

**PSSST!**  
**WANNA JOINNA**  
**GUILD?**



*The Collectors' Guild*

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TERRY PRATCHETT'S  
**DISCWORLD**<sup>®</sup>  
*Characters*  
from  
**CLARECRAFT**



DW90 Death and Granny Weatherwax Limited Edition (21.5cm x 14cm)  
2500 Pieces Worldwide

**DISCWORLD<sup>®</sup> COLLECTORS' GUILD**

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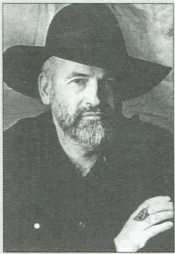
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I like the Clarecraft figures. They're made by people who read the books very carefully and then sculpt what they see on the inside of their eyelids. They don't always get it exactly right (no-one could) but they get it wrong a lot better than anyone else would.

Terry Pratchett

We are in a privileged position at Clarecraft as we are able to mix hard work with a great deal of fun. Taking one of Terry Pratchett's Discworld novels and digesting every detail is an enjoyable experience for most people. As a Discworld reader, you may well conjure up images of how you expect the characters to look and how their expressions and poses may seem in different story lines throughout the books. We at Clarecraft are able to take these images one step further by turning our mental pictures into full colour three dimensional forms.

It's not easy – not everybody has the same ideas and we don't always get it right first time. Once we have an idea for a character, we speak to Terry who gives us clues as to who or what the character may look like in relation to somebody we may have seen on the television or in other walks of life.

We talk to our sculptors who then set to work and their finished piece is sent to Terry for him to cast his expert eye over the result. He will often tell us that this little bit needs changing, that colour could be darker, and so on. We don't mind as this gives us the opportunity to get all of the small details right before we get the final approval. The character is then 'officially' launched.

Clarecraft would like to thank Terry Pratchett for his kind help and for giving us the opportunity to turn our enjoyment into three dimensional forms that are enjoyed the world over.

HAND CRAFTED IN SUFFOLK



DW86 (13cm)  
Rincewind Running

#### Rincewind Running

"Rincewind pounded down an alley, paying no heed to the screams of rage coming from the picture box, and cleared a high wall with his frayed robe flapping around him like the feathers of a dishevelled jackdaw."  
*The Colour of Magic*

#### Pixie Albert

" 'And how many have you had, may I ask?' 'Dunno, ain't counted,' said Albert happily. ONE MILLION, EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND, SEVEN HUNDRED AND SIX, said Death. AND SIXTY-EIGHT THOUSAND, THREE HUNDRED AND NINETEEN PORK PIES. AND ONE TURNIP. 'It looked pork-pie shaped,' said Albert. 'Everything does, after a while.'"  
*Hogfather*



DW85 (14cm)  
Pixie Albert

#### Death of Rats

It was about six inches high. It wore a black robe. It held a small scythe in one skeletal paw. A bone white nose with brittle grey whiskers protruded from the shadowy hood."  
*Reaper Man*



DW33 (8cm)  
Death of Rats

#### Death

"It held a long scythe in one hand and one couldn't help noticing that what should have been fingers were simply white bone. The other skeletal hand held small cubes of cheese and pineapple on a stick."  
*The Light Fantastic*



DW05 (16cm)  
Death



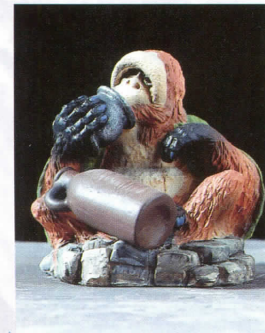
DW03 (11cm)  
The Librarian

#### The Librarian

"One such accident had turned the librarian into an ape, since when he had resisted all attempts to turn him back, explaining in sign language that life as an orang-utan was considerably better than life as a human being, because all the big philosophical questions resolved themselves into wondering where the next banana was coming from."  
*Equal Rites*

#### The Librarian with Tankard

"What he thought was an old sack hunched over the bar was extending arms and – other arms except that they were its legs. A sad rubbery face turned towards the speaker, its expression as melancholy as the mists of evolution. Its funny lips curled back. There was absolutely nothing funny about its teeth."  
*Wyrd Sisters*



DW03a (7cm)  
The Librarian with Tankard

### The Luggage

"Hundreds of little legs extruded from the underside of the box. It rose very deliberately and, carefully re-arranging its feet shuffled round to face him. There was a particularly malevolent look about its keyhole, the sort of look that says - Go on, make my day."

