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Opening extract from
**The Infernal Devices:
The Clockwork Prince**

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Cassandra Clare

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THE INFERNAL DEVICES

• Book Two •

Clockwork Prince

CASSANDRA CLARE

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**WALKER
BOOKS**

“To none. No, Miss Manette, to none. If you will hear me through a very little more, all you can ever do for me is done. I wish you to know that you have been the last dream of my soul... Since I knew you, I have been troubled by a remorse that I thought would never reproach me again, and have heard whispers from old voices impelling me upward, that I thought were silent for ever. I have had unformed ideas of striving afresh, beginning anew, shaking off sloth and sensuality, and fighting out the abandoned fight. A dream, all a dream, that ends in nothing...”

—A Tale of Two Cities, Charles Dickens

PROLOGUE: The Outcast Dead

The fog was thick, muffling sound and sight; where it parted, Will Herondale could see the street rising ahead of him, slick and wet and black with rain, and hear the voices of the dead.

Not all Shadowhunters could hear ghosts, unless the ghosts chose to be heard, but Will was one of those few who could. As he approached the old cemetery, their voices rose in a ragged musical chorus: wails and pleading, cries and snarls. This was not a peaceful burial ground, but Will knew that; it was not his first visit to the Cross Bones Graveyard near London Bridge. He did his best to block out the noises, hunching his shoulders so that his collar covered his ears, his head down, a fine mist of rain dampening his black hair.

The entrance to the cemetery was halfway down the block: a pair of wrought iron gates set into a high stone wall. Any mundane passing by could see the thick chain that bound the gates

shut, and the sign declaring the premises closed—it had been fifteen years since a body was buried here. As Will neared the gates, something no mundane would have seen materialized out of the fog: a great bronze knocker in the shape of a hand, the fingers bony and skeletal. With a grimace, Will reached out one of his own gloved hands and lifted the knocker, letting it fall once, twice, three times, the hollow clank resounding through the night like the rattling chains of Marley's ghost.

Beyond the gates, mist rose like steam from the ground, obscuring the grave markers and long, uneven plots of earth between them. Slowly the mist began to coalesce, taking on an eerie blue glow. Will put his hands to the bars of the gate; the cold of the metal seeped through his gloves, into his bones, and he shivered. It was a more than ordinary cold—when ghosts rose, they drew energy from their surroundings, depriving the air and space around them of heat. The hairs on the back of Will's neck prickled and stood up as the blue mist formed slowly into the shape of an old woman in a ragged dress and white apron, her head bent.

"Hallo, Mol," said Will. "You're looking particularly fine this evening, if I do say so."

The ghost raised her head. Old Molly was a strong spirit, one of the stronger Will had encountered. Even as moonlight speared through a gap in the clouds, she hardly looked transparent: her body was solid, her hair twisted in a thick yellow-gray coil over one shoulder, her rough, red hands braced on her hips. Only her eyes were hollow, twin blue flames flickering in their depths.

"William Herondale," she said. "Back again so soon?"

She moved toward the gate with that gliding motion

peculiar to ghosts. Her feet were bare, and filthy, despite the fact that they never touched the ground.

Will leaned against the gate. “You know I missed your pretty face.”

She grinned, her eyes flickering, and he caught a glimpse of the skull beneath the half-transparent skin. Overhead, the clouds had closed in on each other again, black and roiling, blocking out the moon. Idly, Will wondered what Old Molly had done to get herself buried here, far from consecrated ground. Most of the whispering voices of the dead belonged to prostitutes, suicides, and stillbirths—those outcast dead who could not be buried in a churchyard. Although Molly had managed to make the situation quite profitable for herself, so perhaps she didn’t mind.

She chortled. “What d’you want then, young Shadowhunter? Malphas venom? I ’ave the talon of a Morax demon, polished very fine, the poison at the tip entirely invisible—”

“No,” Will said. “That’s not what I need. I need Foraii demon powders, ground fine.”

Molly turned her head to the side and spat a tendril of blue fire. “Now what’s a fine young man like you want with stuff like that?”

Will just sighed inwardly; Molly’s protests were part of the bargaining process. Magnus had already sent Will to Old Mol several times now, once for black stinking candles that stuck to his skin like tar, once for the bones of an unborn child, and once for a bag of faeries’ eyes which had dripped blood on his shirt. Foraii demon powder sounded pleasant by comparison.

“You think I’m a fool,” Molly went on. “This is a trap, innit? You Nephilim catch me selling that sort of stuff, an’ it’s the

stick for Old Mol, it is.”

“You’re *already* dead.” Will did his best not to sound irritable. “I don’t know what you think the Clave could do to you now.”

“Pah.” Her hollow eyes flamed. “The prisons of the Silent Brothers, beneath the earth, can ’old either the living or the dead; you know that, Will Herondale.”

Will held his hands up. “No tricks, old one. Surely you must have heard the rumors running about Downworld. The Clave has other things on its mind than tracking down ghosts who traffic in demon powders and faerie blood.” He leaned forward. “I’ll give you a good price.” He drew a cambric bag from his pocket and dangled it in the air. It clinked like coins rattling together. “They all fit your description, Mol.”

An eager look came over her dead face, and she solidified enough to take the bag from him. She plunged one hand into it and brought her palm out full of rings—gold wedding rings, each tied in a lover’s knot at the top. Old Mol, like many ghosts, was always looking for that talisman, that lost piece of her past that would finally allow her to die, the anchor that kept her trapped in the world. In her case, it was her wedding ring. It was common belief, Magnus had told Will, that the ring was long gone, buried under the silty bed of the Thames, but in the meantime she’d take any bag of found rings on the hope one would turn out to be hers. So far it hadn’t happened.

She dropped the rings back into the bag, which vanished somewhere on her undead person, and handed him a folded sachet of powder in return. He slipped it into his jacket pocket just as the ghost began to shimmer and fade. “Hold up, there, Mol. That isn’t all I have come for, tonight.”

The spirit flickered while greed warred with impatience and the effort of remaining visible. Finally, she grunted. “Very well. What else d’you want?”

Will hesitated. This was not something Magnus had sent him for; it was something he wanted to know for himself. “Love potions—”

Old Mol screeched with laughter. “*Love potions?* For Will Herondale? T’aint my way to turn down payment, but any man who looks like you has got no need of love potions, and that’s a fact.”

“No,” Will said, a little desperation in his voice, “I was looking for the opposite, really—something that might put an end to being in love.”

“An ’atred potion?” Mol still sounded amused.

“I was hoping for something more akin to indifference? Toleration...?”

She made a snorting noise, astonishingly human for a ghost. “I ’ardly like to tell you this, Nephilim, but if you want a girl to ’ate you, there’s easy enough ways of making it ’appen. You don’t need *my* help with the poor thing.”

And with that, she vanished, spinning away into the mists among the graves. Will, looking after her, sighed. “Not for her,” he said, under his breath, though there was no one to hear him, “for *me...*” and he leaned his head against the cold iron gate.

I

THE COUNCIL CHAMBER

*Above, the fair hall-ceiling stately-set
Many an arch high up did lift,
And angels rising and descending met
With interchange of gift.*

— Tennyson, “*The Palace of Art*”

“Oh, yes—it really does look just as I imagined,” Tessa said, and turned to smile at the boy who stood beside her. He had just helped her over a puddle, and his hand still rested politely on her arm, just above the crook of her elbow.

James Carstairs smiled back at her, elegant in his dark suit, his silver-fair hair whipped by the wind. His other hand rested on a jade-topped cane, and if any of the great crowd of people milling around them thought that it was odd that someone so young should need a walking-stick, or found something

unusual about his coloring or the cast of his features, they didn't pause to stare.

"I shall count that as a blessing," said Jem. "I was beginning to worry, you know, that everything you encountered in London was going to be a disappointment."

A disappointment. That was, as Tessa's Aunt Harriet would have said, one way of looking at it. Tessa's brother, Nate, had once promised her everything in London: a new start, a wonderful place to live, a place of soaring buildings and gorgeous parks. What Tessa had found instead was horror and betrayal, and danger beyond anything she could have imagined. And yet...

"Not everything has been," she said, and smiled up at Jem.

"I am glad to hear it," he said, and his tone was serious, not teasing. She looked away from him up at the grand edifice that rose before them. Westminster Abbey, with its great Gothic spires nearly touching the sky. The sun had done its best to struggle out from behind the haze-tipped clouds, and the Abbey was bathed in weak sunlight.

"This is really where it is?" she asked, as Jem drew her forward, toward the Abbey entrance. "It seems so..."

"Mundane?"

"I was going to say crowded," she said, glancing around them. The Abbey was open to tourists today, and groups of them swarmed busily in and out the enormous doors, most of them clutching Baedeker guidebooks in their hands. A group of American tourists—middle-aged women in unfashionable clothes, murmuring in accents that made Tessa briefly homesick—passed them as they went up the stairs, hurrying after a lecturer who was offering a guided tour of the Abbey. Jem and

Tessa melted in effortlessly behind them.

The inside of the Abbey smelled of cold stone and metal. Tessa looked up and around, marveling at the size of the place. It made the Institute look like a village church.

“Notice the triple division of the Nave,” a guide droned, going on to explain that smaller chapels lined the eastern and western aisles of the Abbey. There was a hush over the place even though no services were going on. As Tessa let Jem lead her toward the eastern side of the church, she realized she was stepping over stones carved with dates and names. She had known that famous kings, queens, soldiers, and poets were buried in Westminster Abbey, but she hadn’t quite expected she’d be standing on top of them.

They slowed finally at the southeastern corner of the church. Watery daylight poured through the rose window overhead. “I know we are in a hurry to get to the Council meeting,” said Jem. “But I wanted you to see this.” He gestured around them. “Poets’ Corner.”

