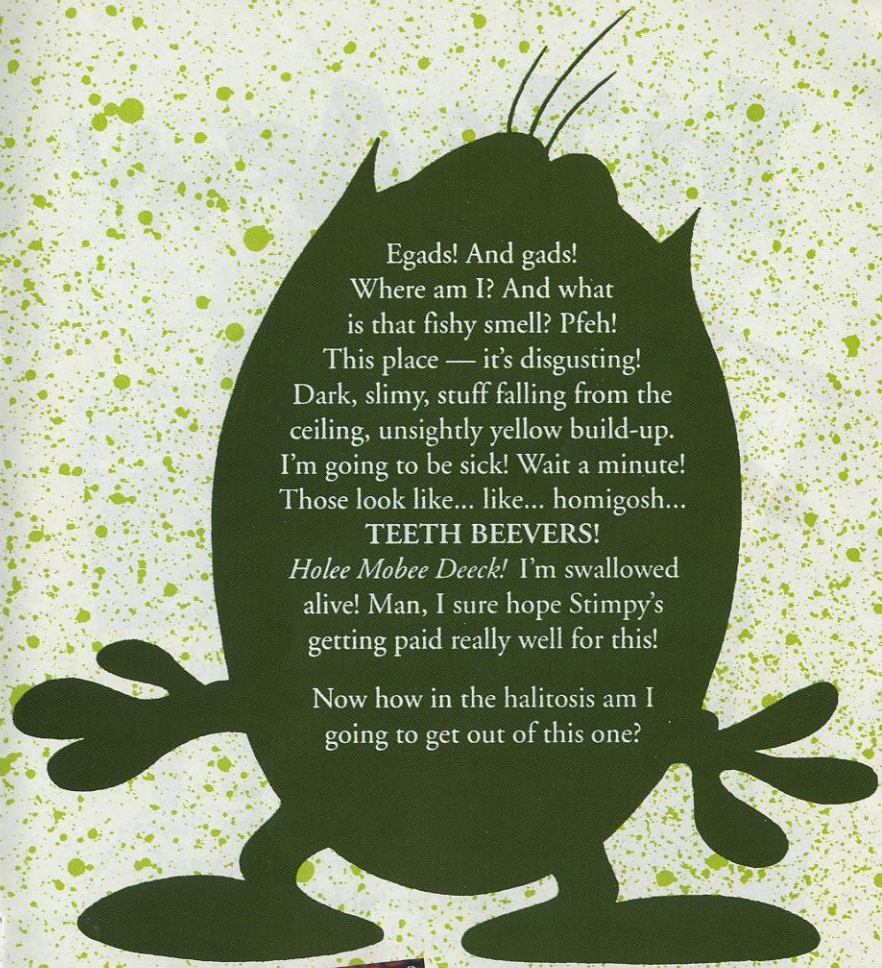
**What rolls downstairs alone or in pairs,  
rolls over your neighbor's dog?  
It's great for a snack, it fits on your back,  
It's Log, Log, Log.™  
It's Lo-og, it's Lo-og, it's big, it's heavy, it's wood!  
It's Lo-og, it's Lo-og, it's better than bad, it's good!  
Everyone wants a Log. You're going to love it Log!  
Come on and get your Log! Everyone needs a Log!**



# THE BOY WHO CRIED RAT!



Jeez, man. This seemed like a good idea at the time! Get this: Stimpy, he hires himself out as a mouse catcher, and to guarantee his business, I dressed up as a mouse. He gets paid to chase me, and all I have to do is run around and squeak. Brilliant, yes? Yes, except for one thing: my friend Stimpy. He's a good man, I tell you, but sometimes he's such a waste of good oxygen. I think he's gotten into his role too well. He's put mousetraps all over the place, and he's even got stinky catfish oil and rat cages! Fortunately, there are vases, pictures, and logs to defend my person with — and my wits, of course. I tell you, man, there's more than one way to spin a cat — and more than one way to get around. If I can only make it safely to my mousehole...

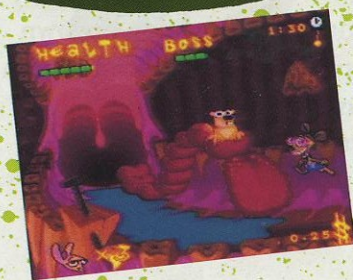


Egads! And gads!  
Where am I? And what  
is that fishy smell? Pfeh!  
This place — it's disgusting!  
Dark, slimy, stuff falling from the  
ceiling, unsightly yellow build-up.  
I'm going to be sick! Wait a minute!  
Those look like... like... homigosh...

