



Original First Chapter of CITY OF GLASS
With Author Commentary

Dear Readers:

The first chapter Cassandra Clare originally wrote for CITY OF GLASS is almost unrecognizable from the first chapter in the final version.

Here, Cassandra Clare revisits the original first chapter of the last book in The Mortal Instruments trilogy, providing insight into the characters, the writing process, and the imagination behind this *New York Times* bestselling series.

THE MORTAL INSTRUMENTS

Book Three

City of Glass

CASSANDRA CLARE

THE ORIGINAL FIRST CHAPTER
WITH AUTHOR COMMENTARY



Margaret K. McElderry Books

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I

A SUDDEN DEPARTURE¹

Clary zipped her backpack closed and glanced around the room to see if she'd forgotten anything. Madeleine had told her it would be cold in Idris due to the high elevation², so she'd packed her long-sleeved shirts, some jeans, and her sweaters. She didn't have a winter coat, but she didn't plan on being in Idris long enough to need one. She was only going long enough to get what she needed to help her mother. Then she'd be back.

For the third time in fifteen minutes, she punched Simon's number into her mobile phone. It rang and rang, finally going to voice mail.

¹ The first chapter is now called "The Portal," which I think is a much better title.

² This remains true in the book, though this explanation was cut. Clary is cold most of the time she's in Idris.

It was Eric's voice, not Simon's, on the recorded message. "Ladies, ladies," he said. Though it was the millionth time she'd heard the recording, Clary couldn't help rolling her eyes. "If you've reached this message, that means our boy Simon is out partying. But please don't fight among yourselves. There's always enough Simon to go around." There was a muffled yell, some laughter, and then the long sound of the beep.³

She hung up with a frown. Where was he? He knew she was leaving today. How could he not be here to wish her a safe trip?

Of course, their last meeting had been a little tense. He'd sat on her bed, watching her with an almost scary detachment as she ranted about Madeleine and Idris and her mother's cure.

"You see, my mom knew Valentine was going to come looking for her one day," she'd told him breathlessly. "She knew he'd try to torture the location of the Mortal Cup out of her if he could. She used this potion she'd had a warlock make for her. She brought it to New York with her from Idris. She knew it would put her into a sort of suspended animation, so she'd be no use to Valentine. She must have taken it when she heard the Ravener coming for her. Don't you see? That's why the doctors can't find anything wrong with her. The only thing that'll cure her is taking the same potion again."

³ I love this phone message and was sad to see it go. Long ago when I worked in journalism there was a guy in the office who sent around a memo addressed to "ladies, ladies" promising that there would always be enough of him to go around. I always wanted to pilfer that joke, but I guess it'll have to wait for another time.

“So where are you supposed to get more of the same potion?” Simon asked. “It doesn’t seem like something you can just pick up at the local bodega.”⁴

“It would have to come from the same warlock who made it in the first place.”

“You mean Magnus Bane?” Simon said. “He was the warlock your mom used to use for those memory spells, so—”

“No, it wasn’t Magnus. Weren’t you listening? She brought the potion from Idris. It was someone she knew there.”

“So...?” Simon let the rest of the sentence hang delicately in the air.

“I’m going to Idris,” Clary told him.

He blanched. Since he was already very pale, this was impressive. “To Idris? By yourself? Clary—”

“Not by myself. With the Lightwoods. Madeleine says they’re going anyway. They have to: The Clave is recalling all the heads of Conclaves in different cities to Idris for some kind of summit meeting.”

“But going to Idris—it doesn’t seem safe, Clary.”

“Safe as anywhere else,” Clary said. “I mean, with no one sure what Valentine is going to do next, or even where he is . . .”

“Maybe it’s better for you to be with the Lightwoods,” Simon said after a pause. “With Jace, anyway. He’d never let anything happen to you.”

He didn’t say, *What’s going to happen to me while you’re gone?* but Clary knew he was thinking it. Simon had

⁴ Non–New Yorkers often ask me what a bodega is. In NYC at least, it’s a little corner store that sells groceries and candy.

only been a vampire a little less than a week and was still trying to adjust. She was one of the only people he could talk to about it, and she was leaving. She thought of what it must be like for him, keeping that secret, going to school every day, pretending things were all right.⁵

“Simon, I’m sorry . . .”

He waved away her apology. “You have to do what you have to do to help your mother,” he said. “I wouldn’t stand in your way.”

“You can hang out with Luke,” she said. “He’ll be here. Mostly at the hospital, admittedly, but he’s around, and you know he doesn’t mind if you need someone to talk to.”