*The Light Fantastic*



DW04 The Luggage (7cm)

### Greebo

"He's an old softy really," said Nanny. *Witches Abroad*



Greebo

DW45

### Granny Weatherwax Aloft

"The sun was well up when the three witches spiralled into the sky. They had been delayed for a while because of the intractability of Granny Weatherwax's broomstick, the starting of which always required a great deal of galloping up and down. It never seemed to get the message until it was being shoved through the air at a frantic running speed." *Witches Abroad*

### Nanny Ogg

"Nanny Ogg, on the other hand, was enthusiastically downing her third drink and, Granny thought sourly was well along the path which would probably end up with her usual dancing on the table, showing her petticoats and singing The Hedgehog Can Never Be Bugged At All." *Witches Abroad*



DW06a Granny Weatherwax Aloft (9cm)



DW07 Nanny Ogg (10cm)

### Granny Weatherwax

"She walked quickly through the darkness with the frank stride of someone who was at least certain that the forest, on this damp and windy night, contained strange and terrible things and she was it." *Wyrd Sisters*



DW06 Granny Weatherwax (16cm)

### C. M. O. T. Dibbler

"Get your pig sausages, five for two dollars!" said Throat, who never let a conversation stand in the way of trade." *Guards! Guards*



DW35 C.M.O.T. Dibbler (11cm)

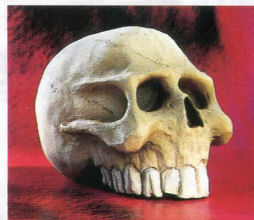
### Rincewind and Luggage Bookend

"It was when he tried to move that he found his robe was caught on some obstruction. By craning his neck he found that the edge of it was being gripped firmly by the Luggage's lid."

*The Colour of Magic*



DW41 Rincewind and Luggage Bookend (14cm)



DW26 The God's Dice Box (9cm)

### The God's Dice Box

"Blind Io took up the dice box, which was a skull whose various orifices had been stoppered with rubies, and with several of his eyes on the Lady, rolled three fives."

*The Colour of Magic*



DW91 Quoth and the 'Eyeballs' (7.5cm)

### Quoth and the 'Eyeballs'

"What have you got there?" said Susan wearily. "Eyeballs", said the raven. "Hah, wizards know how to live all right, eh? They don't want for nothing round here, I can tell you." "They're olives," said Susan. "Tough luck", said the raven. "They're mine now". *Hogfather*

### Scraps

"It was a dog. Or several dogs rolled, as it were, into one. There were four legs, and they were nearly all the same length although not, Agnes noted, all the same colour... It was a very enthusiastic animal in the department of slobber." *Carpe Jugulum*



DW103 Scraps (4.5cm)

DW100 (15cm)



### Captain Carrot

"Carrot marched in, and stood to attention. As usual, the room subtly became a mere background to him." *Men at Arms*



DW17 (21cm)

#### Door to the Mended Drum

"They clustered now around The Mended Drum in Filigree Street, foremost of the city's taverns. It was famed not for its beer, which looked like a maiden's water and tasted like battery acid, but for its clientele."

*Mort*

#### Detritus the Troll

"He recognised, a few feet away, the big rangy shape of Detritus, an ancient troll well known to the students as someone who found employment anywhere people needed to be thrown very hard out of places for money."

*Moving Pictures*



DW22 Detritus the Troll (16cm)

#### Corporal Nobbs

"I've got an iron ball with spikes on Nobby volunteered".

*Men at Arms*



DW60 Corporal Nobbs (9cm)

#### Captain Samuel Vimes

"He brought the gonne around, not aware of thinking, and let the trigger pull his finger again. A large area of the door and frame became a splinter-bordered hole.

Vimes kicked the rest of it away and followed the gonne."

