A Telling
I’ll tell you a tale, a tale of the sea
Once this tale has been told, then you’ll agree
That what lies beneath, is treasure they say
Not gold nor silver, but core made of clay
This tale needs telling, for that which they seek
The elusive Eemian, in the sea of Bal-tic

The Greatship Manisha, our vessel so true
With good Captain Nikhil, and the rest of his crew
Our Drill Team assembled, from near and afar
Among them are Pygs, Moose, and YaYa
As to the ESO, stout fellows through and through
Anglo-German in body, and French thrown in too

One team was missing, a guiding hand so to say
Their knowledge and wisdom, should point the way
The cry rang out, some scientists to find
Far round the globe, so prim and refined
They answered the call, adventure you say
And off they sailed, in search of varved clay.

60 days they drilled, and they cored
Morning and night, even the drillers were bored
Sea-rations of Lobster, and of steak too
No harshness of sea-life for this motley crew
Alas it was over, and back where it began
Still to unlock the secrets, of that damn Eemian