“I can talk to Maia,” Simon said.

“Great,” Clary said, with a marked lack of enthusiasm. Maia was also a werewolf. A werewolf with a crush on Simon. Clary had never been able to warm to her, though she’d tried. “I guess she must know what you’re going through, huh?”

Simon didn’t answer. “This plan of yours, about going to Idris,” he said. “Does Jace know about it?”

Clary shook her head.

“He’s going to freak out.”

“No, he won’t,” Clary said. “He’ll be fine.”⁶

⁵ Readers always ask me if Simon and Clary are still going to school through all this. Here’s the answer: Simon is, but Clary isn’t. In fact, Clary has to decide in *City of Glass* whether she ever wants to return to school at all, or wants to continue her education as a Shadowhunter.

⁶ In the final version of this scene, I went a little farther, explaining that Clary already knows this is a lie, and that Jace would never be fine with this.

Jace wasn't fine.

"You're not going," he said. He was white-faced, staring; he looked at her as if she'd sneaked up and sucker-punched him in the stomach. "If I have to tie you up and sit on you until this insane whim of yours passes, you are not going."

"Why not?" Clary said.

The straightforwardness of the question seemed to make Jace even angrier. "Because it isn't safe."

"Oh, and it's so safe here?" Clary snapped. "I've nearly been killed a dozen times in the past month, and every time it's been right here in New York."

"That's because Valentine's been concentrating on the Mortal Instruments that were here." Jace spoke through gritted teeth. "He's going to shift his focus to Idris now, we all know it—"

"We're hardly as certain of anything as all that," said Maryse Lightwood. Clary had nearly forgotten that the older woman was there in the library with them. She was sitting behind what Clary would always think of as Hodge's desk, a thick plank laid across the backs of kneeling mahogany angels. Sharp lines of exhaustion drew Maryse's face down. Her husband, Robert Lightwood, had been injured by demon poison during the battle last week, and had needed constant nursing since. "And the Clave wants to see Clarissa, you know that, Jace."⁷

⁷ People often ask me where I came up with the idea of the Clave. The organization of the Nephilim is one I conceived of as being like a religious organization; they are, after all, almost their own religion. So I based the structure on the Catholic Church—"Clave" is adapted from "Conclave," the meeting cardinals hold to elect a new Pope; and the Silent Brothers are in a sense monks, and there's an Inquisitor, etc.

“The Clave can screw itself,” said Jace.

Maryse frowned.

“The Clave wants a lot of things,” Jace added. “It shouldn’t necessarily get them all.”

Maryse shot him a look, as if she knew exactly what he was talking about and didn’t appreciate it. “The Clave is often right, Jace. It’s not unreasonable for them to want to talk to Clary, after what she’s been through. What she could tell them—”

“I’ll tell them whatever they want to know,” Jace said. “They’ll be grilling me for weeks as it is.”⁸

“And I hope when they do you’ll be a bit more cooperative and a bit less stubborn,” Maryse said. She turned her blue eyes, so much like Alec’s, on Clary. “So you want to go to Idris, do you?”

“Just for a few days,” Clary said. “I won’t be any trouble. Madeleine even said I could stay in her house. She’s got one in Alicante.”

“I know she does. The question isn’t whether you’ll be any trouble; the question is whether you’ll be willing to meet with the Clave while you’re there. They want to talk to you. If you say no, I doubt we can get the authorization to bring you with us.”

Jace was shaking his head.

“I’ll meet with the Clave,” Clary said.

Maryse rubbed at her temples with her fingertips. “Then it’s settled.” She didn’t sound settled, though; she sounded as tense and fragile as a violin string tightened to the breaking point.

⁸ I deleted this comment on Jace’s part from the final draft. I had initially thought that the new Inquisitor would be questioning Jace, but I realized that in fact the Inquisitor had a more sinister plan for the Lightwoods.

“But—” Jace began.

Maryse waved her hand at him in dismissal. “That’s enough, Jace.”

Jace’s mouth was a hard line. “I’ll walk you out, Clary.”

“I can walk myself out,” she said, but Jace already had her by the elbow and was steering her toward the door. They were barely out in the hallway when he dropped her arm and spun to face her, glowering like a gargoyle. “Didn’t you listen to a word I said, Clary? I told you you can’t come.”

“But Maryse says I can, and you don’t give the orders around here, do you?”

“Maryse trusts the Clave too much,” Jace said. He started off down the hall, making Clary scramble to keep up. “She has to believe they’re perfect—and I can’t tell her they aren’t, because—”⁹

“Because that’s something Valentine would say.”

