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## CLARECRAET

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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

It is never easy to translate the written word into a visual image that finds a universal recognition, because readers create their own images of fictional characters inside their heads. I'm the one at Clarecraft who has the job of reading and re-reading the Discworld novels to search for all the descriptive prose relating to the characters that the designers sculpt. This is not an unpleasant occupation - in fact being paid to read Discworld novels must be one of the best jobs in the world. Then I talk to Terry who fills in any gaps, and gives visual clues like - so-and-so looks just like the chap who played character x in a T.V. series in 1966. The research continues along this vein until a more-or-less complete picture emerges. At this stage in the proceedings I talk to Bernard, the Cunning Artificer, about a suitable pose for the figure and then the designers and colourists work their magic with bits of wax and pots of paint until a figure is produced. This is then sent for final inspection and approval by the man who knows what his characters look like.

Sometimes we get it right first time and sometimes we don't. It took six attempts to get the first Granny Weatherwax's nose right and can take up to three months to design and develop a new character. I hope you will like what we have done. This brochure is a guide to the current Discworld collection, but just as Terry keeps writing the books, so we keep adding to the range.


Leigh Pamment is the sculptor who models most of the Discworld characters for Clarecraft. He is a talented craftsman and his skills combine with Terry's inspiration to produce the final image.
And he doesn't mind a bit (well not much) when I say - "sorry that's wrong - can you change the head!"

We would like to thank Terry Pratchett for the boundless delight we all get from reading his books and for the special privilege we at Clarecraft enjoy in being able to translate his creative vision into three dimensional form.

Isobel Pearson


DW01 Rincewind

Rincewind
"He avoided work as a rule, but had a quickness of wit that put his acquaintances in mind of a bright rodent." The Colour of Magic

## Death Swinging Scythe

"He stood up and levelled the scythe at the fat and noisome candle that burned on the edge of the bench and then with two deft sweeps cut the flame into three bright slivers." Mort


DW05a
Death Swinging Scythe

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


## 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
Death


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
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


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


## 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


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
Buggered At All."
Witches Abroad


Nanny Ogg
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

C.M.O.T. Dibbler

## 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


## 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


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
( 14 cm )


DW40

## The Librarian's

 Bookstamp from the library of the Unseen University.

The God's Dice Box
"Blind lo 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



Dibbler's Compass

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 $\quad(9 \mathrm{~cm})$
Tankard from the Mended Drum


## 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 ( 16 cm )


## 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"

DW42
(14cm)


DW50
 "Ex Libris Mortis Hic Est Vita Vester" From the library of Death ... This is your life.

## Corporal Nobbs

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


## 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


## Gaspode the Wonder Dog

"There was a wheezing noise from under the bed. Gaspode 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


Gaspode the Wonder Dog

Sergeant Frederick Colon of The Night Watch


DW30
( 11 cm )
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!



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

## 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


## Teppic the Assassin

"He examined himself critically. The outfit had cost him his last penny, and was heavy on the black silk. He opened the black box and took out his rings and slipped them on. Another box held knives of Klatchian steel, their blades darkened with lamp black. Various cunning and intricate devices were taken from velvet bags and dropped into pockets."
Pyramids


## 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!



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


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

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


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 Death in the Kitchen $(16 \mathrm{~cm})$

DW48
A Bridge over the Ankh
$(15 \times 30 \mathrm{~cm})$

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


DW47 The Mended Drum $(13 \times 20 \mathrm{~cm})$



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

The Librarian's Wizard's Knob
"A wizard's staff has a knob on the end."



DW53 Magrat in Flight ( 11 cm ) DW51 Granny Weatherwax in Flight (13cm) DW52 Nanny Ogg in Flight (11cm)


## DW51B

Granny Weatherwax in Flight (bronze finish)


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

Granny Weatherwax in
Flight (bronze finish)
"After a while, they
became identifiable as three female figures on broomsticks, flying in a manner reminiscent of the famous three plaster flying ducks."
"Lords and Ladies"

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


DISCWORLD
DW15
"Great A 'Tuin the turtle comes, swimming slowly through the interstellar gulf, hydrogen frost on his ponderous limbs, his huge and ancient shell pocked with meteor craters. Through sea-sized eyes that are crusted with rheum and asteroid dust he stares fixedly at the Destination." The Colour of Magic


Conina
"A broad throwing knife had mysteriously appeared in Conina's hand, and she was crouched like a jungle animal or, even worse a jungle human." Sourcery

Magrat Garlick
"She'd dug out a
startlingly green dress that was designed to be both revealing and clinging, and would have been if Magrat had anything to display or cling to ..." Wyrd Sisters

## Arch Chancellor Cutangle



DW23
( 17 cm )
Arch Chancellor Cutangle,
Archmage of the Wizards of the Silver Star

Twoflower
"It was small and skinny, and dressed very oddly in a pair of knee length britches and a shirt in such a violent and vivid conflict of colours that Weasel's fastidious eye was offended even in the half-light."
The Colour of Magic



Discworld Miniatures
Top row from left to right: DMP09 Carrot, DMP06 Granny Weatherwax, DMP02 Twoflower, DMP22 Detritus, DMP05 Deach Bottom row from left to right: DMP03 The Librarian, DMP04 The Luggage, DMP32 Teppic, DMP34 Conina, DMP35 CMOT Dibbler

DW2009

C.M.O.T. Dibbler

DW2010


Three Witches


DW2002 The Luggage


DW2005


The Discworld
DW2007


Rincewind and Luggage


PROFILE-CUT EMBOSSED ROCKING CARDS ( $19 \times 21 \mathrm{~cm}$ )

DW2006


The Librarian
DW2008


Death

GREETINGS CARDS
( $17 \times 12 \mathrm{~cm}$ )


DWJK1 Discworld Poster ( $67 \times 47 \mathrm{~cm}$ ) By Josh Kirby

## 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 and collect 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 $19 \times 15 \mathrm{~cm}$, which would cost $£ 12.99$ if you bought it in a shop but you can't.

2. A Pewter miniature figure of Death, size 4 cm , normal retail price $£ 3.50$.
3. A full colour brochure of our range of Discworld characters and artifacts.

4. A membership card which entitles you to buy the special Collector's Edition Coats of Arms which are produced each year. You don't have to buy anything if you don't want to, but they do make a splendid collection. The Coat of Arms for 1996 is the Alchemists Guild.
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. You will receive invitations to special Discworld promotions or events happening in your area.

This means a chance to see the full range on display, a free entry to a Collectors Draw for a seriously expensive figure. And the opportunity to buy special "Event" pieces such as dwarf bread from Ironcrust's Bakery (which is about as edible as the real thing).

## What you don't get

Certainly not free holiday offers, double glazing, or letters of the "You have been selected" variety.

## 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 1997).

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 Isobel on (01359) 241277.
*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 12 cm
"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 is a "Collectors Edition" available only for members of the Collectors Guild.