Tessa had read of the place, of course, where the great poets and writers of England were buried. There was the gray stone tomb of Chaucer, with its canopy, and other familiar names: Edmund Spenser, who had written *The Faerie Queen*, “Oh, and Milton,” she gasped, “and Coleridge, and Robert Burns, and *Shakespeare*—”

“He isn’t really buried here,” said Jem, quickly. “It’s just a monument.”

“Oh, I know, but—” She looked at him, and felt herself flush. “I can’t explain it. It’s like being among friends, being among these names. Silly, I know...”

“Not silly at all.”

She smiled at him. “How did you know just what I’d want to see?”

“How could I not?” he said. “When I think of you, and you are not there, I see you in my mind’s eye always with a book in your hand.” He looked away from her as he said it, but not before she caught the slight flush on his cheekbones. He was so pale, he could never hide even the least blush, she thought—and was surprised how affectionate the thought was.

She had become very fond of Jem over the past fortnight; Will had been studiously avoiding her, Charlotte and Henry were caught up in issues of Clave and Council and the running of the Institute—even Jessamine seemed preoccupied. But Jem was always there. He seemed to take his role as her guide to London seriously: They had been to Hyde Park and Kew Gardens, the National Gallery and the British Museum, the Tower of London and Traitors’ Gate. They’d gone to see the cows being milked in St. James Park and the fruit and vegetable sellers hawking their wares in Covent Garden. They had watched the boats sailing on the sun-sparked Thames from the Embankment, and eaten things called “doorstops”, which sounded horrible but turned out to be concoctions of butter, sugar and bread. And as the days went on, Tessa felt herself unfolding slowly out of her quiet, huddled unhappiness over Nate and Will and the loss of her old life, like a flower climbing out of frozen ground. She had even found herself laughing. And she had Jem to thank for it.

“You *are* a good friend,” she exclaimed, and when, to her surprise, he said nothing to that, she said, “At least, I hope we are good friends. You do think so too, don’t you, Jem?”

He turned to look at her, but before he could reply, a

sepulchral voice spoke out of the shadows.

*“Mortality, behold and fear
What a change of flesh is here.
Think how many Royal bones
Sleep within this tomb of stones.”*

A dark shape stepped out from between two monuments. As Tessa blinked in surprise, Jem said, in a tone of resigned amusement, “Hallo, Will. Decided to grace us with your presence after all?”

“I never said I wasn’t coming.” Will moved forward, and the light from the rose window fell on him, illuminating his face. Even now, Tessa never could look at him without a tightening in her chest, a painful one-two skip of her heart. Black hair, blue eyes, graceful cheekbones, thick dark lashes, full mouth: He would have been pretty if he had not been so tall and so muscular. She had run her hands over those arms, she knew what they felt like—iron, corded with hard muscles; his hands, when they cupped the back of her head, slim and flexible but rough with calluses...

She tore her mind away from the memories. Memories did one no good, not when one knew the truth in the present. Will was beautiful, but he was not hers; he was not anybody’s. Something in him was broken, and through that break spilled a blind cruelty, a need to hurt and to push away.

“You’re late for the Council meeting,” said Jem, good-naturedly. He was the only one Will’s will-o’-the-wisp malice never seemed to touch.

“I had an errand,” said Will. Up close, Tessa could see that

he looked tired: his eyes were rimmed with red, the shadows beneath them nearly purple. His clothes looked crumpled, as if he had slept in them, and his hair wanted cutting. *But that is nothing to do with you, Tessa,* she told herself sternly, looking away from the soft dark waves that curled around his ears, the back of his neck. *It does not matter what you think of how he looks or how he chooses to spend his time. He has made that very clear.* “And you are not exactly on the dot of the hour yourselves.”

“I wanted to show Tessa Poets’ Corner,” said Jem. “I thought she would like that.” He spoke so simply and plainly, no one could ever doubt him, Tessa thought, or imagine he said anything but the truth. In the face of his simple desire to please her, even Will didn’t seem to be able to think of anything unpleasant to say; he merely shrugged, and moved on ahead of them at a rapid pace through the Abbey and out into the East Cloister.

There was a square garden here, surrounded by cloister wall, and people were walking around the edges of it, murmuring in low voices as if they were still in the church. None of them took notice of Tessa and her companions as they approached a set of double oak doors set into one of the walls. Will, after glancing around, took his stele from his pocket and drew the tip across the wood: the door sparked with a brief blue light, and swung open. Will stepped inside, Jem and Tessa following just behind. The door was heavy, and closed with a resounding bang behind Tessa, nearly trapping her skirts; she only pulled them away just in time, and stepped backward quickly, turning around in what was a near pitch-darkness. “Jem—?”

Light blazed up; it was Will, holding his witchlight stone. They were in a large, stone-bound room with vaulted ceilings.

The floor appeared to be a sort of brick, and there was an altar at one end of the room. “We’re in the Pyx Chamber,” he said. “Used to be a treasury. Boxes of gold and silver all along the walls.”

“A Shadowhunter treasury?” Tessa was thoroughly puzzled.

“No, the British royal treasury—thus the thick walls and doors,” said Jem, “but we Shadowhunters have always had access.” He smiled at her expression. “Monarchies down through the ages have tithed to the Nephilim, in secret, to keep their kingdoms safe from demons.”

“Not in America,” said Tessa, with spirit, “we haven’t got a monarchy—”

“You’ve got a branch of government that deals with Nephilim, never fear,” said Will, crossing the stone floor to the altar. “It used to be the Department of War, but now there’s a branch of the Department of Justice that—”

He was cut off as the altar moved back with a groan, leaving a dark, empty hole behind it. Tessa could see faint flickers of light in among the shadows. Will ducked into the hole, his witchlight illuminating the darkness.

When Tessa followed, she found herself in a long, downward-sloping stone corridor. The stone of the walls, floors, and ceiling was all the same, giving the impression that the passage had been hewed directly through the rock, though it was smooth instead of rough. Every few feet a witchlight torch burned in a sconce shaped like a human hand punching through the wall, fingers outstretched.

The passage began to slope more steeply downward. The torches burned here with a sort of blue-green glow, illuminating carvings in the rock—the same motif, repeated over and

over, of an angel rising in burning fire from a lake, carrying a sword in one hand and a cup in the other. The Angel Raziel, bringing the Mortal Instruments to the Shadowhunters.

At last they found themselves standing before two great silver doors. Each door was carved with a design Tessa had seen before: four interlocking C's. Jem pointed to them. "They stand for Clave and Council, Covenant and Consul," he said, before she could ask.

"The Consul," she said, softly. "He's—the head of the Clave? Like a sort of king?"

"Not quite so inbred as your usual monarch," said Will. "He's elected—like the president or the prime minister."

"And the Council?"

"You'll see them soon enough." Will pushed the doors open.

Tessa's mouth fell open; she closed it quickly, but not before she caught an amused look from Jem, standing at her right side. The room beyond them was one of the biggest she had ever seen: a huge domed space, the roof of which was painted with a pattern of stars and constellations. A great chandelier in the shape of an angel holding blazing torches dangled from the highest point of the dome. The rest of the room was set up as a sort of amphitheater, with long, curving benches; they were standing at the top of a row of stairs that cut through the center of the seating area, which was three-quarters full of people. Down at the bottom of the steps was a raised platform, and on that platform were several uncomfortable-looking, high-backed wooden chairs.

In one of them sat Charlotte; beside her was Henry, looking wide-eyed and nervous. Charlotte sat calmly with her hands in her lap; only someone who knew her well would have seen the

tension in her shoulders and the set of her mouth.

Before them, at a sort of speaker's podium—it was broader and longer than the usual podium—stood a tall man with long, fair hair and a thick beard; his shoulders were broad, and he wore long black robes like a judge over his clothes, the sleeves glimmering with woven runes. Beside him, in a low chair, sat an older man, his brown hair streaked with gray, his face clean-shaven but sunk into stern lines. His robe was dark blue, and gems glittered on his fingers when he moved his hand. Tessa recognized him: the ice-voiced Inquisitor Whitelaw who questioned witnesses on behalf of the Clave.

“Mr. Herondale,” said the blond man, looking up at Will, and his mouth quirked into a smile. “How kind of you to join us. And Mr. Carstairs as well. And your companion must be—”

“Miss Gray,” Tessa said, before he could finish. “Miss Tessa Gray, from New York.”

A little murmur ran around the room, like the sound of a wave receding. She felt Will next to her tense, and Jem draw a breath as if to speak. *Interrupting the Consul*, she thought she heard someone say, and felt a shock—so this was Consul Wayland, the chief officer of the Clave. Glancing around the room at the whispering masses, she saw a few familiar faces—Benedict Lightwood, with his sharp, beaky features and stiff carriage, and his son, tousle-haired Gabriel Lightwood, looking stonily straight ahead. Dark-eyed Lilian Highsmith with her face like a cat's. Friendly-looking George Penhallow, and even Charlotte's formidable Aunt Callida, her hair piled on her head in thick gray waves. There were many other faces as well, ones she didn't know. It was like looking at a picture book meant to tell you about all the peoples of the world: There were

blond, Viking-looking Shadowhunters, and a darker-skinned man who looked like a caliph out of her illustrated *Thousand and One Nights*; an Indian woman in a beautiful sari trimmed with silver runes, and a graceful African woman with a ring of worked gold around her throat. She sat beside another woman, who had turned her head and was looking at them; she wore an elegant silk dress, and her face was like Jem's—the same delicately beautiful features, the same curves to her eyes and cheekbones, though where his hair and eyes were silver, hers were dark.

“Welcome, then, Miss Tessa Gray, of New York,” said the Consul, sounding amused. “We appreciate you joining us here today. I understand you have already answered quite a few questions for the London Enclave. I had hoped you would be willing to answer a few more.”