His shoulders tensed. “No one is perfect,” was all he said. They were in the foyer now; he reached out and stabbed at the elevator button with his index finger. “Not even the Clave.”

Clary crossed her arms over her chest. “Is that really why you don’t want me to come? Because it isn’t safe?”

A flicker of surprise crossed his face. There were shadows ringing his eyes, Clary noticed without wanting to, and dark hollows under his cheekbones. The black sweater he was wearing only made his light, bruise-marked skin stand out more, and the dark lashes, too; he was a study in contrasts, something to be painted in

⁹ Whether or not to trust the Clave, the governing body of Shadowhunters, is a theme throughout the entirety of *City of Glass*.

shades of black, white, and gray, with splashes of gold here and there, like his eyes, for an accent color—¹⁰

“What do you mean?” Jace said, snapping her out of her mental painting reverie. “Why wouldn’t I want you to come?”

She swallowed. “Because—” *Because you told me you don’t have feelings for me anymore, and you see, that’s very awkward, because I still have them for you. And I bet you know it.*

“Because I don’t want my little sister following me everywhere?” There was a sharp note in his voice, half mockery, half something else. The elevator arrived with a clatter; he reached around her to push open the ornate gate and the soft wool of his sweater tickled the back of her neck.

“I’m not going there because you’ll be there. I’m going there because I want to help my mother. I told you that.”

“I can help her for you. Tell me where to go, who to ask. I’ll get what you need.”

She stepped into the elevator, turned to face him. “Madeleine told the warlock I’d be the one coming. He’ll be expecting Jocelyn’s daughter, not Jocelyn’s son.”

“So tell her there was a change of plans. I’ll be going, not you.”

She bit her lip. “Madeleine said—”

“Madeleine said, Madeleine said,” he mimicked savagely. “Has that woman brainwashed you?”

¹⁰ Clary is based in part on an artist friend of mine. She doesn’t see the world at all the way I do—I’m a word person—but visually; she once told me that everything she looks at, she considers how she would draw.

“She said,” Clary went on, “that the warlock might even not believe that you’re who you say you are. She said half the people over in Idris think you’re really Valentine’s son. So what makes you think someone who helped her would even help you? I mean, the whole reason my mother took that potion in the first place was to keep Valentine’s hands off her—”

“And I’m not better than him? Is that what you’re saying?”

“What? No, of course not, you know I think you’re nothing like him, Jace—”¹¹

“Apparently,” he said, “not enough to pass that information on to Madeleine.”

He slammed the gate shut between them. For a moment, she stared at him through it—the mesh of the gate divided up his face into a series of diamond shapes, outlined in metal. A single golden eye stared at her through one diamond, furious anger flickering in its depths.

“Jace—” she said, again.

But with a jerk and a clatter, the elevator was already moving, carrying her down into the dark silence of the Institute.

That was the last time she’d seen Jace. He hadn’t picked up the phone when she’d called him since, so she’d made all her plans to travel to Idris with the Lightwoods using Alec as somewhat reluctant and embarrassed point person. Alec. She sighed and flipped open her phone again. She might as well call him and see what time they

¹¹ How much he is or isn’t like Valentine is the main issue Jace grapples with throughout *City of Glass*.

were coming to pick her up on their way out of the city. Since there was no longer a working Portal in the Manhattan area, they were going to have to drive to a location they hadn't disclosed to her and use a Portal there.¹² They were so secretive, Shadowhunters, she thought; it was as if they could never forget that part of her that had been raised to believe it was mundane, ordinary. She would never really be one of them, privy to their secrets.¹³

Alec wasn't answering his phone either. Clary snapped her mobile phone shut and swore. "By the Angel—"

A soft laugh came from her doorway. She whirled around. It was Luke, hands in his pockets, watching her with an expression of fondness mixed with amusement. He flannel shirt was crumpled—he'd probably slept on the plastic chair in the hospital again. "Now you're even swearing like a Shadowhunter," he said.

"I guess it's catching," Clary said. She smiled at him. "I'm glad you came to say good-bye to me, at least."

"We said good-bye last night," Luke reminded her. It was true. They'd gone to the hospital to see Jocelyn. Clary had kissed her mother and promised that when she came back, she'd have Jocelyn's cure. Madeleine had been there, though she and Luke were strange and stiff with each

¹² This is no longer the case in the final draft. I thought adding a Portal in the Manhattan area seemed like too many Portals, so now Magnus creates a temporary Portal for them using magic instead.

