In the beginning when all things took their shape, Trowenna, the heart-shaped island, was just a very small sandbank in the southern seas. We now call it Tasmania. Throughout countless ages, when the ice came and went, through darkness and light, so Trowenna remained.

As the sea rose, Punywin (Pun-e-win), the sun, flashed fire as he moved across the sky. At night, his wife Venna, the moon, would cast a silvery glow over the world as she moved across the sky.