Across the distance that separated them, Tessa's eyes met Charlotte's. *Should I?*

Charlotte dropped her a nearly imperceptible nod. *Please.*

Tessa squared her shoulders. “If that is your request, certainly.”

“Approach the Council bench, then,” said the Consul, and Tessa realized he must mean the long, narrow wooden bench that stood before the podium. “And your gentleman friends may escort you,” he added, and there was that same amusement in his voice.

Will muttered something under his breath, but so quietly even Tessa couldn't hear it; flanked by Will on her left and Jem on her right, Tessa made her way down the steps and to the bench before the podium. She stood behind it uncertainly. This close up, she could see that the Consul had friendly, dark eyes,

unlike the Inquisitor's, which were a bleak and stormy gray, like a rainy sea.

"Inquisitor Whitelaw," said the Consul to the gray-eyed man, "the Mortal Sword, if you please."

The Inquisitor stood, and from his robes drew a massive blade. Tessa recognized it instantly—it was long and dull silver, its hilt carved in the shape of outspread wings. It was the sword from the *Codex*, the one that the Angel Raziel had risen from the lake carrying, and given to Jonathan Shadowhunter, the first of them all.

"*Maellartach*," she said, giving the sword its name.

The Consul, taking the sword, looked amused again. "You *have* been studying up," he said. "Which of you has been teaching her? William? James?"

"Tessa picks things up on her own, sir." Will's drawl was bland and cheerful, at odds with the grim feeling in the room. "She's very inquisitive."

"All the more reason she shouldn't be here." Tessa didn't have to turn; she knew the voice. Benedict Lightwood. "This the Gard Council—we don't bring Downworlders to this place." His voice was tight. "The Mortal Sword cannot be used to make her tell the truth; she's not a Shadowhunter. What use is it, or her, here?"

"Patience, Benedict." Consul Wayland held the sword lightly, as if it weighed nothing. His gaze on Tessa was heavier: she felt as if he were searching her face, reading the fear in her eyes. "We are not going to hurt you, little warlock," he said. "The Accords would forbid it."

"I am not a warlock," Tessa said. "I bear no warlock's mark." It was strange, having to say this again, but when she had

been questioned before it had always been by members of the Conclave or Clave, not the Consul himself. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, exuding a sense of power and authority. Just that sort of power and authority that Benedict Lightwood so resented Charlotte laying claim to.

“Then what are you?” he asked.

“She doesn’t know.” The Inquisitor’s tone was dry. “Neither do the Silent Brothers.”

“She may be allowed to sit,” said the Consul. “And to give evidence, but her testimony will be counted only as half a Shadowhunter’s.” He turned to the Branwells. “In the meantime, Henry, you are dismissed from questioning for the moment. Charlotte, please remain.”

Tessa swallowed back her resentment, and went to sit in the front row of seats, where she was joined by a drawn-looking Henry, whose gingery hair was sticking up wildly. Jessamine was there, in a dress of pale brown alpaca, looking bored and annoyed. Tessa sat down next to her, with Will and Jem on her other side. Jem was directly beside her, and as the seats were narrow, she could feel the warmth of his shoulder against hers.

At first, the Council proceeded much as had other meetings of the Conclave. Charlotte was called upon to give her recollections of the night that the Enclave had attacked the stronghold of the vampire de Quincey, killing him and all his followers, while Tessa’s brother, Nate, had betrayed their trust in him and allowed the Magister, Axel Mortmain, entry into the Institute where he had killed two of the servants and nearly kidnapped Tessa. When Tessa was called up, she said the same things she had said before: that she did not know where Nate was, that she had not suspected him, that she had known nothing of her

powers until the Dark Sisters had shown them to her, and that she had always thought her parents were human.

“Richard and Elizabeth Gray have been thoroughly investigated,” said the Inquisitor. “There is no evidence to suggest either was anything but human. The boy, the brother—human as well. It could well be that as Mortmain hinted, the girl’s father is a demon, but if so, there is the question of the missing warlock mark.”

“Most curious, everything about you, including this power of yours,” said the Consul, looking at Tessa with eyes that were steady and pale blue. “You have no idea what its limits, its constructs are? Have you been tested with an item of Mortmain’s? To see if you can access his memories or thoughts?”

“Yes, I—tried. With some of the items recovered from his townhouse.”

“And?”

She shook her head. “I could not do it. There was no spark to the items, no—no life. Nothing for me to connect with.”

“Convenient,” muttered Benedict, almost too low to be heard, but Tessa heard it, and flushed.

“To answer Mr. Lightwood’s question,” she said, though it had not been a question, “I think it decidedly inconvenient. Considering that Mr. Mortmain’s principal target is myself, there is no one who wishes him to be quickly captured more than I do.”

The Consul’s mouth twitched. “Quite,” he said, and indicated that she might take her seat again. She caught sight of Benedict Lightwood’s face as she did so; his lips were compressed into a thin, furious line.

“And no one has seen hide nor hair of this Mortmain since

Miss Gray's ... altercation with him in the Sanctuary," the Consul was saying as Tessa took her seat.

The Inquisitor flipped some of the papers that were stacked on his podium. "His houses have been searched, his warehouses searched, our friends at Scotland yard have investigated—the man has vanished. Quite literally, as our young friend William Herondale tells us."

Will smiled brilliantly as if complimented, though Tessa, seeing the malice under the smile, thought of light sparking off the cutting edge of a razor.

"My suggestion," said the Consul, "is that Charlotte and Henry Branwell be officially censured, and that for the next three months their official actions, undertaken on behalf of the Clave, be required to pass through me for approval before—"

"My lord Consul." A firm, clear voice spoke out from the crowd. Heads swiveled, staring; Tessa got the feeling that this—someone interrupting the Consul mid-speech—didn't happen very often. "If I might speak."

The Consul's eyebrows went up. "Benedict Lightwood," he said. "You had your chance to speak earlier, during the testimonials."

"I hold no arguments with the testimonials given," said Benedict Lightwood. His beaky, sharp profile looked even sharper in the witchlight. "It is your sentence I take issue with."

The Consul leaned forward on the podium. He was a big man, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, and his large hands looked as if he could span Benedict's throat easily with a single one. Tessa rather wished he would. From what she had seen of Benedict Lightwood, she did not like him. "And why is that?"

"I think you have let your long friendship with the Fairchild

family blind you to Charlotte's shortcomings as head of the Institute," said Benedict, and there was an audible intake of breath in the room. "The blunders committed on the night of July the fifth did more than embarrass the Clave and lose us the Pyxis. We have damaged our relationship with London's Downworlders by futilely attacking de Quincy."

"There have already been a number of complaints lodged through Reparations," rumbled the Consul. "But those will be dealt with as the Law sees fit. Reparations isn't really your concern, Benedict—"

"And," Benedict went on, his voice rising, "worst of all, she has let a dangerous criminal with plans to harm and destroy Shadowhunters escape, and we have no idea where he might be, nor is the responsibility for finding him being laid where it should be—on the shoulders of those who lost him!"

His voice rose to a shout. The whole room was in an uproar; Charlotte looked dismayed, Henry confused, and Will furious. The Consul, whose eyes had darkened alarmingly when Benedict had mentioned the Fairchilds—they must be Charlotte's family, Tessa realized—remained silent as the noise died down. Then he said, "Your hostility toward the leader of your Enclave does not do you credit, Benedict."

"My apologies, lord Consul. I do not believe that keeping Charlotte Branwell as the head of the Institute—for we all know that Henry Branwell's involvement is nominal at most—is in the best interests of the Clave. I believe a woman cannot run an Institute; women do not think with logic and discretion, but with the emotions of the heart. I have no doubts that Charlotte is a good and decent woman, but a *man* would not have been fooled by a flimsy spy like Nathaniel Gray—"

“I was fooled.” Will had leaped to his feet and swung around, eyes blazing. “We all were. What insinuations are you making about myself and Jem and Henry, *Mister Lightwood*?”

“You and Jem are children,” said Benedict cuttingly. “And Henry never looks up from his worktable.”

Will started to climb over the back of his chair; Jem tugged him back into his seat with main force, hissing under his breath. Jessamine clapped her hands together, her brown eyes bright.

“This is *rather* exciting,” she exclaimed.

Tessa looked at her in disgust. “Are you hearing any of this? He’s insulting Charlotte!” she whispered, but Jessamine brushed her off with a gesture.

“And who would you suggest run the Institute instead?” the Consul demanded of Benedict, his voice dripping sarcasm. “Yourself, perhaps?”

Benedict spread his hands wide self-deprecatingly. “My lord Consul...”

Before he could finish speaking, three other figures had risen of their own accord; two Tessa recognized as members of the London Enclave, though she did not know their names; the third was Lilian Highsmith.

Benedict smiled. Everyone was staring at him now; beside him sat his son, Gabriel, who was looking up at his father with unreadable green eyes. His slim fingers gripped the back of the chair in front of him.

“Three to support my claim,” Benedict said. “That’s what the Law requires for me to formally challenge Charlotte Branwell for the position of head of the London Enclave.”

Charlotte gave a little gasp but sat motionless in her seat,

refusing to turn around. Jem still had Will by the wrist. And Jessamine continued to look as if she were watching an exciting play.

“No,” said the Consul.

“You cannot prevent me from challenging—”

“Benedict, you challenged my appointment of Charlotte the moment I made it. You’ve always wanted the Institute. Now, when the Enclave needs to work together more than ever, you bring division and contention to the proceedings of the Council.”

“Change is not always accomplished peacefully, but that does not make it disadvantageous. My challenge stands.” Benedict’s hands gripped each other.

