



Woe is the world without hope to abide,  
The pain and the misery Zeus did provide.  
Though coupled and balanced together to start  
Despair the remainder with Hope pulled apart.



Algea are those who thrive on the pain  
Of mortals in numbers too many to name  
As bringers of grief, sorrow, distress,  
They sequestered the jar at Zeus's behest.



A mortal being, both clever and strong,  
Need ferry the jar to where it belongs.  
From where it is hidden, just out of sight,  
To the world of mankind, and into the light.



The muses are they who will aid in this quest  
With gifts for the mortals whose journey they blessed.  
The helm of darkness, the eternal twine,  
The stones of quest, knowledge and time.