

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