**“Would you believe it was an accident?”**

**1499 words**

Carlos walked down the street, following a Kingsman. He approached quickly, tapping the man on the shoulder.

“Excuse me sir, I need to report a thief” He stated. The Kingsman nodded, pulling out a notepad.

“Of course sir, any particular thief?”

“I know the identity of Robin hood.”

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“So my suspicions were true, You’re Robin hood!” