

"Magnus's Vow"

A City of Bones Extra

The heap of objects inside the trunk looked like the hoard of an unfastidious dragon. Some objects gleamed with metal and gems — Magnus drew out an old snuffbox with the initials WS picked out across the top in winking rubies, and grinned at the bad taste of the thing, and also at the memories it evoked. Others seemed unremarkable: a faded, cream-colored silk ribbon that had been Camille's, a matchbook from the Cloud Club with the words I know what you are written on the inside cover in a lady's hand, a limerick signed OFOWW, a half-burned piece of stationary from the Hong Kong Club — a place he had been barred from not for being a warlock, but for not being white. He touched a piece of twisted rope nearly at the bottom of the pile, and thought of his mother, herself the daughter of a Dutch father and an Indonesian woman who had died in childbirth and whose name Magnus had never known.

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It had been so long since Magnus had looked at the photograph that the resemblance between Will and Jace struck him suddenly. Though it was Alec who had the black hair and those eyes—that very startling dark blue— it was Jace who had more of Will's personality, at least on the surface. The same sharp arrogance hiding something breakable underneath, the same pointed wit...

He traced the halo of light around Will with a finger and smiled. Will had been no angel, though neither had he been as flawed as some might have thought him. When Magnus thought of Will, even now, he thought of him dripping rainwater on Camille's rug, begging Magnus for help no one else could give him. It was Will who had introduced him to the idea that Shadowhunters and Downworlders might be friends.

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Tessa, who like him, had loved a mortal, someone who was destined to die as she was not. Magnus replaced the photograph in the trunk. He shook his head, as if he could clear it from memories. There was a reason he rarely opened the trunk. Memories weighed him down, reminded him of what he had once had but no longer did no longer, Jem, Will, Jessamine, Henry, Charlotte — in a way it was amazing that he still remembered their names. But then, knowing them had changed his life.

Knowing Will and his friends had made Magnus swear to himself never that he would never again get involved in Shadowhunters' personal business. Because when you got to know them, you go to care about them. And when you got to care about mortals, they broke your heart. "And I won't," he said to Chairman Meow solemnly, perhaps a little drunkenly. "I don't care how charming they are or how brave or even how helpless they seem. I will never ever ever—" Downstairs, the doorbell buzzed, and Magnus got up to answer it.