



CORRIENTES



PUBLISHING

**PARKER GRIFFON**

*Swimming in Air*



# SWIMMING IN AIR

Parker Griffon

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The events in this book happened. To protect their privacy, nearly everyone’s name and associated details have been changed. The narrative is as accurate as memory allows. I am confident that if this story were told by someone who was there at the time, it might differ in detail, but not in substance.

ISBN: 979-8-9998392-0-6

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One day, two young fish are swimming along when they meet an older fish going the other way. “Morning, boys,” he says. “How’s the water?” The two young fish swim on for a while when one turns to the other and asks, “What’s water?”

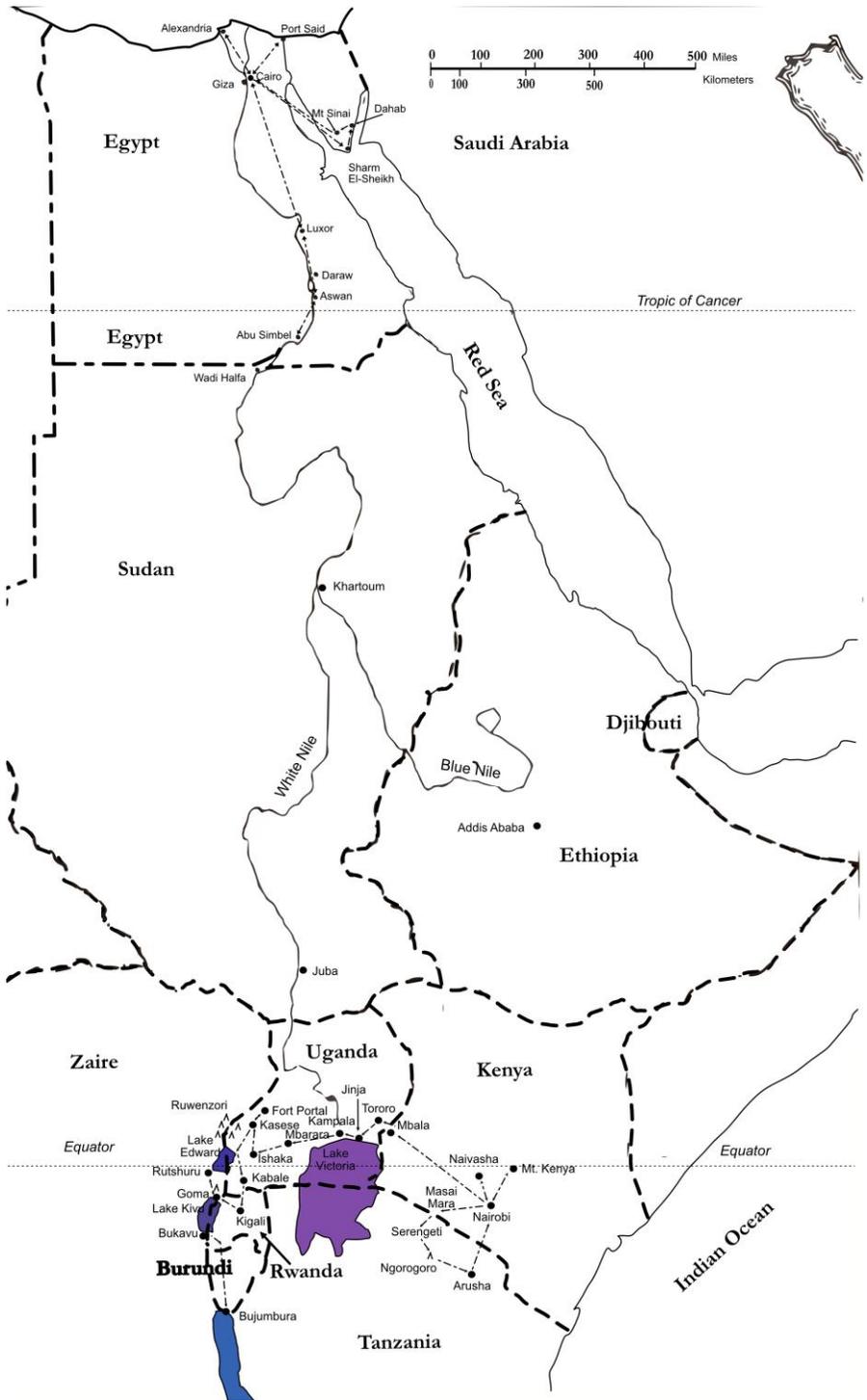
— David Foster Wallace

“Here is the world. Beautiful and terrible things will happen. Don’t be afraid.”