*Men at Arms*



DW54 Captain Vimes (12cm)



#### Cohen the Barbarian

"By the light of the torches he saw that it was a very old man, the skinny variety that generally gets called spry, with a totally bald head, a beard almost down to his knees, and a pair of matchstick legs on which varicose veins had traced the street map of quite a large city"

*The Light Fantastic*

DW42 (14cm)

#### Sergeant Frederick Colon of The Night Watch



DW30 (11cm)

#### Gaspede the Wonder Dog

"There was a wheezing noise from under the bed. Gaspede emerged in a cloud of old rugness, and had an early morning scratch. "Wha -" he began, and then he saw the troll. "Bark, Bark," he corrected himself."

*Moving Pictures*



DW31 (6cm)  
Gaspede the Wonder Dog

#### Sergeant Frederick Colon of The Night Watch

"You could describe Sergeant Colon like this: he was the sort of man who, if he took up a military career, would automatically gravitate to the post of sergeant. You couldn't imagine him ever being a corporal."

*Guards! Guards!*

#### Errol

"Errol lay in the wreckage of the fourth fruit box Nobby had scrounged for him. The rest had all been eaten or dissolved."

*Guards! Guards!*



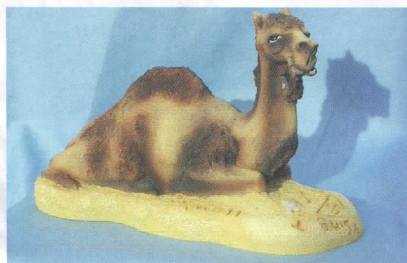
DW36 (9cm)

Errol

#### You Bastard

And this particular camel, the result of millions of years of selective evolution to produce a creature that could count the grains of sand it was walking over, and close its nostrils at will, and survive under the broiling sun for many days without water, was called You Bastard.

*Pyramids*



DW101 You Bastard (10.5cm)



**Quoth the Raven**  
 "The raven flew back to the wizard's house, skimmed in through the open window, and took up his roost on the skull."  
*Soul Music*

DW49 (6cm)  
**Quoth on Skull**

**Death and Binky**

"SHALL WE GO asked Death. He was on a white horse, a horse of flesh and blood but red of eye and fiery of nostril, and he stretched out a bony hand and took his soul out of the air..."  
*The Colour of Magic*



DW24 (20cm)  
**Death and Binky**



DW43 (11cm) **Mort and Death**  
 DW05 (16cm)

**Greebo as a Man**  
 "Greebo fully clothed still managed to communicate the nakedness beneath."  
*Maskerade*



DW76 (13.5cm)  
**Greebo as a Man**

**Lord Vetinari the Patrician**

"You need a special kind of mind to rule a city like Ankh-Morpork, and Lord Vetinari had it. But then, he was a special kind of person."  
*Guards! Guards!*



DW37 (12cm)  
**Lord Vetinari the Patrician**

DW44

**Death on a Motorcycle**

(14 x 28cm)



**Death on a Motorcycle**

"Something went past in a blur and vanished in the darkness, leaving a line of blue flames that flickered for a little while, then went out."  
*Soul Music*



DW72 (13.5cm)

**Death as the Hogfather**

"Death hung the stockings back on the mantelpiece.  
 NOW WE MUST BE GOING.  
 HAPPY HOGSWATCH. ER ...  
 OH, YES: HO. HO. HO."  
*Hogfather*

**Windle Poons**

"Windle rummaged in the dreadful recesses of his wheelchair, a graveyard for old cushions, dog-eared books and ancient, half-sucked sweets"  
*Reaperman*



DW58 (11cm)  
**Windle Poons**



DW62 (11cm)  
**Casanunda**

**Casanunda**

"My name's Casanunda, he said. I'm reputed to be the world's greatest lover. What do you think?"  
*Witches Abroad*

**Death in the Kitchen**

"Inside the tiny, cramped kitchen, strata'd with the grease of decades, Death spun and whirled, chopping, slicing and flying. His skillet flashed through the fetid steam."  
*Mort*



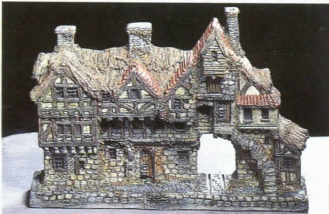
DW57 (16cm)  
**Death in the Kitchen**



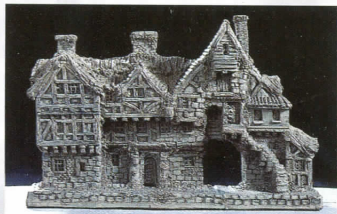
DW48 **A Bridge over the Ankh** (15 x 30cm)  
(also available in wooden finish)

