This exclusive excerpt from The Mortal Instruments book 3, *City of Glass*, is a deleted dream sequence that once was the beginning of Chapter 13: Where There Is Sorrow. Clary dreamed of bloody angels the night after the demons attacked Idris and Hodge Starkweather died.

Clary floated in a cool darkness that slowly resolved itself into shape and form, vision and light. For a long moment she thought that perhaps she was still in the waking dream Ithuriel had given her, because what she saw standing in front of her, on the surface of a frozen silver lake, was an angel with wings outspread, feathers white tipped with silver bone, its hair a curling cap of gold. But when the angel turned, she saw that it was Jace. His eyes were shut, his face drawn and pensive, like the expression of the stone angel that guarded the Silent City.

She wanted to run to him, to ask him why he looked so unhappy, but her body wouldn’t cooperate. Her feet stayed firmly where they were, as if cemented to the ice, though the yearning she felt was almost painful. She called out to him, but her voice made no sound, not even an echo in the star-filled darkness that swept upward from the lake’s silvery surface. When she tried again, Jace looked up, his expression startled, casting his gaze about. She rejoiced for a moment—perhaps he had heard her?—until she saw the spreading red stain of blood across his chest.

She shrieked soundlessly as he collapsed to the ground. Standing behind him, bloody sword drawn, was another angel: this one with black wings, black as smoke and darkness. His hair, too, was black, as were his clothes. His head was bowed, his face
hidden, but there was something familiar about him—and then he raised his head, and she knew—and knew also why she could not move, and that screaming would do her no good, that no one would ever hear her scream again, because she was already dead.

In *City of Glass*, the original confrontation in the Accords Hall after the first demon attack was between Luke and Valentine, but in the final version many other characters were involved. Here is an exclusive look at the original scene that formed part of Chapter 13: Where There Is Sorrow.

“No, the Clave,” he said, “was reluctant to believe that a man who claims to hate demons as much as you do would really traffic with them. But I knew better.” His voice dropped, so that Clary wondered if those in the back of the Hall could even hear him. He seemed to be speaking purely to Valentine. “You see, I know you, Valentine. I knew your dreams and fears once. Demons were never your worst nightmare, were they? In fact, you’re grateful for their existence because they give Nephilim a reason to be. Without them, we’d be ordinary. Mundanes. And it was always so important to you that we be special. Chosen. Driven by a higher purpose. To ally ourselves” he caught himself, smiled wryly, and went on—“to ally yourselves with those you consider of a lower order dilutes your uniqueness. What are you then? How are you like gods if those you consider below yourselves share your power and prestige?”

“But you can never share our power,” Valentine said. “You are not like us, werewolf. Nephilim protect this world, but the things of this world reject your kind. There is a reason clean silver burns you, and daylight scorches the Night’s Children.”

“It doesn’t scorche me,” Simon said in a sharp, clear voice, despite the grip of Clary’s hand on his wrist. “Here I am standing in sunlight—”

But Valentine just laughed. “I’ve seen you choke on the name of God, vampire,” he said. “As for why you can stand in the sunlight—” He broke off then and grinned. “You’re an anomaly, perhaps. A freak. But still a monster.”

A monster. Clary thought suddenly of Valentine on the ship, what he had said there: Your mother told me that I had turned her first child into a monster. She left me before I could have the chance to do the same to her second.

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Jace. The thought of his name was a sharp pain in her chest, so sharp it nearly made her gasp. After what he did, he stands here talking about monsters—

“The only monster here,” she said, despite herself and despite her resolution to keep silent, “is you. I saw Alathiel,” she said, when he turned to look at her in surprise. “I know everything—”

“I doubt that,” Valentine said. “If you did, you’d keep your mouth shut. For your brother’s sake, if not your own.”

“Enough,” said Luke. Clary saw the sudden flash of concern in his eyes and knew he was cutting her off before she said something she’d regret. “Whether Simon is an anomaly or not, the fact that he can walk in the daylight means there’s more to Downworlders than you know, Valentine. You think you know where every piece fits in the hierarchy. What was it you always used to say? Deus volit? ‘Because God wills it?’ Who are you to think you know the will of God?”

“I am a Shadowhunter,” said Valentine. “I have spoken with angels. The blood of angels runs in all our veins. You say I think I’m tantamount to a god; I know that I’m not—”

“No,” said Luke. “You’re not. You’re just a selfish child who doesn’t want to share his toys.”

“Not with animals,” said Valentine. “You accuse me of thinking I’m better than you, that we are better than your kind.” He accompanied the word “we” with a sweeping gesture that included all the Shadowhunters in the Hall. “I do. We are. We are not gods, but we are their chosen warriors. You don’t want to hear it. You never would believe it. But it is true, all the same.” He turned to address the silent, staring crowd.

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