“Excited?”

 I playfully smirked at Gunadi from across the hallway. “Of course, I’m super excited,” I said, placing my coat on. “I’m only worried about the kids, and if I can handle them.”

 “You’ve always worried too much,” he cooed, then kissed my furry cheek. “You will be a fantastic teacher. I know you will, Adde. You never faltered on your studies after all.”

 Like our first date as undergraduates in Sydney, I fell in love with the man all over again. Placing my paw on his smooth, dark-skinned cheek, Gunadi still looked like the handsome classmate I fell in love with ages ago. It was hard to believe time passed so quickly.

 “Mmm, I love you,” we kissed for several sweet seconds, “so, so much.”

 He chuckled. “I love you too, *Shuǐ Tǎ*. Go before they laugh at your tardy arrival.”

 The humid air clung to my fur like a wet rag. Stepping into the air-conditioned monorail gave me a sense of relief, since nobody wanted to arrive to work with sweat stains. Even so, the crowded railcar required me to stand up among the packing mass of humans coming and going at different stops. Some chatted loudly while others stared blindly into their tablets. I didn’t mind, however, and decided to stare out the window, hoping the views would distract me momentarily.

 Singapore’s upper tier was already awake, while sunlight had already begun blanketing Lower Singapore. Light reflected off the domed farms and high-rises scattering what used to be a strait. Thousands of years ago, Lower Singapore used to be filled to the brim of seawater, not a densely populated neighborhood of poorer residents. And thousands of years ago, Singapore was once separate from Indonesia, but it changed when the glaciers in North America and Europe began to form. As a junior high school student, I remembered being shocked by this revelation, much like the time I learned the North once housed a habitable superpower.

 *Great*, I realized with a sigh. *So much for a distraction.*

 As a historian and part-time geologist, I couldn’t ignore tidbits such as that. No matter how I tried though, it still dumbfounded many how the ridgeline of Upper Singapore’s plateau once existed as an island, and how boats used to sail across the world. At our wedding reception years ago, Gunadi’s mother, told everyone about the time when he was a lad, her son couldn’t believe there was once water that separated the two Singapores. He tried building a raft, thinking the sea miraculously turned invisible.

 *Yep,* I laughed softly. *I am definitely going to enjoy my new job.*

 Sitting at my desk, I glanced between my holo-screen and the young students trickling into the vast lecture hall. Many of them ranged between racial backgrounds, confidence and their choices in clothing, but the common defining factor revolved around their reactions to my appearance. I couldn’t blame them, however. This was my first class at the International University of Singapore, and their first anthroid lecturer, after all. Either which way, it didn’t hinder the smile on my muzzle.

 At last, 10:00 am finally rolled in.

 “Good morning, students,” I spoke in English, aware my words were being translated on the desktop screens into Indonesian, Mandarin, and Hindustani. “I’m Professor Adde Halverson, and welcome to History 345: The Holocene Epoch. Specifically, we will be discussing pre-glacial human civilization and how they were affected by the current climate. If you’re looking for History 354: Postglacial Colonialism, it is in Room 690.”

 A few students scrambled out of their desks with touchpads and bags in hand, causing those remaining to whisper. Some snickered aloud.

 “Alright then, settle down!” I barked up, then relaxed while my rudder tail swished against the wooden floor. “I assume everyone has read the syllabus last night, because I will not answer any questions everyone should already know. However, I am open to some questions.” Several hands immediately rose up into the air. “Yes, you, the one in the red shirt.”

 Behind the students hung a rectangular screen stretching across the back of the lecture hall. As the student spoke, his words were translated into English, since my Mandarin was rusty.

 “Professor Halverson, when is our first exam this semester?”

 “On the syllabus.” I turned to another student. “You there, in the third row.”

 “Pardon me, Professor,” she replied into her mic, “but you are an anthroid.”

 The lecture hall became awkwardly silent, but I didn’t relent.

 “Perfect observation, Miss Zhang-Liu. Yes, I’m an anthroid, though I’m more surprised nobody noted my Australian accent first.” Cue the classroom laughing alongside me. “More specifically, I was genetically engineered into a River Otter Class. I retired four years ago, however.” I pointed to another hand.

 “Have you been to Northern Asia? My ancestors are from the Japanese Peninsula.”

 “Sadly no. My expeditions mainly consisted of Europe and North America, including parts of Neo-Antarctica. I came to Oceania to live with my husband’s family. Next question.”

 “Did you hear on the news vids about Lucas Mendoza’s expedition into Chicago?”

 “Yes, I did. In fact, he is a colleague of mine,” saying that got half the lecture hall in a frenzy. “Quiet down, class. Before we discuss to much of my personal life, let’s begin on Chapter 1: Post-Modern Nationalism.” A few attendees groaned, yet still uploaded their chapters onscreen. “Although difficult to believe, the Republic of Singapore once existed as a coastal city, and separated from Malaysia in the year 1965 AD. One-hundred and thirty-two years later…”

 One hour and forty minutes later, the students hurriedly shuffled to their next class. The massive lecture hall lay empty and quiet, save for shuffling echoes from the hallway. I sighed and started cleaning up the board. Finishing up and leaving the closed lecture hall, I received a PM from Gunadi.

 **How is your day so far, Shuǐ Tǎ?**

I beamed. **Wonderful! Simply wonderful! <3 See you later tonight!**

Putting my phone away, the next class soon arrived.