### The Mended Drum

"The Drum jealously guarded its reputation as the most stylishly disreputable tavern in Ankh Morpork ..."  
*Sourcery*



DW47 **The Mended Drum** (13 x 20cm)



DW47W **The Mended Drum** (13 x 20cm)



DW46 **Granny Weatherwax's Cottage** (10cm)

### Granny Weatherwax's Cottage

"Most witches preferred to live in isolated cottages with the traditional curly chimneys and weed-grown thatch. Granny Weatherwax approved of this: it was no good being a witch unless you let people know."

*Wyrd Sisters*

(also available in wooden finish)



DW73 (6cm)

### Death of Rats Holding The Death of Fleas

"The Death of Rats opened a tiny skeletal hand. The tiny Death of Fleas stood up, looking embarrassed but hopeful."  
*Reaper Man*



DW53 **Magrat in Flight** (11cm)

DW51 **Granny Weatherwax in Flight** (13cm) DW52 **Nanny Ogg in Flight** (11cm)

*Also available in a bronzed finish*



DW65 **The Bursar** (12cm)

### The Bursar

"Yes indeed, said the Bursar, hands up the mittens, Mr. Bosun!"

*Lords and Ladies*

DW61 **Ridcully** (14cm)



### Archchancellor Ridcully

"Can't be havin' with all that stuff said the Archchancellor, waving him away. "Too much damn paper around here as it is."  
*Moving pictures*

DW59 **Cyril the Dyslexic Cockerel** (10cm)



### Cyril the Dyslexic Cockerel

"It was another dawn. Cyril the cockerel stirred on his perch. The chalked words glowed in the half light. He concentrated. He took a deep breath. Dock-a-loodle-fod!"  
*Reaperman*

DW84 **The Luggage (Box)** (8cm)



### The Luggage (Box)

"'Look', said Rincewind, 'this isn't getting us anywhere.' He inched sideways. The luggage followed faithfully, lid half open and menacing. Rincewind briefly considered making a desperate leap to safety. The lid smacked in anticipation."  
*The Colour of Magic*



DW66 **Angua** (11.5cm)

"Angua turned and ran. The moon's halo was already visible over the rooftops of Unseen University"  
*Men at Arms*



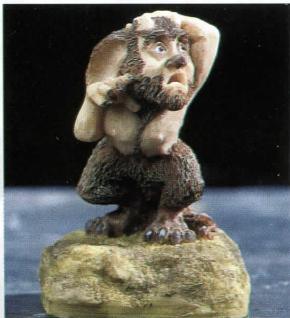
DW67 **Mrs Gogol's House** (9cm)

"Mrs Gogol's house itself looked a simple affair of driftwood from the river, roofed with moss and built out over the swamp itself on four stout poles"  
*Witches Abroad*



DW90 (14.5cm x 20cm)  
**Death and Granny Weatherwax Limited Edition**

**Death and Granny Weatherwax Limited Edition 2500 pieces**  
"Granny picked up the pack of cards and shuffled it, not looking at her hands, and smiling at Death all the time. She dealt five cards each, and reached down ... A bony hand grasped hers. BUT FIRST, MISTRESS WEATHERWAX - WE WILL EXCHANGE CARDS"  
*Maskerade*



DW64 **Herne the Hunted** (6.5cm)

"God of all small furry creatures whose destiny it is to end life with a brief, crunchy squeak"  
*Discworld Companion*



DW68 **Agnis Nitt** (12cm)

"She concentrated on the notes, working her way stolidly upwards from sea-level to mountaintop, and took no notice at the start when a chair vibrated across the stage or, at the end, when a glass broke somewhere and several bats fell out of the roof"  
*Maskerade*

#### Glod Glodson

"He was small, even for a dwarf. A large bronze horn lay across his knees ... 'I can blow anything,' said Glod."  
*Soul Music*



DW83 **Glod Glodson** (8cm)



DW104 (4.5cm)