The Consul drummed his fingers on the podium. Beside him, the Inquisitor stood, cold-eyed. Finally, the Consul said: “You suggest, Benedict, that the responsibility of finding Mortmain should be laid upon the shoulders of those who you claim ‘lost him.’ You would agree, I believe, that finding Mortmain is our first priority?”

Benedict nodded curtly.

“Then my proposal is this: Let Charlotte and Henry Branwell have charge of the investigation into Mortmain’s whereabouts. If by the end of two weeks they have not located him, or at least some strong evidence pointing to his location, then the challenge may go forward.”

Charlotte shot forward in her seat. “Find Mortmain?” she said. “Alone, just Henry and I—with no help from the rest of the Enclave?”

The Consul’s eyes when they rested on her were not unfriendly, but neither were they entirely forgiving. “You may

call upon other members of the Clave if you have some specific need, and of course the Silent Brothers and Iron Sisters are at your disposal,” he said. “But as for the investigation, yes, that is for you to accomplish on your own.”

“I don’t like this,” complained Lilian Highsmith. “You’re turning the search for a madman into a game of power—”

“Do you wish to withdraw your support for Benedict, then?” asked the Consul. “His challenge would be ended and there would be no need for the Branwells to prove themselves.”

Lilian opened her mouth—and then, at a look from Benedict, closed it. She shook her head.

“We have just lost our servants,” said Charlotte, in a strained voice. “Without them—”

“New servants will be provided you, as is standard,” said the Consul. “Your late servant Thomas’s brother, Cyril, is traveling here from Brighton to join your household, and the Dublin Institute has given up its second cook for you. Both are well-trained fighters—which, I must say, Charlotte, yours should have been as well.”

“Both Thomas and Agatha *were* trained,” Henry protested.

“But you have several in your house who are not,” said Benedict. “Not only is Miss Lovelace woefully untrained, but your parlor-girl, Sophie, and that Downworlder, there—” He pointed at Tessa. “Well, since you seem bent on making her a permanent addition to your household, it would hardly hurt if she—and the maid—were trained in the basics of defense.”

Tessa looked sideways at Jem in astonishment. “He means *me?*”

Jem nodded. His expression was somber.

“I can’t—I’ll chop my own foot off!”

“If you’re going to chop off anyone’s foot, chop off Benedict’s,” Will muttered.

“You’ll be fine, Tessa. It’s nothing you can’t do,” Jem began, but the rest of his words were drowned out by Benedict.

“In fact,” Benedict said, “Since the two of you will be so busy investigating Mortmain’s whereabouts, I suggest I lend you my sons—Gabriel, and Gideon, who returns from Spain tonight—as trainers. Both are excellent fighters and could use the teaching experience.”

“Father!” Gabriel protested. He looked horrified; clearly this had not been something Benedict had discussed with him in advance.

“We can train our own servants,” Charlotte snapped, but the Consul shook his head at her.

“Benedict Lightwood is offering you a generous gift. Accept it.”

Charlotte was crimson in the face. After a long moment, she bent her head, acknowledging the Consul’s words. Tessa felt dizzy. She was going to be trained? Trained to fight, to throw knives and swing a sword? Of course, one of her favorite heroines had always been Capitola in *The Hidden Hand*, who could fight as well as a man—and dressed like one. But that didn’t mean she wanted to *be* her.

“Very well,” said the Consul. “This session of the Council is ended, to be reconvened here, in the same location, in a fortnight. You are all dismissed.”

Of course, everyone did not depart immediately. There was a sudden clamor of voices as people began to rise from their seats and chatter eagerly with their neighbors. Charlotte sat still; Henry, beside her, looked as if he wanted desperately to say

something comforting but could think of nothing. His hand hovered uncertainly over his wife's shoulder. Will was glaring across the room at Gabriel Lightwood, who looked coldly in their direction.

Slowly, Charlotte rose to her feet. Henry had his hand on her back now, murmuring. Jessamine was already standing, twirling her new white lace parasol: Henry had replaced the old one that was destroyed in a battle with Mortmain's automatons. Her hair was done up in tight bunches over her ears like white grapes. Tessa got quickly to her feet, and the group of them headed up the center aisle of the Council room. Tessa caught whispers on each side of her—bits of the same words, over and over: *Charlotte, Benedict, never find the Magister, two weeks, challenge, Consul, Mortmain, Enclave, humiliating.*

Charlotte walked with her back straight, her cheeks red and her eyes gazing straight ahead as if she couldn't hear the nasty gossip. Will seemed about to lunge off toward the whisperers to administer rough justice, but Jem had a firm grip on the back of his *parabatai's* coat. Being Jem, Tessa reflected, must be a great deal like being the owner of a thoroughbred dog that liked to bite your guests. You had to have a hand on his collar constantly. Jessamine merely looked bored again—she wasn't terribly interested in what the Enclave thought of her, or any of them.

By the time they had reached the doors of the Council chamber, they were nearly running. Charlotte paused a moment to let them catch up. Most of the crowd was streaming off to the left, where Tessa, Jem and Will had come from, but Charlotte turned abruptly right, marched several paces down the hall, spun around a corner, and abruptly stopped.

“Charlotte?” Henry, catching up to her, sounded worried. “Darling—”

Without warning, Charlotte drew her foot back and kicked the wall, as hard as she could. As the wall was stone, this did little damage, though Charlotte let out a low shriek.

“Oh, my,” said Jessamine, twirling her parasol.

“If I might make a suggestion,” said Will, “about twenty paces behind us, in the Council room, is Benedict. If you’d like to go back in there and try kicking *him*, I recommend aiming upward and a bit to the left—”

“Charlotte.” The deep, gravelly voice was instantly recognizable. Charlotte spun around, her brown eyes widening.

It was the Consul. The runes picked out in silver thread on the hem and sleeves of his cloak glittered as he moved toward the little group from the Institute, his gaze on Charlotte. One hand against the wall, she didn’t move.

“Charlotte,” Consul Wayland said again, “you know what your father always said about losing your temper.”

“He did say that. He also said that he should have had a son,” Charlotte replied bitterly. “If he had—if I were a man—would you have treated me as you just did?”

Henry put his hand on his wife’s shoulder, murmuring something, but she shook it off. Her large, hurt brown eyes were on the Consul.

“And how did I just treat you?” he asked.

“As if I were a child—a little girl who needed scolding.”

“Charlotte, I am the one who named you as head of the Institute and the Enclave.” The Consul sounded exasperated. “I did it not just because I was fond of Granville Fairchild and knew he wanted his daughter to succeed him, but because I

thought you would accomplish the job well.”

“You named Henry, too,” she said. “And you even told us when you did it that it was because the Enclave would accept a married couple as their leader, but not a woman alone.”

“Well, congratulations, Charlotte. I do not think any members of the London Enclave are under the impression that they are in any way being led by Henry.”

“It’s true,” Henry said, looking at his shoes. “They all know I’m rather useless. It’s my fault all this happened, Consul—”

“It isn’t,” said Consul Wayland. “It is a combination of a generalized complacency on the part of the Clave, bad luck and bad timing, and some poor decisions on your part, Charlotte. Yes, I am holding you accountable for them—”

“So you agree with Benedict!”

“Benedict Lightwood is a bastard,” said the Consul wearily. “Everyone knows that. But he is politically powerful, and it is better to placate him with this show than it would be to antagonize him further by ignoring him.”

“A show? Is that what you call this?” Charlotte demanded bitterly. “You have set me an impossible task.”

“I have set you the task of locating the Magister,” said Consul Wayland. “The man who broke into the Institute, killed your servants, took your Pyxis, and plans to build an army of clockwork monsters to destroy us all—in short, a man who must be stopped. As head of the Enclave, Charlotte, stopping him is your task. If you consider it impossible, then perhaps you should ask yourself why you want the job so badly in the first place?”

2

REPARATIONS

*Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it! give me all thy grief.*
—Alexander Pope, “Eloisa to Abeland”

The witchlight that illuminated the Great Library seemed to be flickering low, like a candle guttering down in its holder, though Tessa knew that was just her imagination. Witchlight, unlike fire or gas, never seemed to fade or burn away.

Her eyes, on the other hand, were beginning to tire, and from the looks of her companions, she wasn't the only one. They were all gathered around one of the long tables, Charlotte at its head, Henry at Tessa's right. Will and Jem sat farther down, beside each other; only Jessamine had retreated to the very far end of the table, separated from the others. The surface of the table was liberally covered with papers of all sorts:

old newspaper articles, books, sheets of parchment covered with fine, spidery writing. There were genealogies of various Mortmain families, histories of automatons, endless books of spells of summoning and binding, and every bit of research on the Pandemonium Club that the Silent Brothers had managed to scrape out of their archives.

Tessa had been tasked with the job of reading through the newspaper articles, looking for stories about Mortmain and his shipping company, and her eyes were beginning to blur, the words dancing on the pages. She was relieved when Jessamine at last broke the silence, pushing away the book she had been reading—*On the Study of Autonomic Sorcery*—and said, “Charlotte, I think we’re wasting our time.”

Charlotte looked up with a pained expression. “Jessamine, there is no need for you to remain if you do not wish to. I must say, I doubt any of us was expecting your help in this matter, and since you have never much applied yourself to your studies, I cannot help but wonder if you even know what it is you are looking for. Could you tell a binding spell from a summoning spell if I set the two before you?”

Tessa couldn’t help being surprised. Charlotte was rarely so sharp with any of them. “I *want* to help,” Jessie said sulkily. “Those mechanical *things* of Mortmain’s nearly killed me. I want him caught and punished.”

“No, you don’t,” said Will, unrolling a parchment so old it crackled, and squinting down at the black symbols on the page. “You want Tessa’s brother caught and punished, for making you think he was in love with you when he wasn’t.”

