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COVER A
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Time & Vine
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Time & Vine

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Last issue, Megan was introduced to Jack and the secret of his winery: When you drink the right bottle in the right room, you'll travel back to the year that bottle was made. Megan and Jack have gone to the turn of the century and watched the moon landing. Now she's working at the winery for the summer while he teaches her about time travel. And wine.

COVER B
art by Thom Zahler

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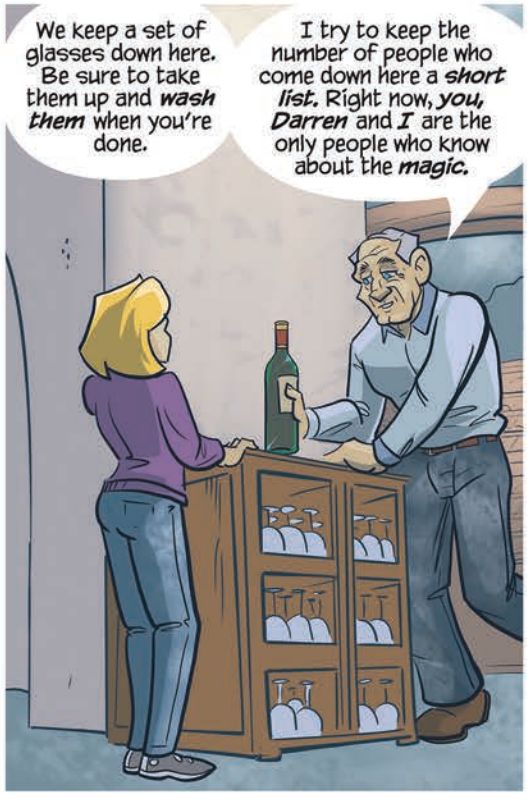
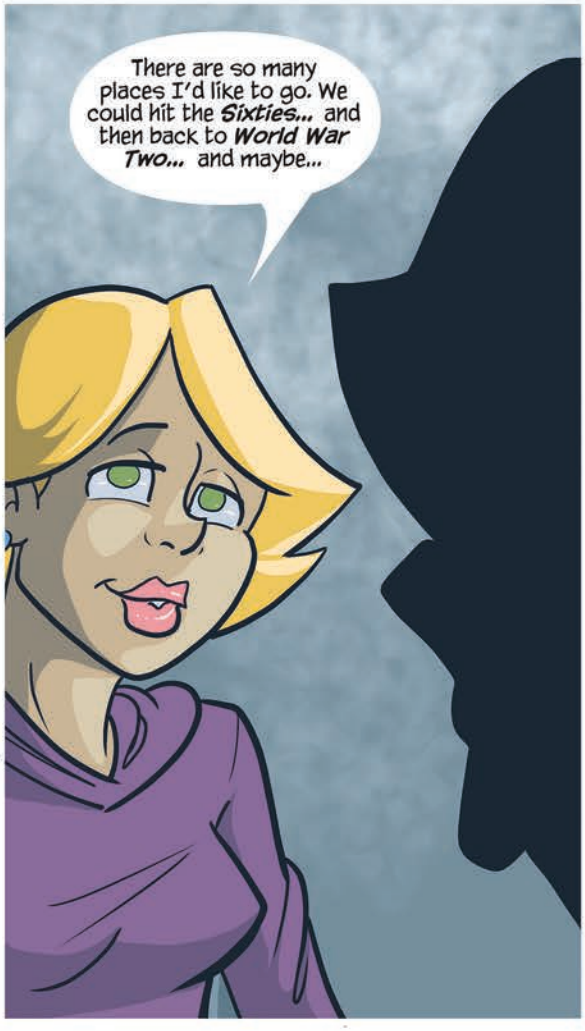
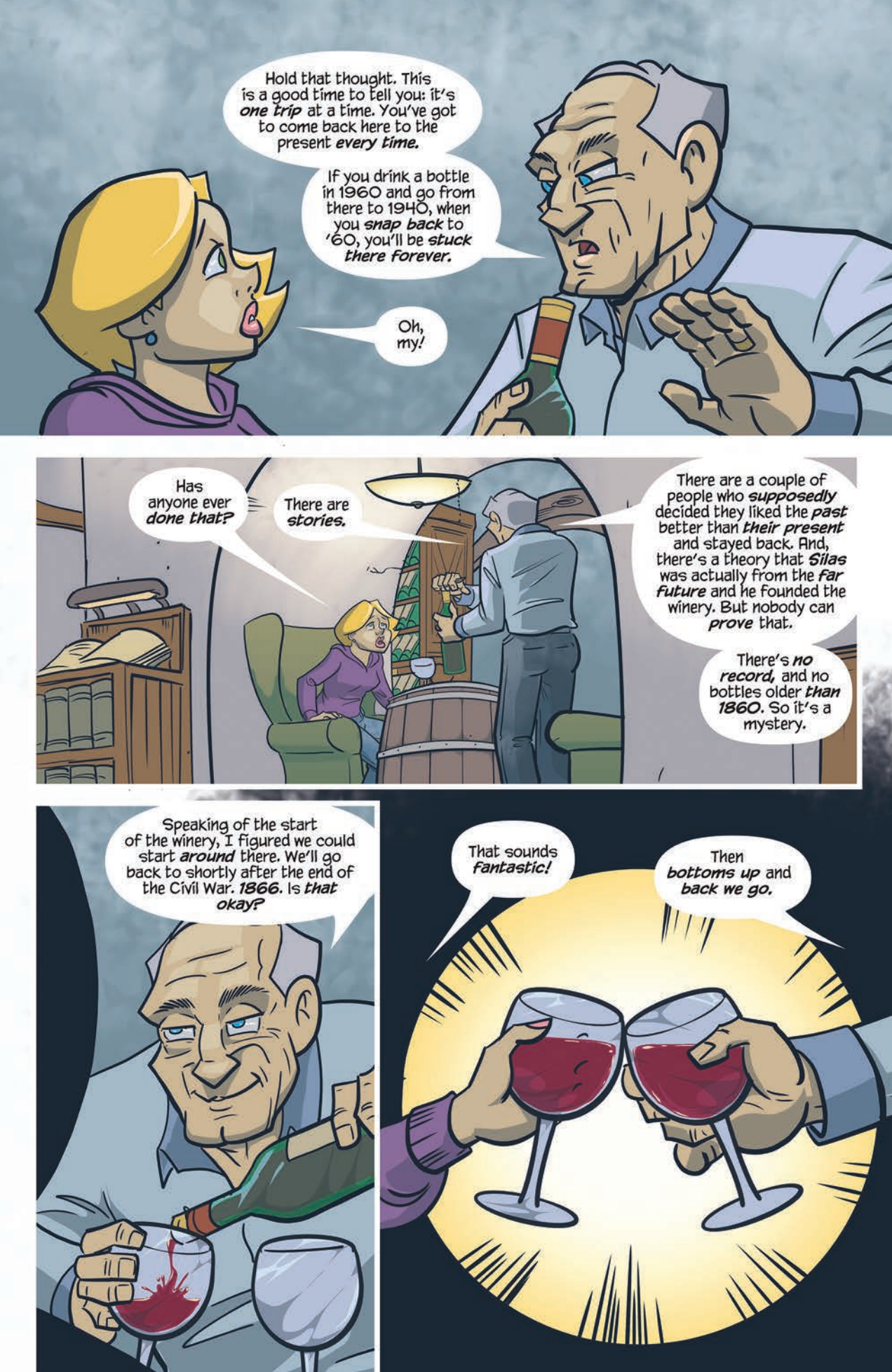
All right, are you ready for *Time Travel 101?*
Fair enough.
I generally try to *avoid* summer school, but in your case I'll make an *exception.*
According to *town records* and our own *passed-down history,* the Aeternum Winery has been around since *1858,* founded by Silas Manchester.
There's *not much* about him, and by 1860 the winery was owned by *James Curran.* He's the *first* recorded case of *wine-based time travel.*
Time & Vine
by Thomas F. Zahler
colors by Luigi Anderson
vintage 2017