#### Greebo's Vampire Snack

"... The bat squirmed under his claw. It seemed to Greebo's small cat brain that it was trying to change its shape, and he wasn't having any of that from a mouse with wings."  
*Witches Abroad*



DW75 **Death as Bill Door**

#### Death as Bill Door

"They'd called him Good Old Bill. No-one had ever called him that before."  
*Reaper Man*



DW82 (23cm)  
**Lias Bluestone**

#### Lias Bluestone

"Let's give 'em 'The Wizard's Staff', then," said Glod. "That always breaks the ice."  
"OK," said the troll. He counted on his fingers. "One, two ... one, two, many, lots."  
*Soul Music*

DW81 **Imp y Celyn** (11cm)



#### Imp y Celyn

"Buddy's eyes snapped open suddenly. 'Let's rock,' he whispered."  
*Soul Music*



DW74 **Foul Ole Ron**

#### Foul Ole Ron

"You posh, Ron?"  
"Buggrit."  
"Yep. Sounds posh to me."  
*Hogfather*



**Death Duelling**

Death hefted the scythe threateningly, incidentally smashing an hourglass by his shoulder ...

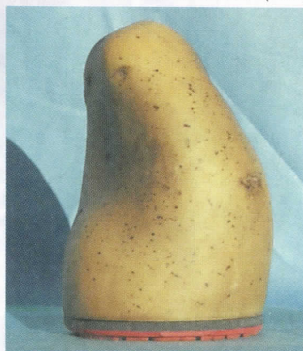
... in Bes Pelargic the Emperors chief torturer slumped backwards into his own acid pit.

Mort

**Mort Duelling**

Mort rolled and came up swinging the sword double-handed over his head, feeling the twang of dark exhilaration as Death darted backwards across the checkered tiles.

Mort



'What'th thith?' Igor demanded.  
'Pardon?'  
'Thith ... thtupid mark!'  
'Well, the potato wasn't big enough for the official seal and I don't know what a seal look like in any case but I reckon dat's a good carvin' of a duck I done there...' said the troll cheerfully.  
*Carpe Jugulum*



DW40 (10cm)

The Librarian's Bookstamp from the library of the Unseen University.



DW63 (4cm)  
Dried Frog Pill Box



DW16

Dibbler's Compass



DW71 Death Mirror (27 x 17cm)

DW69 Rincewind Mirror (27 x 17cm)



DW56 (7cm)  
Nanny Ogg's Sexual Object

The Librarian's Wizard's Knob

"A wizard's staff has a knob on the end."



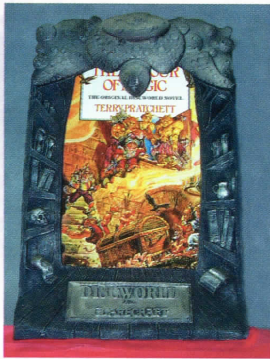
DW55 (9cm)

Tankard from *The Mended Drum*  
"No – this was still the interior of the Drum, its walls stained with smoke, its floor a compost of old rushes and nameless beetles, its sour beer not so much purchased as merely hired for a while."  
*The Colour of Magic*



DW21 (9cm)  
Tankard from the Mended Drum





DW98P Picture Frame

This Picture Frame, (like DW95P "From out of the page"), is a special edition that we originally designed for our stockists to display retirement details and other relevant information. In response to demand, we have now made it available to all Collectors.

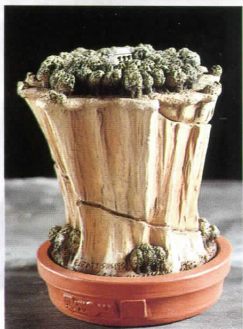


DW50 Death Bookstamp (10cm)

"Ex Libris Mortis Hic Est Vita Vester" From the library of Death ... This is your life.



DW50P Death Bookstamp painted finish (10cm)



DW87 Table Top Bonsai Mountain (9cm)



DW78 Himalayan Bonsai Mountain (10cm)

### Bonsai Mountains

"The most testing form of bonsai, practised only by History Monks and other very long-lived persons who don't mind waiting a thousand years to see what happens next."