Jessamine flushed. “I do *not*. I mean, I did not. I mean—ugh! Charlotte, Will’s being vexing.”

“And the sun has come up in the east,” said Jem, quietly, to no one in particular.

“I don’t want to be thrown out of the Institute if we can’t find the Magister,” Jessamine went on. “Is that so difficult to understand?”

“You won’t be thrown out of the Institute. Charlotte will. I’m sure the Lightwoods will let you stay. And Benedict has two marriageable sons—you ought to be delighted,” said Will.

Jessamine made a face. “Shadowhunters. As if I’d want to marry one of them.”

“Jessamine, you *are* one of them.”

Before Jessamine could reply, the library door opened and Sophie came in, ducking her white-capped head. She spoke quietly to Charlotte, who rose to her feet. “Brother Enoch is here,” she said to the assembled group. “I must speak with him. Will, Jessamine, do try not to kill each other while I am gone. Henry, if you could...”

Her voice trailed off. Henry was gazing down at a book—Al-Jazeri’s *The Book of Knowledge of Ingenious Mechanical Devices*—and paying no attention whatsoever to anything else. With a sign, Charlotte threw up her hands, and left the room with Sophie.

The moment the door closed behind her, Jessamine shot Will a poisonous look. “If you think I don’t have the experience to help, then why is *she* here?” She indicated Tessa. “I don’t mean to be rude, but do you think *she* can tell a binding spell from a summoning one?” She looked at Tessa. “Well, can you? And for that matter, Will, you pay so little attention at lessons, can *you* tell a binding spell from a soufflé recipe?”

Will leaned back in his chair, and said dreamily, “*I am but*

mad north-northeast; when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw."

"Jessamine, Tessa has kindly offered to help, and we need all the eyes we can get right now," said Jem, severely. "Will, don't quote Hamlet. Henry..." He cleared his throat. "HENRY."

Henry looked up, blinking. "Yes, darling?" He blinked again, looking around. "Where's Charlotte?"

"She went to talk to the Silent Brothers," said Jem, who did not appear put out of temper to have been mistaken by Henry for his wife. "In the meantime, I'm afraid ... that I rather agree with Jessamine."

"And the sun comes up in the west," said Will, who had apparently heard Jem's earlier comment.

"But why?" Tessa demanded. "We can't give up now—it would be just like handing the Institute over to that awful Benedict Lightwood."

"No," Jem said, gently. "I'm not suggesting we do nothing, you understand. But we're trying to decipher what it is that Mortmain is going to *do*. We're trying to predict the future instead of trying to understand the past."

"We know Mortmain's past, *and* his plans." Will waved his hand in the direction of the newspapers. "Born in Devon, was a ship's surgeon, became a wealthy trader, got himself mixed up in dark magic and now plans to rule the world with his massive army of mechanical creatures by his side. A not atypical story for a determined young man ..."

"I don't think he ever said anything about ruling the world," interrupted Tessa. "Just the British Empire."

"Admirably literal," said Will. "My point is, we do know where Mortmain came from. It's hardly our fault that it isn't

very interesting..." His voice trailed off. "Ah."

"Ah, what?" Jessamine demanded, looking from Will to Jem in a vexed manner. "I declare, the way you two seem to read each other's minds gives me the shudders."

"Ah," said Will, "Jem was just thinking, and I would tend to agree, that Mortmain's life story is, quite simply, balderdash. Some lies, some truth, but very likely there isn't anything in here that will help us. These are just stories he made up to give the newspapers something to print about him. Besides, we don't care how many ships he owns; we want to know where he learned the dark arts, and from whom."

"And why he hates Shadowhunters," said Tessa.

Will's blue eyes slid lazily toward her. "Is it hatred?" he said. "I assumed it was a simple greed for domination. With us out of the way, and a clockwork army on his side, he could take power as he liked."

Tessa shook her head. "No, it is more than that. It is difficult to explain, but—he *hates* the Nephilim. It is something very personal for him. And it has something to do with that watch. It's—it's as if he desires recompense for some wrong or hurt they've done him."

"Reparations," said Jem, very suddenly, setting down the pen he was holding.

Will looked at him in puzzlement. "Is this a game? We just blurt out whatever word comes next to mind? In that case mine's *genophobia*. It means an unreasonable fear of knees."

"What's the word for a perfectly reasonable fear of annoying idiots?" inquired Jessamine.

"The Reparations section of the archives," said Jem, ignoring them both utterly. "The Consul mentioned it yesterday and

it's been in my head since. We haven't looked there."

"Reparations?" asked Tessa.

"When a Downworlder or a mundane alleges that a Shadowhunter has broken the Law in their dealings with them, they lodge a complaint through Reparations. There will be a trial, and they will be accorded some sort of payment, based on whether they can prove their case."

"Well, it seems a bit silly, looking there," said Will. "It's not like Mortmain's going to lodge a complaint against the Shadowhunters through official channels. *Very upset Shadowhunters refused to all die when I wanted them to. Demand recompense. Please mail cheque to A. Mortmain, 18 Kensington Road—*"

"Cease your idle persiflage," said Jem. "Maybe he hasn't always hated Shadowhunters. Maybe there was a time when he did attempt to gain compensation through the official system and it failed him. What's the harm in asking? The worst thing that could happen is that we turn up nothing, which is exactly what we're turning up right now." He rose to his feet, pushing his silvery hair back. "I'm going to catch up Charlotte before Brother Enoch leaves and ask her to have the Silent Brothers check the archives."

Tessa rose to her feet. She did not relish the idea of being left alone in the library with Will and Jessamine, who were bound to bicker. Of course Henry was there, but he seemed to be taking a gentle nap on a pile of books, and was not much of a buffer in the best of cases. Being around Will was uncomfortable in most circumstances; only with Jem there was it bearable. Somehow Jem was able to whittle down Will's sharp edges and make him nearly human. "I'll go with you, Jem,"

she said. “There’s—there was something I wished to speak to Charlotte about, anyway.”

Jem seemed surprised, but pleased; Will looked from one of them to the other and pushed his chair back. “We’ve been among these moldering old books for days now,” he announced. “My beautiful eyes are weary, and I have paper cuts. See?” He spread his fingers wide. “I’m going for a walk.”

Tessa couldn’t help herself. “Perhaps you could use an *iratzte* to take care of your paper cuts,” she suggested.

He glared at her. His eyes *were* beautiful. “You are ever and always helpful, Tessa.”

She matched his glare. “My only desire is to be of service.”

Jem put his hand on her shoulder, his voice concerned. “Tessa, Will. I don’t think—”

But Will was gone, snatching up his coat and banging his way out of the library, with enough force to make the door-frame vibrate.

Jessamine sat back in her chair, narrowing her brown eyes. “How interesting.”

Tessa’s body still felt as if it were trembling. She hated that Will had that effect on her. Hated it. She knew better. She knew what he thought of her. That she was nothing, worth nothing. And still a look from him could make her shake with mingled hatred and longing. It was like a poison in her blood to which Jem was the only antidote. Only with him did she feel on steady ground.

“Come.” Jem took her arm, lightly—a gentleman would not normally touch a lady in public, but here in the Institute, the Shadowhunters were more familiar with each other than were the mundanes outside. When she turned to look at him, he

smiled at her. Jem put the full force of himself into each smile, so that he seemed to be smiling with his eyes, his heart, his whole being. “We’ll find Charlotte.”

“And what am I supposed to do while you’re gone?” Jessamine said crossly as they made their way to the door.

Jem glanced back over his shoulder. “You could always wake up Henry—it looks like he’s eating paper in his sleep again, and you know how Charlotte hates that.”

“Oh, *bother*,” said Jessamine, with an exasperated sigh. “Why do I always get the silly tasks?”

“Because you don’t want the serious ones,” said Jem, sounding as close to exasperated as Tessa had ever heard him. Neither of them noticed the icy look Jessamine shot them as they left the library behind and headed down the corridor.

“Mr. Bane has been awaiting your arrival, sir,” said the footman, and stepped aside to let Will enter. The footman’s name was Archer—or Walker, or something like that, Will thought—and he was one of Camille’s human subjugates. Like all those enslaved to a vampire’s will, he was sickly-looking, with parchment-pale skin and thin, stringy hair. He looked about as happy to see Will as a dinner party guest might be to see a slug crawling out from under his lettuce.

The moment Will entered the house the smell hit him; it was the smell of dark magic, like sulfur mixed with the Thames on a hot day. Will wrinkled his nose. The footman looked at him with even more loathing. “Mr. Bane is in the drawing-room,” he said, in a voice that indicated that there was no chance whatsoever that he was going to accompany Will there. “Shall I take your coat?”

“That won’t be necessary.” Coat still on, Will followed the scent of magic down the corridor. It intensified as he drew nearer to the door to the drawing-room, which was firmly closed. Tendrils of whitish smoke threaded out from the gap beneath the door. Will took a deep breath of sour air, and pushed the door open.

The inside of the drawing room looked peculiarly bare. After a moment, Will realized that this was because Magnus had taken all the heavy teak furniture, even the piano, and pushed it up against the walls. An ornate gasolier hung from the ceiling, but the light in the room was provided by dozens of thick black candles arranged in a circle in the center of the room. Magnus stood beside the circle, a book open in his hands; his tie was loosened, and his black hair stood up wildly about his face as if charged with electricity. He looked up when Will came in, and smiled. “Just in time!” he cried. “I really think we may have him this time. Will, meet Thammuz, a minor demon from the eighth dimension. Thammuz, meet Will, a minor Shadowhunter from—Wales, was it?”

“I will rip out your eyes,” hissed the creature sitting in the center of the burning circle. It was certainly a demon, no more than three feet high, with pale blue skin, three coal-black, burning eyes, and long blood-red talons on its eight-fingered hands. “I will tear the skin off your face.”