The rules seemed to have been in place since then. No one's sure if they were given or discovered, but they're the rules.
ETERNUM WINERY
1866
NOIR
First one is that any varietal will work, but it has to be a bottle from this winery. And it has to be consumed here in the cellar. Nowhere else.
You can go back to any day in the year the wine was bottled, but only once to each day per person.


We keep a set of glasses down here. Be sure to take them up and wash them when you're done.
I try to keep the number of people who come down here a short list. Right now, you, Darren and I are the only people who know about the magic.

When you get back from a trip, you write down your adventures here. No exceptions.
These journals are really worth reading. Good stories and good history.
Nice!


There are so many places I'd like to go. We could hit the Sixties... and then back to World War Two... and maybe...


Hold that thought. This is a good time to tell you: it's *one trip* at a time. You've got to come back here to the present *every time.*
If you drink a bottle in 1960 and go from there to 1940, when you *snap back* to '60, you'll be *stuck there forever.*
Oh, my!
Has anyone ever *done that?*
There are *stories.*
There are a couple of people who *supposedly* decided they liked the *past* better than *their present* and stayed back. And, there's a theory that *Silas* was actually from the *far future* and he founded the winery. But nobody can *prove* that.
There's *no record,* and no bottles older *than 1860.* So it's a mystery.
Speaking of the start of the winery, I figured we could start *around* there. We'll go back to shortly after the end of the Civil War. *1866.* Is *that okay?*
That sounds *fantastic!*
Then *bottoms up* and *back we go.*

The winery has mostly been owned by three families. The first were the Currans, who ran it after Silas founded it. They sold it to the Shambergs, who shepherded it through Prohibition.
How did the winery make it through?
Even during that, you could still make church wine, which they did. You never saw so many ordained people. And champagne was considered medicinal back then, too.
Plus, while you can't change history, there is a trick we sometimes do with investing. I'll explain that later.
Then the winery was sold to the Fannuccis, my wife's family. And now it's mine.
Over that century and a half, the winery has been a focal point for a lot of history.
Tesla used to stop here on his way to Niagara Falls when they were working on the electrification project. Both Presidents Roosevelt came here before they were elected. And a lot more, too.
vintage 1866

Everyone travels for their own reasons. To see history. To have adventures. To meet family.
The place has weathered a lot. Good crop yields and bad, wars and strife, lives and deaths. There's a lot to see.
You really love this place, don't you?

All the best parts of my life came from here.
These are almost ready. Another couple of weeks and they'll start picking them.

These grounds are amazing. And you just hang around here and wait for history to come to you?

Well, not exactly. Let me show you something.

Jack, I'm not really dressed for *off-roading* in this.
It looks *worse* than it is.
There's a path here that leads from the vineyard *into town.* We keep it covered, but it's a *shortcut* and saves you from having to grab a *ride.*
And if we don't *make it back* before the wine wears off?
Then you'll fade away there and wind up in the *cellar.* It's not dramatic, but do try to do it *out of sight* from anyone, just to be safe. We don't want too many questions.
My wife disappeared in front of some kids on *Halloween 1902.* She wound up starting the legend of the *Disappearing Daphne.*
Oh, my God! We used to tell that story during *Girl Scout camping trips!* That was *your wife?*
It's so *quiet.* No *music,* no *cars.*
It was. So, when you feel the time coming, you can *fight it* just a little. Long enough not to start your *own legend.* You'll get the hang of it.
The town is about *forty years old* at this point. It looks fresher, but it's dirtier, too. *Street sweepers* and *power washers* do make a difference.
And here we are, *Jeffersonville, 1866.*
FFERSONVILLE HARDWARE
BRYSON'S
DRY GOODS