*The Discworld Companion*



DW79 Volcanic Bonsai Mountain (9cm)



DW80 Bonsai Mountain Valley (10cm)

### Death Bookend

"Death, although of course completely eyeless, watched Rincewind disappearing with what would, had His face possessed any mobility at all, have been a frown. Death, although exceptionally busy at all times, decided that he now had a hobby."

*The Colour of Magic*

### Rincewind Bookend

"As a student wizard Rincewind had never achieved high marks in precognition, but now unused circuits of his brain were throbbing and the future might as well have been engraved in bright colours on his eyeballs."

*The Colour of Magic*



DW12 Death Bookend (14cm)

DW11 Rincewind Bookend (14cm)

### The Luggage Bookend

"... the Luggage extended its little legs, braced itself and ran full tilt at the nearest wall. Clay bricks and dusty mortar exploded around it. Cohen peered through the hole. There was a small storeroom on the other side. The luggage stood in the middle of the floor, radiating extreme bafflement."

*The Light Fantastic*

### The Librarian Bookend

"The librarian's mental catalogue was ticking over perfectly. He stopped by a soaring stack of musty books and swung himself up into the darkness. There was the sound of rustling paper, and a cloud of dust floated down to Trymon. Then the librarian was back, a slim volume in his hands."

*The Light Fantastic*



DW13 The Luggage Bookend (15cm)

DW14 The Librarian Bookend (15cm)

## DISCWORLD PEWTER MINIATURES



## DWCS1 DISCWORLD CHESS PIECES (32)



A few of our miniatures are inspired by the superb artwork of Discworld artist Paul Kidby. If you would like details of Paul's work, please contact P.J.S.M. Prints direct by writing to P.J.S.M. Prints, P.O. Box 1883, Frome, Somerset, BA11 3YA or telephone 01373 473755. It would be nice if you could mention that you found his details in the Clarecraft catalogue.

## Discworld Collectors' Guild

The Discworld Collectors Guild is a select (well they would be wouldn't they) group (fast becoming a multitude) of keen Discworld readers of all ages who enjoy the Discworld characters produced by Clarecraft.

Without any trouble at all and for no great expense you too could become a member of the Guild. This is what we will give you when you join.

1. The Coat Of Arms of Ankh-Morpork, actual size 19cm x 15cm, which is available to members of the Collectors' Guild **only**.
2. A detailed pewter miniature selected by us from our range.
3. An up to date colour brochure of our range of Discworld characters and artifacts (in case this one is out of date!).
4. A membership card which entitles you to buy the special Collector's Editions, which are produced each year, for one year only, and other special pieces reserved for collectors only. You don't have to buy anything if you don't want to, but they do make a splendid collection.
5. A list of local friendly stockists who should know what you are talking about when you go in, and be able to supply you with the complete range of Discworld figures.
6. You will also receive a quarterly Newsletter from us containing inside information about new characters being designed and we'll let you know if, and when, Discworld characters are being retired from the range. We'll also keep you up to date with other Discworld developments – the launch dates of new books and full details of Terry's signing tours. In addition there will be information about other Discworld products and fan groups. In fact we tell you everything we get to hear of – and we don't miss much.
7. Advanced notice of Discworld promotions and events in your area. This usually means the chance to see the full range on display and to buy special event pieces.



### What does it cost

Well not a lot really, in fact £15.00 per year (U.K. only\*).

(We may not be able to hold this price forever but it certainly applies until April 1st 2000).

All you have to do is fill in the attached form and send it to the address given, along with your chosen form of payment.

Allow about 3–4 weeks for your membership to be processed. If you have any queries please phone The Discworld Collectors Guild on (01359) 241277 or e-mail us on [Guild@clarecraft.com](mailto:Guild@clarecraft.com)

\*Overseas membership as follows:-

Europe	£20.00 per year
Rest of the World	£25.00 per year
Preferred payment by Visa or Mastercard	



DW95P

From out of the Page

12cm

"From out of the page" is a special edition that we designed as a display piece for our stockists. We have also made it available as a "Collectors Edition" available only for members of the Collectors Guild.

## COLLECTORS EDITION 1999



DW102

Angua as a Wolf

9.5cm

'My word, what a splendid bitch,' he said, 'A Ramtop wolfhound if I'm any judge.' He stroked Angua in a vague friendly way.

*Men at Arms*