¹³ I also deleted this from the final version because of space considerations, but I do think it's a very natural way for Clary to feel and certainly something she continues to worry about.

other¹⁴ and she'd promised Luke she'd take good care of Clary in Idris. And then Clary and Luke had come back to Luke's house and had pizza and watched TV until midnight, when he'd gone back to the hospital.

"Well, Simon seems to have decided to blow me off, so it's good to have a second good-bye from someone."

"He's probably just worried about you going to Idris."

"You're worried, and you still showed up."

"I have the benefit of experience which tells me that sulking solves nothing," Luke said with a grin. "Also that there's no point trying to tell you or your mother what to do." He reached behind him and brought out a brown paper shopping bag. "Here, I got you something for your trip."

"You didn't have to do that!" Clary protested. "You've done so much—" She thought of the clothes he'd bought her after everything she owned had been destroyed. He'd given her a new phone, new art supplies, without ever having to be asked. Almost everything she owned now was a gift from Luke.

"I wanted to." He handed over the bag.

The object inside was swathed in layers of tissue paper. Clary tore through it, her hand seizing on something soft as kitten's fur. She drew it out and gave a little gasp—it was a bottle-green velvet coat, old-fashioned with a gold silk lining, brass buttons, and a wide hood. She drew it on, smoothing her hands lovingly

¹⁴ We never see Luke and Madeleine interact in the final draft of *City of Glass*, but we do get the story of how Madeleine knew Luke and Jocelyn and why she was privy to the secret of Jocelyn's cure.

down the soft material. “It looks like something Isabelle would wear,” she exclaimed.¹⁵

“Exactly. Now you’ll be dressed more like one of them,” Luke said. “When you’re in Idris.”

She looked up at him. “Do you want me to look like one of them?”

“Clary, you are one of them.” His smile was tinged with sadness. “Besides, you know how they treat outsiders. Anything you can do to fit in . . .”¹⁶

A spasm of guilt seized her. “Luke, I wish you would come with me—”

“It’s not safe for me in Idris. You know that. Besides, I can’t leave Jocelyn.”

“But—” Clary broke off as her phone rang. She dived for it, scrabbling around among the tangled bedsheets and piles of discarded tissue paper. She came up gripping it triumphantly.

“Is it Simon?” Luke asked.

She glanced at the number on the screen and her smile faded into a look of perplexity. “It’s Jace.” She flipped the phone open. “Hello?”

“Clary?” His familiar voice sent a shiver up her spine. “Where are you?”

“I’m at Luke’s. Where else would I be?”

“Good.” There was a note of relief in his voice that struck her as odd. “Stay there.”

¹⁵ I always knew I wanted Clary to get this green coat eventually. It harks back to the green velvet dress she dreams of herself dancing in, in *City of Bones*. Plus Clary hardly ever gets to wear anything pretty—she’s a jeans and sweater girl.

¹⁶ Luke, having been once very much inside the Clave’s society and then very much cast out, knows whereof he speaks.

“Of course I’m staying here. I’m waiting for you guys to come and pick me up.” She hesitated. “You are coming to pick me up, right?”

He was silent.

“Jace, what’s going on? Has something happened? Are we not going to Idris—?”

Jace sighed. “We’re going,” he said. “But you’re not.”

“What do you mean, I’m not going?” Her voice shot up several octaves. Luke winced. “Maryse said I could go! We went over this!”

“There’s been a change of plans,” Jace said. “You’re not coming after all.”

“But the Clave wanted to meet with me—”

“It turned out,” Jace said, “that there was someone they wanted to meet with more. And I made your not coming a condition of bringing him.”

Clary felt as if she’d stepped in a bucket of ice water. “Of bringing who?” she whispered.

“Simon,” Jace said.

“What does the Clave want with Simon? He’s just a mundane—”

“He’s not a mundane, Clary. He’s a vampire. A vampire who can walk in the sunlight. The only vampire who can walk in the sunlight that anyone’s ever heard of in the entire history of the Clave. Of course they’re interested in him.”

“Are they going to hurt him?”

“No,” Jace said, impatiently. “Of course not. They gave their official word they wouldn’t.”

“I don’t believe you,” Clary said. She took a shuddering breath. “Jace, don’t do this. I won’t come, all right, I promise I’ll stay here, but please don’t take Simon with you.”