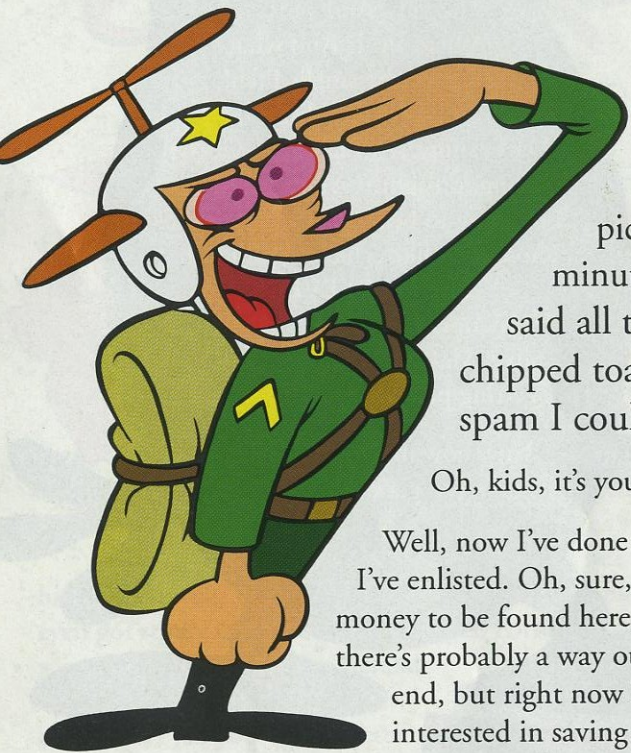
## TEETH BEEVERS!

*Holee Mobe Deeck!* I'm swallowed  
alive! Man, I sure hope Stimpy's  
getting paid really well for this!

Now how in the halitosis am I  
going to get out of this one?



# In The ARMY



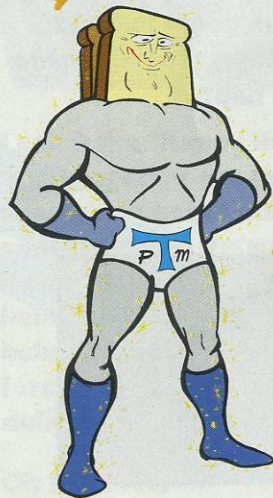
Wait just a finger-picking minute! They said all the chipped toast and spam I could eat!

Oh, kids, it's you.

Well, now I've done it — I've enlisted. Oh, sure, there's money to be found here, and there's probably a way out at the end, but right now I'm more interested in saving my own spleen! **Ho boy!** Watermelon

artillery shells... plunger sharpshooters... "bee" 52 bombers... wind-up tanks... I tell you, man, it's not just a mob, it's an adventure!

I need you to help guide me carefully through 3 separate battlefields, avoiding all sorts of nasties. Keep a sharp and pointy lookout for Powdered Toastman — when things get tight, he may be able to help with a Powdered Toast shield or a helicopter beanie. Oh, how I wish I had his pectoral muscles. Excuse me, mister — how do I get somewhere safe?



# STIMPY'S INVENTION

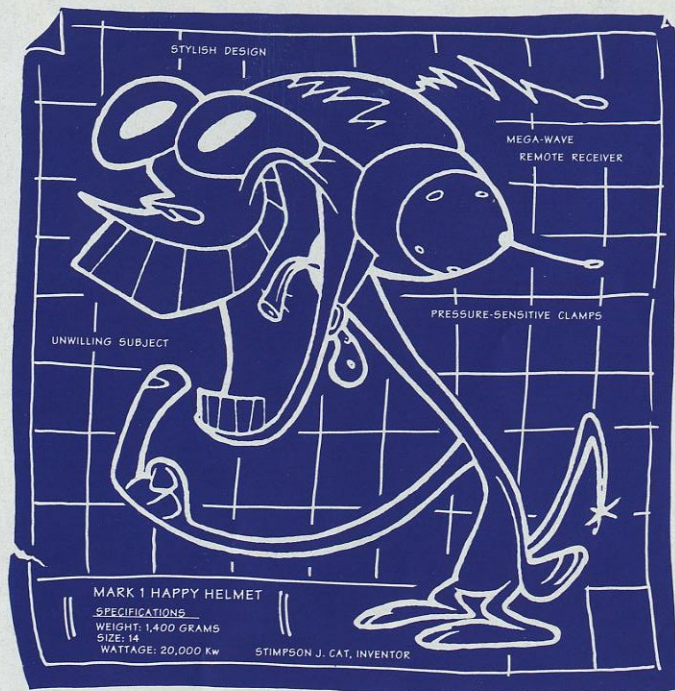
Oh, hello there, kids. I'm hard at work in my laboratory, working on something very important. It's a pistachio... no, that's not it... what the Hoëk was it?

Oh, yeah, it's for Ren. You see, Ren is my friend, but he's not happy, especially when he's trapped in a television show, so I'm going to build something that will *make* him happy!

Oh, joy!



Observe:



I call it the "Happy Helmet", and the pieces I need to put it together are somewhere in my lab, but I may need some help finding my way around on the conveyor belts between the weird equipment and bubbling chemical vats. As I find each of the seven helmet pieces, I'll eat it, of course. And when the helmet is complete, I can simply chase Ren down and force it on his unhappy little head. Oh, won't he be delighted and surprised? I can hardly wait!

Oh Reeennn...



