

# Tales from the Shadowhunter Academy

CASSANDRA CLARE

---

SARAH REES BRENNAN

---

MAUREEN JOHNSON

---

ROBIN WASSERMAN



*Simon looked at her for a long moment.  
She was so overwhelmingly beautiful and impressive,  
he found it too much to handle.*

—Welcome to Shadowhunter Academy





*Simon was about to argue, again, when a shining whip lashed out of the shadows and wrapped around the girl's neck. It yanked her off her feet and she landed hard, head cracking against the cement floor.*

—The Lost Herondale





*She lunged for the fire; Will caught her and hauled her back.  
Everything seemed to have gone dark and silent in Tessa's ears. All  
she could think about was her baby. His soft laugh, his storm-black  
hair like his father's, his sweet disposition, the way he put his arms  
around her neck, his lashes against his cheeks.*

*Somehow, she had fallen to the floor. It was hard against her knees.  
James, she thought desperately.*

—The Whitechapel Fiend







*The world transformed into sliding grayness, everything still moving slower than James was. Everything was sliding and insubstantial: The battering ram came at him and through him, unable to hurt him; it was like being splashed with water. James lifted a hand and saw the gray air full of stars.*

—Nothing but Shadows





*It seemed suddenly very important to have space between him and Michael. As much space as possible.*

*“You’re what?”*

*He hadn’t meant to shout.*

*—The Evil We Love*





*This morning Mayhew ceded the classroom to a girl a few years older than Simon. Her white-blond hair fell in ringlets around her shoulders, her blue-green eyes sparkled, and her mouth was set in a grim line that suggested she'd rather be anywhere else. Professor Mayhew stood beside her, but Simon noticed the way he kept his distance and was careful not to turn his back on her. Mayhew was afraid.*

*—Pale Kings and Princes*







*There were more horses joining the roan, more and more of the Wild Hunt. Simon saw Kieran, a white silent presence. The faerie on the roan turned his horse toward the place where Simon and Isabelle stood, and Simon saw the roan sniff the air like a dog.*

—Bitter of Tongue







*He turned his head back down to tell Clary to look at the statue,  
but Clary was gone. He spun around, a full rotation.  
She was nowhere in sight.*

—The Fiery Trial





*Magnus had left behind a sleeping child and his worn-out love, and he opened the door on a scene of absolute chaos. For a moment it seemed as if there were a thousand people in his rooms, and then Magnus realized the real situation was far worse.*

—Born to Endless Night





*Simon knew if he looked up he could meet Isabelle's eyes, or Clary's, and draw strength from them. He could silently ask them if this was the right path, and they would reassure him.*

*But this choice couldn't belong to them.  
It had to be his, and his alone.*

—Angels Twice Descending