“The danger was all right for you, though, wasn’t it?” Jace said angrily. “Clary, Simon won’t be safe here, either. He’s unique. A magical aberration. Already there are rumors shooting through Downworld about his existence. The vampires held a council last night about what to do with him—some were in favor of killing him outright as a dangerous mutation, and others wanted to experiment on him to see if what happened to him could be replicated. Not to mention that he’s the werewolves’ public enemy number one—”¹⁷

“But Luke controls the lycanthropes—”

“Not all the lycanthropes in the world, Clary! What happened to Simon—it’s huge, it’s unprecedented. Everyone’s going to want a part of him. The safest place for him is in Idris, with the Clave, especially when we won’t be here to protect him.”

“And you said Maryse trusts the Clave too much. You should talk,” Clary said bitterly. “How could you do this, Jace? My mother—”

“I know what your mother needs to get well,” Jace said.¹⁸ “And I’ll get it for you, I give you my word on the Angel.”

¹⁷ I was a little sad to lose all this dramatic byplay about what was going on in the vampire community after Simon’s change. I did think the fact that Simon was so unique would initiate a huge amount of conflict in Downworlder society, but all that is now more alluded to than stated definitively. It’s made clear to Simon that the vampires aren’t happy—boy, are they not happy—but these references to what’s going on in New York specifically are gone.

¹⁸ Jace never calls Jocelyn “our mother,” though he believes she is.

“For whatever that’s worth. I don’t get it, Jace. Why are you doing this?”

He hesitated, just for a fraction of a second, between one breath and the next. His voice, when he spoke, was flat. “I can’t believe you don’t know.”

“Don’t do this,” she said. Some tiny part of her wondered if she was being unreasonable, but it was swamped by her overwhelming sense of abandonment and terror. “Please, Jace—”

“I’m sorry, Clary,” he said, and hung up.

Silence. Clary dialed his number again and got a static busy signal. She hit the button to redial and found the phone gently prised out of her hand. “Clary,” said Luke, his blue eyes full of compassion. “For all we know, he’s probably already gone through the Portal. There’s no point—”

“That’s not true!” she screamed at him. “They weren’t even supposed to have left yet! They can’t be gone!”

“Clary—”

But she was already pushing past him, her breath harsh in her ears as she raced out of the house and down Kent Street, heading for the subway.¹⁹

¹⁹ This whole plotline is now gone from the book. I tinkered around with doing it this way initially, when I knew I needed to get Simon, Jace, and Clary to Idris, and I needed to get Clary and Jace there separately. Everything goes down now in a very different way—Jace is no longer fiendishly trading Simon for Clary, or calling her up to tell her she can’t go to Idris. There’s protective, and there’s overprotective, and this was crossing a line for me. I didn’t want Jace treating Clary like a child. I also doubted very much she’d ever forgive him for doing such a thing to Simon, which would present problems down the road.

It took Clary several moments to peel the glamour off the Institute today. It felt as if another layer of disguise had been added to the old cathedral, like a new coat of paint. Scraping it off with her mind felt hard, even painful. Finally it was gone and she could see the church as it was. The high wooden doors gleamed as if they'd just been polished.

She put her hand to the knob. *I am Clary Morgenstern, one of the Nephilim, and I ask entrance to the Institute*—²⁰

The door swung open. Clary stepped inside. She looked around, blinking, trying to identify what it was that felt somehow different about the cathedral's interior.

She realized it as the door swung shut behind her, imprisoning her in a blackness relieved only by the dim glow of the rose window far overhead. She had never been inside the entrance to the Institute when there had not been dozens of flames lit in the elaborate candelabras lining the aisle between the pews.

She took her witchlight stone out of her pocket and held it up. Light blazed from it, sending shining spikes of illumination flaring out from between her fingers. It lit the dusty corners of the cathedral's interior as she made her way to the elevator set into the wall near the bare altar. She jabbed impatiently at the call button.

Nothing happened. After half a minute went by, she pressed the button again—and again. She laid her ear against the elevator door and listened. Not a sound. The

²⁰ This is among the first times we see Clary call herself “Clary Morgenstern.” She’s always gone by Clary Fray, but she knows this is her real name and she’ll have to use it to get into the Institute. This bit is preserved in the final version.

Institute had gone dark and silent, like a mechanical doll whose clockwork heart had finally run down.