“Don’t be rude, Thammuz,” said Magnus, and although his tone was light, the circle of candles blazed suddenly, brightly upward, causing the demon to shrink in on itself with a scream. “Will has questions. You will answer them.”

Will shook his head. “I don’t know, Magnus,” he said. “He doesn’t look like the right one to me.”

“You *said* he was blue. This one’s blue.”

“He is blue,” Will acknowledged, stepping closer to the circle of flame. “But the demon I need—well, he was really more of a cobalt blue. This one’s more ... periwinkle.”

“What did you call me?” The demon roared with rage. “Come closer, little Shadowhunter, and let me feast upon your liver! I will tear it from your body while you scream.”

“Tempting, but no.” Will turned to Magnus. “He doesn’t *sound* right, either. The voice is different. And the number of eyes.”

“Are you sure—”

“I’m absolutely sure,” said Will, in a voice that brooked no contradiction. “It’s not something I would ever—could ever—forget.”

Magnus sighed, and turned back to the demon. “Thammuz,” he said, reading aloud from the book. “I charge you, by the power of bell and book and candle, and by the great names of Sammael and Abbadon and Moloch, to speak the truth. Have you ever encountered the Shadowhunter Will Herondale before this day, or any of his blood or lineage?”

“I don’t know,” said the demon, petulantly. “Humans all look alike to me.”

Magnus’s voice rose, sharp and commanding. “*Answer me!*”

“Oh, very well. No, I’ve never seen him before in my life. I’d remember. He looks as if he’d taste good.” The demon grinned, showing razor-sharp teeth. “I haven’t even been to this world for oh, a hundred years, possibly more. I can never remember the difference between a hundred and a thousand. Anyway, the last time I was here everyone was living in mud huts and eating bugs. So I doubt *he* was around—” he pointed a many-jointed

finger at Will—“unless Earthkind lives much longer than I was led to believe.”

Magnus rolled his eyes. “You’re just determined not to be any help at all, aren’t you?”

The demon shrugged, a peculiarly human gesture. “You’ve forced me to tell the truth. I told it.”

“Well, then, have you ever *heard* of a demon like the one I was describing?” Will broke in, a tinge of desperation in his voice. “Dark blue—a raspy sort of voice, like sandpaper—and he had a long, barbed tail.”

The demon regarded him with a bored expression. “Do you have any idea how many kinds of demons there are in the Void, Nephilim? Hundreds upon hundreds of millions. The great demon city of Pandemonium makes your London look like a village. Demons of all shapes and sizes and colors. Some can change their appearance at will—”

“Oh, be quiet, then, if you’re not going to be any use,” Magnus said, and slammed the book shut. Instantly the candles went out, the demon vanishing with a startled cry, leaving behind only a wisp of foul-smelling smoke.

The warlock turned to Will. “Well, I apologize for summoning you. I was sure I had the right one this time.”

“It’s not your fault.” Will flung himself onto one of the divans shoved up against the wall. He felt hot and cold at the same time, his nerves prickling with a disappointment he was trying to force back without much success. He pulled his gloves off, restlessly, and shoved them into the pockets of his still-buttoned coat. “You’re trying. Thammuz was right—I haven’t given you very much to go on.”

“I assume,” Magnus said quietly, “that you have told me all

you remember. You opened a Pyxis and released a demon. It cursed you. You want me to find that demon and see if it will remove the curse. And that is all you can tell me?”

“It is all I can tell you,” said Will. “It would hardly benefit me to hold anything back unnecessarily, when I know what I’m asking. For you to find a needle in—God, not even a haystack. A needle in a tower full of other needles.”

“Plunge your hand into a tower of needles,” said Magnus, “and you are likely to cut yourself badly. Are you really sure this is what you want?”

“I am sure that the alternative is worse,” said Will, staring at the blackened place on the floor where the demon had crouched. He was exhausted—the energy rune he’d given himself that morning before leaving for the Council meeting had worn off by noon, and his head throbbed. “I have had five years to live with it. The idea of living with it for even one more frightens me more than the idea of death.”

“You are a Shadowhunter; you are not afraid of death.”

“Of course I am,” said Will. “Everyone is afraid of death. We may be born of angels but we have no more knowledge of what comes after death than you do.”

Magnus moved closer to him, and sat down on the opposite side of the divan. His green-gold eyes shone like a cat’s in the dimness. “You don’t know that there is only oblivion after death.”

“You don’t know that there isn’t, do you? Jem believes we are all reborn. That life is a wheel—we die, we turn, we are reborn as we deserve to be reborn, based on our doings in this world.” Will looked down at his bitten nails. “I will probably be reborn as a slug that someone salts.”

“The Wheel of Transmigration,” said Magnus. His lips

twitched into a smile. “Well, think of it this way. You must have done something right in your last life, to be reborn as you are. Nephilim.”

“Oh, yes,” said Will, in a dead tone. “I’ve been very lucky.” He leaned his head back against the divan, exhausted. “I take it you’ll be needing more ... ingredients? I think Old Moll over at Cross Bones is getting sick of the sight of me.”

“I have other connections,” said Magnus, clearly taking pity on him, “and I need to do more research first. If you could tell me the nature of the curse—”

“No,” Will said sharply, sitting up. “I can’t. I told you before, I took a great risk even in telling you of its existence. If I told you any more—”

“Then what? Let me guess. You don’t know, but you’re sure it would be bad.”

“Don’t start making me think coming to you was a mistake—”

“This has something to do with Tessa, doesn’t it?”

Over the past five years, Will had trained himself well not to show emotion—surprise, affection, hopefulness, joy. He was fairly sure his expression didn’t change, but he heard the strain in his voice when he said, “Tessa?”

“It’s been five years,” said Magnus. “Yet somehow you have managed all this time, telling no one. What desperation drove you to me, in the middle of the night, in a rainstorm? What has changed at the Institute? I can think only of one thing—a little slip of a thing, with big gray eyes—”

Will got to his feet so abruptly he nearly tipped the divan over. “There are other things,” he said, struggling to keep his voice even. “Jem is dying.”

Magnus looked at him, a cool, even stare. “He has been dying for years,” he said. “No curse laid on you could cause or repair his condition.”

Will realized his hands were shaking; he tightened them into fists. “You don’t understand—”

“I know you are *parabatai*,” said Magnus. “I know that he will be a great loss to you. But what I don’t know—”

“You know what you need to know.” Will felt cold all over, though the room was warm, and he still wore his coat. “I can pay you more, if it will stop you asking me questions.”

Magnus put his feet up on the divan. “Nothing will stop me asking you questions,” he said. “But I will do my best to respect your reticence.”

Relief loosened Will’s hands. “Then you will still help me.”

“I will still help you.” Magnus put his hands behind his head, and leaned back, looking at Will through half-lowered lids. “Though I could help you better if you told me the truth, I will do what I can. You interest me oddly, Will Herondale.”

Will shrugged. “That will do well enough as a reason. When do you plan to try again?”

Magnus yawned. “Probably this weekend. I shall send you a message by Saturday if there are ... developments.”

Developments. Curse. Truth. Jem. Dying. Tessa. Tessa, Tessa, Tessa. Her name rang in Will’s mind like the chime of a bell; he wondered if any other name on earth had such an inescapable resonance to it. She couldn’t have been named something awful, could she, like Mildred. He couldn’t imagine lying awake at night, staring up at the ceiling while invisible voices whispered *Mildred* in his ears. But *Tessa*—

“Thank you,” he said, abruptly. He had gone from being too

cold to being too warm; it was stifling in the room, still smelling of burnt candle wax. “I will look forward to hearing from you, then.”

“Yes, do,” said Magnus, and closed his eyes. Will couldn’t tell whether he was actually asleep or simply waiting for Will to leave; either way, it was clearly a hint that he expected Will to depart. Will, not entirely without relief, took it.

Sophie was on her way to Miss Jessamine’s room, to sweep the ashes and clean the grate of the fireplace, when she heard voices in the hall. In her old place of employment she had been taught to “give room”—to turn and look at the walls while her employers passed by, and do her best to resemble a piece of furniture, something inanimate that they could ignore.

She had been shocked on coming to the Institute to find that things were not managed that way. First, for such a large house to have so few servants had surprised her. She had not realized at first that the Shadowhunters did much for themselves that a typical family of good breeding would find beneath them—started their own fires, did some of their own shopping, kept rooms like the training area and the weapons room cleaned and neat. She had been shocked at the familiarity with which Agatha and Thomas treated their employers, not realizing that her fellow servants came from families who had served Shadowhunters through the generations—or that they had magic of their own.

She herself had come from a poor family, and had been called “stupid” and slapped often when she first began working as a maid—because she was not used to delicate furniture or real silver, or china so thin you could see the darkness of the tea

through the sides. But she had learned, and when it had become clear that she was going to be very pretty, had been promoted to parlourmaid. A parlourmaid's lot was a precarious one. You were meant to look beautiful for the household, and therefore her salary had begun to go down, each year that she aged, once she had turned eighteen.

It had been such a relief, coming to work at the Institute, where no one minded that she was nearly twenty or demanded she stare at the walls, or cared whether she spoke before she was spoken to, that she had almost thought it worth the mutilation of her pretty face at the hands of her last employer. She still avoided looking at herself in mirrors if she could, but the dreadful horror of loss had faded. Jessamine mocked her for the long scar that disfigured her cheek, but the others seemed not to notice, save Will, who occasionally said something unpleasant, but in an almost perfunctory way, as if it were expected of him but his heart was not in it.

But that was all before she had fallen in love with Jem.