# MAROONED!

**Space Cadet**

**Stimpy to Commander**

**Hoëk... Space Cadet**

**Stimpy to Commander**

**Hoëk... Please respond.**

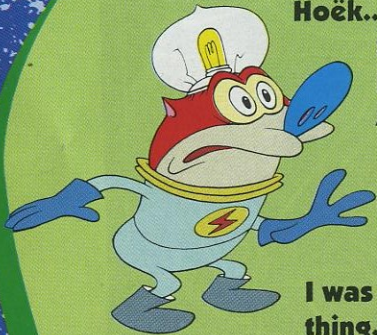
**As ordered, I have travelled 42 kajillion miles deep into the unfathomable and dangerous ends of the galaxy. Gee, Ren, I said**

**I was sorry about that helmet thing... Commander Hoëk,**

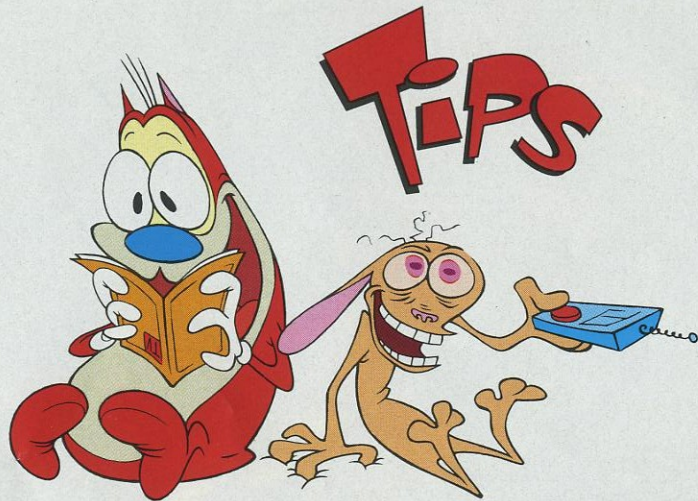
**please respond. My spaceship has**

**crashed on an uncharted and hostile planet, and I have been swallowed by a giant space alien. I am attempting to find my way through the alien's digestive system past nasty man-eating bacterium to eventually reach the alien's central brain and destroy it.**

**Commander Hoëk, please advise.**



A call?  
Take a message,  
man. Can't you  
see I'm in  
the tub?



Money may be hidden behind curtains or in other unlikely places.

Something land on your head? Shake it off by moving the control pad rapidly left and right.

Don't touch raw nerves. You'll find out why.

Dead end? A pineapple grenade may open a new passageway.

If you jump into a cannon, you will be shot out, possibly over some nasty obstacles.

Carry an umbrella for protection from falling objects or for a soft landing if you fall. Careful, they don't last forever.

If you throw your Space Cadet's Handbook, it will return to you like a boomerang.

Don't run out of Powdered Toast in your home – stock up today.

## WARRANTY STUFF

### 90 DAY LIMITED WARRANTY:

T•HQ SOFTWARE, INC. warrants to the original consumer purchaser that this Game Pak ("PAK") shall be free from defects in material and workmanship for a period of 90 days from the date of purchase. If a defect covered by this warranty occurs during this 90-day warranty period, T•HQ SOFTWARE, INC. will repair or replace the PAK, at its option, free of charge.

To receive this warranty service:

1. DO NOT return your defective Game Pak to the retailer.
2. Notify the T•HQ SOFTWARE, INC. Consumer Service Department of the problem requiring warranty service by calling: (818) 501-3241. Our Consumer Service Department is in operation from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Pacific Standard Time, Monday through Friday.
3. If the T•HQ SOFTWARE, INC. service technical is unable to solve the problem by phone, he will provide you with a Return Authorization number. Simply record this number on the outside packaging of your defective PAK, and return your PAK freight prepaid, at your risk of damage, together with your sales slip or similar proof-of-purchase within the 90-day warranty period to:

**T•HQ SOFTWARE, INC. Consumer Service Department,  
5016 N. Parkway Calabasas, Suite 100, Calabasas, CA 91302**

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If the PAK develops a problem after the 90 day warranty period, you may contact the T•HQ SOFTWARE, INC. Consumer Service Department at the phone number noted. If the T•HQ SOFTWARE, INC. service technician is unable to solve the problem by phone, he may provide you with a Return Authorization number. You may then record this number on the outside packaging of the defective PAK freight prepaid to T•HQ SOFTWARE, INC. T•HQ SOFTWARE, INC. will, at its option subject to the conditions above, repair the PAK or replace it with anew or repaired PAK. If replacement PAKS are not available, the defective PAK will be returned and the \$10.00 payment refundable.

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Boy, Stimpy, we sure had fun today, didn't we?  
So long, kids. C'mon, Stimpy, say goodbye.

**Uh, where are we going, Ren?**

It's the end of the manual, man. That's it.

**What'll we do now?**

Well, you could starch your lederhösens... polish your navel lint collection... or you could just stand there and look stupid.

**Oh, Joy!**



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