Clary took a step back and collapsed into one of the pews. The seat was hard, narrow, and uncomfortable, but she barely noticed. They were gone. Gone to Idris, where she couldn't follow. Gone out of her life, taking Simon to where she couldn't protect him. She remembered Magnus saying, "When your mother fled from the Shadow World, it was them she was hiding from. Not the demons. The Shadowhunters." He had been right, and she had been wrong to trust the Nephilim. She had thought the Lightwoods cared about her, but all that mattered to any of them was their precious Clave. Even Jace—

At that thought, her throat contracted and she felt the tears come in a hot flood. She sat sobbing, clutching the witchlight stone to her chest, where it pulsed and glowed like a luminous heart.

"Clary." The soft voice came unexpectedly out of the silence behind her, making her whirl around in her seat. A tall figure stood behind her, like an ungainly scarecrow. He wore a black velvet suit over a shimmering emerald green shirt, and a number of brightly jeweled rings glittered on his narrow fingers. There were fancy boots involved as well, and a good deal of glitter.²¹

"Magnus?" Clary whispered.

"Clary, my darling." His voice was as musical as ever. He sat down next to her in the pew, his cloak moving around him like smoke. "Are you all right?"

"No. They're gone—and they took Simon—Jace called me and he said—he said—"

²¹ Magnus's outfits are always one of my favorite things to write.

“I know,” Magnus said. “It was a dirty trick to play. He has a lot of his father in him, your brother Jonathan.”²²

A day before, an hour even, Clary would have told him not to say something like that. Now she just bit her lip. “Isn’t there anything I can do?” she burst out. “There must be some way to get to Idris—”

“The nearest airport is a country over. If you could get across the border—assuming you could even identify the border—there would be a long and dangerous overland journey after that, through all sorts of Downworlder territory. You’d never make it, not traveling on your own.”

She turned to him. “But you—”

“I’d have to disobey a direct order of the Clave to take you to Idris, Clary,” Magnus said. “I like you, but not that much.”

She gave a choked laugh. “What about a Portal? If I could get to a Portal?”

“You can’t. The Portals at Renwick’s and Madame Dorothea’s were destroyed, and I’ve no idea where any other Portals might be. That sort of information is closely guarded. And I have to tell you, Clary—”

“Let me guess. The Clave has instructed you not to help me in any way.” Clary spoke bitterly. “I know how they work by now. If Jace made some sort of deal with them, then they were probably pretty thorough in giving him what he asked for.”

“What did he ask for?” Magnus asked, his cat’s eyes sparking with curiosity.

²² And this is exactly why I deleted that plotline—Jace can be arrogant and annoying, but he isn’t dishonest. He usually plays by his own rules, which he’d be breaking if he did something like this.

“I think he told them that he’d bring them Simon if they could promise I’d be kept out of whatever’s going on in Idris,” Clary said, almost reluctantly.

Magnus’s mouth quirked up at the corner. “He must really love you.”

“No,” Clary said. “I think he just doesn’t want me around. I make him uncomfortable.”

Magnus muttered something. It sounded like an exasperated expletive followed by the word Shadowhunters, but Clary couldn’t be sure. “Look,” he said. “I think Jace is probably right. Stay out of what’s going on in Idris—it’s going to be a political disaster area.”

She looked up at him. The light of the witchlight stone caught the edges of his sharp cheekbones and the gold in his cat eyes. “But Simon,” she said. “Do you think he’ll be all right?”

“Didn’t Jace say he’d make sure nothing happened to him?”

“Yes,” said Clary. “He swore on the Angel.”

“Then I’m sure he’ll be fine,” Magnus said, but she had caught the slight hesitation in his voice before he spoke.²³ She said nothing in reply, just turned the witchlight stone over in her fingers, watching the light flicker across the dark green material of her coat. Just an hour ago, she’d been so happy to put it on—

“Simon is something very special, Clary,” added Magnus. “A vampire who can withstand daylight. He’s not helpless. He may not need your protection. He would do

²³ Another reason that I got rid of this particular plotline is that I doubted anyone would believe in Jace’s singlehanded ability to keep Simon from the ravaging hordes of danger, and in fact, they’d be right.

well to learn to use the gifts he has.” He stood up, a spectacularly tall and thin figure, dark and spidery in the dim light. “As would you.”²⁴

²⁴ Here, Magnus is telling Clary something she winds up realizing on her own in the final draft of *City of Glass*. She’s been thinking of herself as powerless and abandoned by Jace and the Lightwoods, just as she still thinks of Simon as an ordinary boy, but neither of these things is true. Simon is now a supernatural creature, and Clary is a girl possessed of enormous power she doesn’t yet know how to properly utilize. When she does utilize it, in her attempt to get to Idris, enormous chaos is unleashed—but everyone has to start somewhere!