— Frederick Buechner

# AFRICA 1988







## PROLOGUE

**M**arch, 1988. I reached to the other side of the bed for Vivian, but felt only cold, empty sheets. Of course, she wasn't there. Still groggy after the eleven-hour flight from Johannesburg to London, I settled back, stared at the ornate ceiling of my aging Edwardian-era hotel room, and thought about how we live each day as a slight variation of the last, until it isn't.

Three weeks earlier, Vivian and I were in French-speaking Zaire, sitting outside our tent, eating dinner, and swatting mosquitoes. Partway through yet another meal of bland rice and unknown meat, she set down her plate.

In a voice so quiet it made me pay attention, she said, "I'm tired of nothing working. I'm tired of hand-washing my clothes every day. Of looking like a rag lady and constantly translating for you."

At first, I wondered: why now? We had been living out of backpacks for six months, and that day was no different from the others. But then I thought about what the last few weeks since we left English-speaking East Africa had cost her. Every small task fell to her because, as she told me in frustration at one point, I couldn't even order escargot in French.

She was right. I had no defense, so I said nothing, hoping she was done. She wasn't.

She looked up at me with her piercing, now-sad blue eyes and said, "And I'm tired of you."

I let her words hang in the air, willing them to evaporate into the evening sky. But they didn't.

The alarm clock went off, and I reluctantly began my reentry into the corporate world. A glance out the window showed it was a typical gray late-March day, matching my mood. After showering and getting reacquainted with a razor, I looked like any other office worker, except for the red, irritated skin where a beard had been just moments before.

Running late, I hurried onto the busy Kensington High Street. The tie I'd struggled to remember how to knot that morning began chafing my neck. Shiny wingtips that hadn't seen the light of day before rubbed a blister on my heel. Having forgotten to buy an umbrella, my conservative new wool business suit soon grew itchy and damp.

Right on time, I arrived at the offices of Lumix Labs, a British tech startup, and told the receptionist I was there to meet with Allan. She stared at me, seemingly puzzled. I wondered whether it was my two-toned face or my American accent. Then I remembered the no-first-names rule of British

business. “Parker Griffon to meet with Allan Bailey.” That seemed to do it. She motioned me toward a row of chairs.

I had barely sat down when a middle-aged woman, conservatively dressed in a tailored blazer and matching skirt, appeared before me.

“Good morning, Mr. Griffon.” She extended her hand. “Evelyn Lawrence, Mr. Bailey’s secretary.”

She led me to a conference room and gestured toward a seat. Turning to the beverage station on a credenza, she asked, “Coffee or tea?”

“Coffee, thank you.”

She studied me with polite curiosity. “Mr. Bailey says you’ve been traveling rough through Africa for some months with your ... uh.”

“My fiancé,” I lied. Ms. Lawrence’s expression hinted at wanting more, so I pulled a picture from my wallet and traded it for the coffee.

“Well. She’s quite beautiful. And that hair. Is she Scots?”

“No, she’s Argentine.”

Seemingly unable to place a strawberry blonde in South America, she handed the photo back and changed the subject. “I hope there were no problems with the flights we arranged.” She waited for my nod. “And is the hotel comfortable?”

“Yes, thank you. Hot water and a soft bed. I was in heaven.”

“Is your fiancé here with you?”

I couldn’t think of a way to avoid the question. “No, she’s still in Africa.”

“In Johannesburg, seeing the sights?”

