

"Nate, wake up! You're going to be late for school!" his mom yelled from down the hall. Nate shot out of bed.

"I overslept? No, not again!" He rushed to his closet and grabbed a pair of shorts and a shirt, quickly pulling it over his head, and pulling his pants on. "Coming!" he yelled, grabbing a pair of socks on the way? He rushed down the hall, put his socks on and his shoes, and grabbed his backpack, running out the door and hopping onto the bus. He waved at his mom as the doors closed behind him.

Nate walked down the aisle, sitting down next to his best friend, Sam, and they talked all the way to school.

When they arrived, Nate and Sam got off the bus and walked towards the schoolyard gates. They entered the building. Then, everybody started to hurry to class, even Sam. Nate checked his watch, and it read 7:45 A.M. "Weird. It's not even time for classes to start." But then, he felt hot breath on his neck. He wheeled, and it was the school bully, Francis, and his goons. "Well, well, well, what do we have here?"

Nate retorted, "Shove it, Francis. Go beat up someone else." He took both his hands and pinned Nate to the row of lockers.

Francis growled, "What did you just tell me? Shove it? Nobody tells me to shove it!" Francis reeled back his fist, and punched him in the jaw. Pain shot through Nate's jaw, and he yelled in agony. Nate received another blow, but to the nose. It bled, and the pain was excruciating. He screamed again and tried to wriggle free, but to no avail, because his arms and legs were pinned to the lockers. He received another blow to the eye, shattering his glasses' left lens and giving him a black eye. In his mind, he was begging him to stop. He finally stopped, dragged him to a locker, and stuffed him in. He shut the door. Francis and his goons left him helpless.

It was 8:00, and Nate was furiously pounding on the door, screaming for help. The blood on his nose had formed a pool on the locker floor, and clotted. Luckily, a girl from down the hall heard his pleading, and unlocked the combination lock. She helped Nate out, and instantly, his legs felt like jelly and collapsed. She helped him up, and asked him, "That was my locker. How'd you get in there?"

He replied, "First thing, I need to get to the nurse."

The girl replied, "Here, I'll help you."

"Thanks.", Nate replied.

Later, Nate was riding on the bus home, and he was thinking. "I got beat up today. Girls don't. It's just not fair. Why are boys more beat up than girls? Man, I sure wish that I knew why girls are so special?" After he had thought of it, something caught his eye. He looked out the window, he saw a mirror that looked so him, at an old man's yard sale. He decided to walk to it, since it was close to his house.

The bus dropped him off at his house, and he rushed in and grabbed his wallet out of his room. He left a note on the kitchen table saying, "Be back soon. Gone to yard sale." He walked to the sale with a rope and a movers' dolly in tow on his bike. He arrived, then shook the old man's hand. He asked, "How much for the mirror?"

He man replied, "Ah, the mirror. Back when I was a kid, I had some good times with it. Hey, you wanna know the secret?"

He eagerly replied, "Yes, I'm curious."
The man replied, "No, kid. I was just kidding. You'll find out."
Nate shrugged and asked, "So how much is it?"
The man replied, "OK kid, I'll give it to you for free."
Nate put his wallet back in his pocket and picked up the mirror.
He pulled the mirror onto the movers' dolly.

When he was home, he took some nails and hauled the mirror upstairs to his bedroom. He hammered nails into his wall and hung the mirror on the wall. Then, a small, tattered piece of paper fluttered down to the ground. Nate bent down to the ground to pick it up. "What's this?" he thought. He read it, and it read, "Place your hand on the mirror, and chant this phrase to activate the portal." He placed his hand on the mirror, and chanted it. He whispered, "Watashi ni shinpi-tekina jigen o oshietekudasai." Then, something strange happened to his reflection. It shimmered, then changed form, into a girl with blue hair, a kimono, and a fox ears headband. He waved. She waved back. He blinked. She followed suit. He looked down to the paper again, and it said something different. He touched the mirror again and yelled, Watashi wa kitsune no chikara o shōkan suru!

There was a flash of light, and Nate was gone.

Continued in Pilot: Part 2