She recognized his voice now, as he came down the hall, raised in laughter, and answering him—Miss Tessa. Sophie felt an odd little pressure against her chest. Jealousy. She despised herself for it, but it could not be stopped. Miss Tessa was always kind to her, and there was such enormous vulnerability in her wide gray eyes—such a need for a friend—that it was impossible to dislike her. And yet, the way Master Jem looked at her ... and she did not even seem to notice.

No. She just couldn't bear to encounter the two of them in the hall, with Jem looking at Tessa the way he had been lately. Clutching the sweeping-brush and bucket to her chest, Sophie opened the nearest door and ducked inside, closing

it most of the way behind her. It was, like most of the rooms in the Institute, an unused bedroom, meant for visiting Shadowhunters. She and Agatha would give the rooms a turn once a fortnight or so, unless someone was using them; otherwise they stood undisturbed. This one was quite dusty; motes danced in the light from the windows, and Sophie fought the urge to sneeze until it passed. Then she pressed her eye to the crack in the door.

She had been right, of course, it was Jem and Tessa, coming toward her down the hall. They appeared entirely engaged in each other. Jem was carrying something—folded gear, it looked like—and Tessa was laughing at something he had said. She was looking a little down and away from him, and he was gazing at her, the way one did when one felt one was unobserved. He had that look on his face—that look he got usually only when he was playing the violin; as if he were completely caught up and entranced.

Her heart hurt. He was so beautiful. She had always thought so. Most people were always going on about Will, how handsome he was, but she thought that Jem was a thousand times better-looking. He had the ethereal look of angels in paintings, and though she knew that the silvery color of his hair and skin was a result of the medicine he took for his illness, she couldn't help finding it lovely too. And he was gentle, firm and kind—the thought of his hands in her hair, stroking it back from her face, made her feel comforted, whereas usually the thought of a man, even a boy, touching her made her feel vulnerable and ill. He had the most careful, beautifully constructed hands...

“I can't quite believe they're coming tomorrow,” Tessa was saying, turning her gaze back to Jem. “I feel as if Sophie and

I are being tossed to Benedict Lightwood to appease him, like a dog with a bone. He can't *really* mind if we're trained or not. He just wants his sons in the house to bother Charlotte."

"That's true," Jem acknowledged. "But why not take advantage of the training when it's offered? That's why Charlotte is trying to encourage Jessamine to take part. As for you, given your talent, even if—I should say, when—Mortmain is no longer a threat, there will be others attracted to your power. You might do well to learn how to fend them off."

Tessa's hand went to the angel necklace at her throat, a habitual gesture Sophie suspected she was not even aware of. "I know what Jessie will say. She'll say the only thing she wants assistance fending off is handsome suitors."

"Wouldn't she rather have help fending off the unattractive ones?"

"Not if they're mundanes," Tessa grinned. "She'd rather an ugly mundane than a handsome Shadowhunter any day."

"That does put me right out of the running, doesn't it?" said Jem with mock chagrin, and Tessa laughed again.

"It is too bad," she said. "Someone as pretty as Jessamine ought to have her pick, but she's so determined that a Shadowhunter won't do—"

"You are much prettier," said Jem.

Tessa looked at him in surprise, her cheeks coloring. Sophie felt the twist of jealousy in her chest again, though she agreed with Jem—Jessamine was quite traditionally pretty, a pocket Venus if ever there was one, but her habitual sour expression spoiled her charms. Tessa, though, had a sort of warm appeal, with her rich dark waving hair and sea-gray eyes, that grew on you the longer you knew her. There was

intelligence in her face, and humor, which Jessamine did not have, or at least did not display.

Jem paused in front of Miss Jessamine's door, and knocked upon it. When there was no answer, he shrugged, bent down, and placed a stack of dark fabric—gear—in front of the door.

“She'll never wear it.” Tessa dimpled.

Jem straightened up. “I never agreed to wrestle her into the clothes, just deliver them.”

He started off down the hallway again, Tessa beside him. “I don't know how Charlotte can bear to talk to Brother Enoch so often. He gives me the horrors.”

“Oh, I don't know. I prefer to think that when they're at home the Silent Brothers are much like us. Playing practical jokes in the Silent City—making toasted cheese—”

“I hope they play charades,” said Tessa drily. “It would seem to take advantage of their natural talents.”

Jem burst out laughing, and then they were around the corner and out of sight. Sophie sagged against the doorframe. She did not think she had ever made Jem laugh like that; she didn't think anyone had, except for Will. You had to know someone very well to make them laugh like that. She had loved him for such a long time, she thought. How was it that she did not know him at all?

With a sigh of resignation, she made ready to depart her hiding place—when the door to Miss Jessamine's room opened, and its resident emerged. Sophie shrank back into the dimness. Miss Jessamine was dressed in a long velvet traveling cloak that concealed most of her body, from her neck to her feet. Her hair was bound tightly behind her head, and she carried a gentleman's hat in one hand. Sophie froze in surprise as Jessamine

looked down, saw the gear at her feet, and made a face. She kicked it swiftly inside the room—giving Sophie a view of her foot, which seemed to be clad in a man's boot—and closed the door soundlessly behind her. Glancing up and down the corridor, she placed the hat on her head, dropped her chin low into the cloak, and slunk off into the shadows, leaving Sophie staring mystified after her.

3

UNJUSTIFIABLE DEATH

*Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.*
—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, “Christabel”

After breakfast the next day, Charlotte instructed Tessa and Sophie to return to their rooms, dress in their newly acquired gear, and meet Jem in the training room, where they would wait for the Lightwood brothers. Jessamine had not come to breakfast, claiming a headache, and Will, likewise, was nowhere to be found. Tessa suspected he was hiding in an attempt to avoid being forced to be polite to Gabriel Lightwood and his brother.

She could only partly blame him.

Back in her room, picking up the gear, she felt a flutter of nerves in her stomach: it was so very much unlike anything she'd ever worn before. Sophie was not there to help her with the new clothes—part of the training, of course, was being able to dress and to familiarize oneself with the gear: flat-soled shoes, a loose pair of trousers made of thick, black material, and a long, belted tunic that reached nearly to her knees. They were the same clothes she had seen Charlotte fight in before, and had seen illustrated in the *Codex*; she had thought them strange then, but the actual act of wearing them was even stranger. If Aunt Harriet could see her now, Tessa thought, she would likely faint.

She met Sophie at the foot of the steps that led up to the Institute's training room. Neither she nor the other girl exchanged a word, just encouraging smiles; after a moment, Tessa went first up the steps, a narrow wooden flight, its banisters so old that the wood had begun to splinter. It was strange, Tessa thought, going up a flight of stairs and *not* having to worry about pulling in your skirts, or tripping on the hem. Though her body was completely covered she felt peculiarly naked in her training gear.

It helped to have Sophie with her, obviously equally uncomfortable in her own Shadowhunter gear. When they reached the top of the stairs, Sophie swung the door open and they made their way into the training room in silence, together.

They were obviously at the top of the Institute, in a room adjacent to the attic, Tessa thought, and nearly twice the size. The floor was polished, shining wood with various patterns drawn here and there in black ink—circles and squares, some of

them numbered. Long, flexible ropes hung from great raftered beams overhead, half-invisible in the shadows. Witchlight torches burned along the walls, interspersed with hanging weapons—maces and axes and all sorts of other pointy, deadly-looking objects.

“Ugh,” said Sophie, looking at them with a shudder. “Don’t they look too horrible by half?”

“I actually recognize a few from the *Codex*,” said Tessa, pointing. “That one there’s a longsword, and there’s a rapier, and a fencing foil, and that one that looks like you’d need two hands to hold it is a claymore, I think.”

“Close,” came a voice, very disconcertingly, from above their heads. “It’s an executioner’s sword. Mostly for decapitations. You can tell because it doesn’t have a sharp point.”

Sophie gave a little yelp of surprise and backed up as one of the dangling ropes began to sway and a dark shape appeared over their heads. It was Jem, clambering down the rope with the graceful agility of a bird. He landed lightly in front of them, and smiled. “My apologies. I didn’t mean to startle you.”

He was dressed in gear as well, though he wore a shirt instead of a tunic, reaching only to his waist. A single leather strap went across his chest, and the hilt of a sword protruded from behind one shoulder. The darkness of the gear made his skin look even paler, his hair and eyes more silver than ever.

“Yes, you did,” said Tessa with a little smile, “but it’s all right; I was beginning to worry Sophie and I were going to be left here to train each other.”

“Oh, the Lightwoods will be here,” said Jem. “They’re simply being late to make a point—they don’t have to do what we say, or what their father says either.”

“I wish you were the one training us,” said Tessa, impulsively.

Jem looked surprised. “I couldn’t—I mean, I haven’t completed my own training yet.” But their eyes met and in another moment of wordless communication, Tessa heard what he was really saying, *I’m not well enough often enough to train you reliably*. Her throat hurt suddenly, and she locked eyes with Jem, hoping he could read her silent sympathy in them. She did not want to look away—and found herself wondering if the way that she had scraped her hair back, carefully pinning it into a bun from which no stray strands escaped, looked horribly unflattering. Not that it mattered of course, it was just *Jem*, after all.

“We won’t be going through a *full* course of training, will we?” Sophie said, her worried voice breaking into Tessa’s thoughts. “The Council only said that we needed to know how to defend ourselves a bit...”

Jem looked away from Tessa; the connection broke with a snap. “There’s nothing to be frightened of, Sophie,” he said in his gentle voice. “And you’ll be glad of it; it’s always useful for a beautiful girl to be able to fend off the unwanted attentions of gentlemen—”

Sophie’s face tightened, the livid scar on her cheek standing out as red as if it had been painted there. “Don’t make fun,” she said. “It isn’t kind.”