“She’s in Malawi,” I replied. “When I last saw her, she was heading into the bush. I suppose she’s somewhere around Monkey Bay by now.”

Her eyebrows lifted, just slightly. “Alone?”

“Well, yes.”

Even the proper Ms. Lawrence couldn’t conceal her disapproval. Fortunately, the thought of my beautiful fiancé hacking her way through the jungle with a machete, watched by curious chimps squatting unseen in the canopy above, stumped her long enough for Mr. Bailey to arrive.

“Thank you, Evelyn,” he said, a polite way of dismissing her.

The last time I saw Allan Bailey, my small software operation in Munich was being dismantled by a British private equity firm. Since my German residence permit disappeared with the company, I was packing the last of my belongings when Allan unexpectedly called. He said he didn’t have a presence outside the UK and asked if I’d be interested in setting up Lurnix’s US operations. It was a great opportunity, but I thanked him and said I wasn’t interested. I was burned out from too much time on the tech hamster wheel and needed space to think. Then there was Vivian, who had no interest in moving to the US.

Allan persisted, showing remarkable flexibility. Do what you have to do for six months, he said, then come back. Believing I would have everything figured out by then, I agreed. I was wrong.

As Ms. Lawrence closed the door behind her, Allan and I shook hands and switched to first names, a mid-Atlantic nod to my unfortunate Americanness. "Good to see you, Parker," he said. "It looks like the stop in Johannesburg gave you enough time to buy a suit."

I nodded. The clothes had also cost more than two months of backpacking. "That telex you sent surprised me."

Telexes were mechanical typewriters that could spit out only 66 characters per second. Still, they were the least expensive and sometimes the only way to send a long-distance message quickly from sub-Saharan Africa.

"It's been, what, seven months? How did you end up staying in Africa? Weren't you two going around the world?"

"Things change. You meet someone who tells you about a place just over the hill, so you flag down a truck and go there. Then there's another person, another hill, and another truck. Before you know it, you're a couple of thousand miles down the road and time's gone by."

"No matter. It's great to see you. How are things with your girlfriend? Will she be moving to the States with you?"

"Absolutely." Another fib.

Allan fell silent, waiting for more, but I focused on stirring my coffee. After an awkward pause, he said, "Well, why don't we get started?"

Throughout the morning, we made good progress on revenue forecasts, headcount, and total investment. As we finished our working lunch, Ms. Lawrence softly knocked on the conference room door. "Pardon me for the interruption," she said, handing me a telex. "This just arrived, Mr. Griffon. It's from your fiancé and appears to be urgent."

"Fiancé!" Allan exclaimed, smiling. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Sorry, it slipped my mind," I replied, surprised at how quickly a lie grows legs. I took the telex and scanned it.

FM: VIVIAN, MAIN POST OFFICE, LILONGWE, MALAWI  
TO: PARKER GRIFFON C/O ALLAN BAILEY, LURNIX LABS  
HAVE MALARIA. 60USD LEFT. TRANSFER DIDN'T ARRIVE.  
MAY NEED YOUR HELP. WILL TELEX NUMBER FOR CALL  
TOMORROW.  
V

I sat perfectly still.

We knew malaria. At best, it meant days of debilitating chills, fevers, and vomiting. At worst, you came home in a box. That she made it to the main post office gave me hope, unless, of course, someone had sent the telex for her.

I took a deep breath and carefully parsed the note. The telex was intentionally brief, probably to save money. After a quick mental calculation, I decided that \$60 would last three days if she were at a hostel or a week if she were in the tent. But could she be tenting alone with malaria? Then I thought about healthcare costs in Malawi and decided she probably didn't have even three days.

I had barely convinced her to write Lurnix's telex number in her little notebook. She wanted time alone, she said, and that didn't involve sending me expensive notes. Given how much pride she had to swallow to send that telex, if she wrote that she might need help, she almost certainly did.

Now the thin scrap of paper I held was the only slender thread connecting us. Phones capable of international calls were scarce in that part of the world. Until she found one and sent the number with a time to call, all I could do was wait.