



Name: Roslyn Hart. Rosie, Rose, Ros.

Nationality: Irish American, third generation (grandparents immigrated), does not have an accent

Age: 24

Height: 5'2"

Weight: 125

Likes: Dogs, Gardening, Baking, Long drives/walks, Quiet moments, Bad movies to poke fun at

Dislikes: Authority figures, Liars, Spicy/Sour foods, Hot weather, Big crowds

Appearance: Her colors are the perfect representation of what one would think an Irish person would be, which makes her pure blood undeniable. Her eyes are a striking green and her hair is a vibrant ginger (and I mean actual orange/ginger, not red.) that frames her heart shaped face. She has straight, full bangs across her forehead. It goes down to her chest and is usually braided over her right shoulder. The braid rests mid-chest, the tail of it resting over her bust and is thick, but not curly. When it is down, her longest strands reach slightly below the middle of her back.

Her skin is fair and has a few freckles here and there, mostly her arms, shoulders, a light amount on her face, and one at the top of her right breast. She is busty and her build is athletic from years of taking dance and the physical aspect of her career, but she still has enjoyable curves in natural places. She often wears red lipstick and a subtle pink or gold eyeshadow depending on her outfit. Her nails are well manicured and kept at a medium length and a curved shape for the tips. Unless specified otherwise, she keeps her nails polished red to match.

Personality: She is mature and calm, though she isn't against being around others that are not. Despite the fact that she isn't hyper, she still enjoys having a bit of fun every now and again, although a small streak of anxiety puts a cap on the frequency of her outings. Although at times preferring to be in the background she doesn't tolerate a lot of shit, so it won't take long for her to step in and put a stop to something that she doesn't like. Being born and raised into a working class family meant that she was taught to have a good work ethic, be level-headed and have a sharp eye. Though her temper is slow to build, there are still a few things that can set her off quickly, and she is a force to be reckoned with when she hits her limit.

Roslyn feels with her whole heart which is both a blessing and a curse. The attention that Chaz had given her as the first person to do so leaves her blinded to his flaws and uncertain about what life would be like without him.

Background: From the day that Roslyn was born she began to learn the value behind a hard day's work. Her parents weren't well off in the world, both working full time jobs in order to support their family. The youngest of three siblings and the only girl, at times she faded into the background and matured early to cope with the lack of stimulation to the imagination only a child could have. It wasn't until she met her best friend Jillian in the fourth grade that she learned how to loosen up a bit and have fun, the two bonding over a silly argument about whether pancakes or waffles were better. An Italian girl with black, curly hair that contrasted to Roslyn's fiery strands, she became the yin to her yang, open minded and carefree. If one joined a club, the other would be soon to follow

Having moved from a small town in Ohio to New Mexico after graduating with Jillian to pursue the education to open up a bakery together, the new setting provided a breath of fresh air yet also added a sour note to her relationship not even a year in. When in the first year at his own college of choice on a sports related scholarship her highschool sweetheart Chaz dropped out due to no longer being able to breeze through his classes and moved in with the girls without putting a second thought to getting a job for the remainder of the year.

In the morning the girls had classes for their degrees in business followed by working at a local cafe which doubled as both a source for financial stability and the years of experience they would need for their own goals. Finally at night time was culinary school, ensuring that free time was never in abundance save for the weekends. When it was finally time to graduate the girls jumped right into the job they so laboriously earned, every cent they saved up over the years going into opening a bakery of their own humorously named "Bake My Day".

Now in the present a single year later the growing pains of a business are finally starting to fade away, both a blessing and a curse as the lack of a distraction begins to bring Chaz's flaws kicking and screaming into the light of day and putting her heart into a state of conflict. The cherry on top? He's sleeping with not just one of her "friends", but two, and she has no idea! Little does she know another man is about to sweep her off of her feet.