Jem looked startled. “Sophie, I wasn’t—”

The door to the training room opened. Tessa turned as Gabriel Lightwood strode into the room, followed by a boy she didn’t know. Where Gabriel was slender and dark-haired, the other boy was muscular, with thick, sandy-blond hair. They were both dressed in gear, with expensive-looking dark gloves studded with metal across the knuckles. Each wore silver bands

around each wrist—knife sheaths, Tessa knew—and had the same elaborate, pale white pattern of runes woven into the sleeves of their gear. It was clear not just from the similarity of their clothes but the shape of their faces and the pale, luminous green of their eyes that they were related, so Tessa was not in the least surprised when Gabriel said, in his abrupt manner:

“Well, we’re here as we said we would be. James, I assume you remember my brother, Gideon. Miss Gray, Miss Collins—”

“Pleased to make your acquaintance,” Gideon muttered, meeting neither of their eyes with his. Bad moods seemed to run in the family, Tessa thought, remembering that Will had said that next to his brother, Gabriel seemed a sweetheart.

“Don’t worry, Will’s not here,” Jem said to Gabriel, who was glancing around the room. Gabriel frowned at him, but Jem had already turned to Gideon. “When did you get back from Madrid?” he asked politely.

“Father called me back home a few days ago.” Gideon’s tone was neutral. “Family business.”

“I do hope everything’s all right—”

“Everything is quite all right, thank you, James,” said Gabriel, his tone clipped. “Now, before we move to the training portion of this visit, there are two people you should probably meet.” He turned his head, and called out, “Mr. Tanner, Miss Daly! Please come up to the training room.”

There were footsteps on the steps and two strangers entered, neither in gear. Both wore servants’ clothes. One was a young woman who was the very definition of “rawboned”—her bones seemed too big for her skinny, awkward frame. Her hair was a bright scarlet, drawn back into a chignon under a modest hat. Her bare hands were red and scrubbed-looking. Tessa guessed

she was about twenty. Beside her stood a young man with dark brown, curling hair, tall and muscular—

Sophie took a sharp, indrawn breath. She had gone very pale. “Thomas...”

The young man looked terribly awkward. “I’m Thomas’s brother, miss. Cyril. Cyril Tanner.”

“These are the replacements the Council promised you for your lost servants,” said Gabriel, coolly. “Cyril Tanner and Bridget Daly. The Consul asked us if we would bring them from King’s Cross here, and naturally we obliged. Cyril will replace Thomas, and Bridget will replace your lost cook, Agatha. They were both trained in fine Shadowhunter households and come soundly recommended.”

Red spots had begun to burn on Sophie’s cheeks. Before she could say anything, Jem said quickly, “No one could replace Agatha or Thomas for us, Gabriel. They were friends as well as servants.” He nodded toward Bridget and Cyril. “No offense intended.”

Bridget only blinked her brown eyes, but: “None taken,” said Cyril. Even his voice was like Thomas’s, almost eerily so. “Thomas was my brother. No one can replace him for me, either.”

An awkward silence descended on the room. Gideon leaned back against one of the walls, his arms crossed, a slight scowl on his face. He was quite good-looking, like his brother, Tessa thought, but the scowl rather spoiled it.

“Very well,” Gabriel said finally, into the silence. “Charlotte had asked us to bring them up so you could meet them. Jem, if you’d like to escort them back to the drawing-room, Charlotte’s waiting with instructions—”

“So neither of them needs any extra training?” Jem said. “Since you’ll be training Tessa and Sophie regardless, if Bridget or Cyril—”

“As the Consul said, they have been quite effectively trained in their previous households,” said Gideon. “Would you like a demonstration?”

“I don’t think that’s necessary,” Jem said.

Gabriel grinned. “Come along, Carstairs, the girls might as well see that a mundane can fight almost like a Shadowhunter with the right kind of instruction. Cyril?” Stalking over to the wall, he selected two longswords and threw one toward Cyril, who caught it out of the air handily and advanced toward the center of the room, where a circle was painted on the floorboards. Gabriel met him there, his sword already flashing in his hand.

Tessa had to admit there was something rather beautiful about it—the way they circled each other, blades singing through the air, a blur of black and silver. The ringing sound of metal on metal; the way they moved, so fast her vision could barely follow. And yet—Gabriel was better; that was clear even to the untrained eye. His reflexes were faster, his movements more graceful. It was not a fair fight, of course; Cyril, his hair pasted to his forehead with sweat, was clearly giving everything he had, while Gabriel was simply marking time; in the end, when Gabriel swiftly disarmed Cyril with a neat flicking motion of his wrist, sending the other boy’s sword rattling to the floor, Tessa couldn’t help but feel almost indignant on Cyril’s behalf. No human could best a Shadowhunter—wasn’t that the point?

The point of Gabriel’s blade rested an inch from Cyril’s

throat. Cyril raised his hands in surrender, a smile much like his brother's easy grin spreading across his face. "I yield—"

There was a blur of movement. Gabriel yelped and went down, his sword skittering from his hand. He hit the ground, Bridget kneeling atop his chest, her teeth bared. She had slipped up behind him and tripped him while no one was looking. Now she whipped a small dagger from the inside of her bodice and held it against his throat. Gabriel looked up at her for a moment, dazed, blinking his green eyes. Then he began to laugh.

Tessa liked him more in that moment than she ever had before. Not that that was saying much.

"Very impressive," drawled a familiar voice, from the doorway. Tessa turned. It was Will, looking, as her aunt would have said, as if he'd been dragged through a hedge backward. His shirt was torn, his hair mussed, and his blue eyes rimmed with red. He bent down, picked up Gabriel's fallen sword, and leveled it in Bridget's direction with an amused expression. "But can she cook?"

Bridget scrambled to her feet, her cheeks flushing dark red. She was looking at Will the way girls always did—a little open-mouthed, as if she couldn't quite believe the vision that had materialized in front of her. Tessa wanted to tell her that Will looked better when less bedraggled—and that being fascinated by his beauty was like being fascinated by a razor-sharp piece of steel: dangerous and unwise. But what was the point? She'd learn it herself soon enough. "I can cook, and very well," she said, in a lilting, Irish voice. "My previous employers had no complaints."

"Lord, you're Irish," said Will. "Can you make things that

don't have potatoes in them? We had an Irish cook once when I was a boy. Potato pie, potato custard, potatoes with potato sauce..."

Bridget looked baffled. Meanwhile, somehow Jem was across the room and had seized Will's arm. "Charlotte wants to see Cyril and Bridget in the drawing-room. Shall we show them where it is?"

Will wavered. He was looking at Tessa now. She swallowed against her dry throat. He looked as if there was something he wanted to say to her. Gabriel, glancing between them, smirked. Will's eyes darkened, and he turned, Jem's hand guiding him toward the stairway, and stalked out. After a startled moment, Bridget and Cyril followed.

When Tessa turned back to the center of the room, she saw that Gabriel had taken one of the blades, and handed it to his brother. "Now," he said. "It's about time to start training, wouldn't you say, ladies?"

Gideon took the blade. "*Esta es la idea más estúpida que nuestro padre ha tenido,*" he said. "*Nunca.*"

Sophie and Tessa exchanged a look. Tessa wasn't sure *exactly* what Gideon had said, but *estúpida* sounded familiar enough. It was going to be a long remainder of the day.



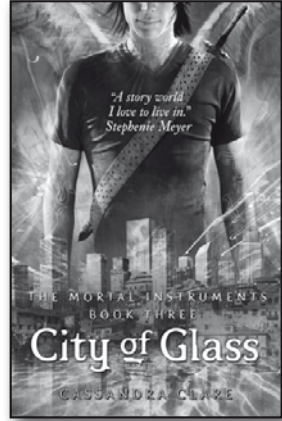
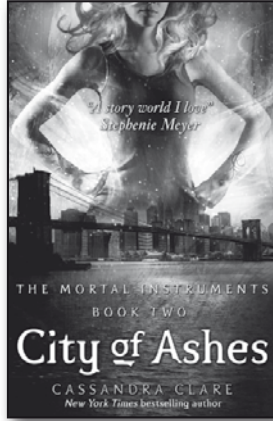
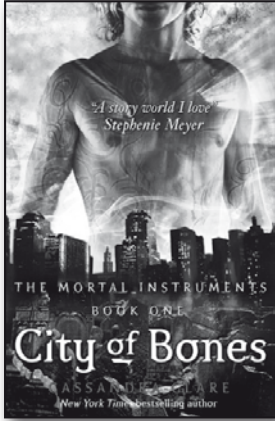
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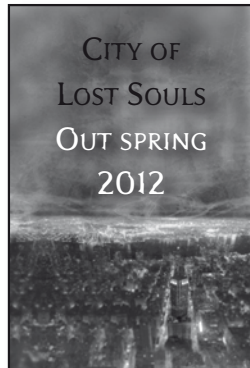
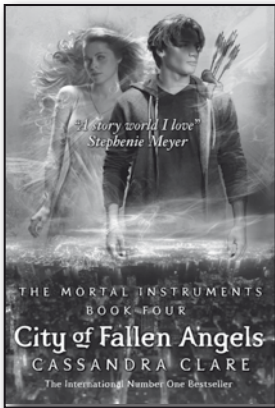
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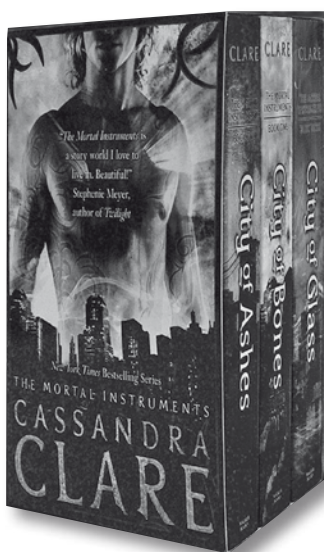


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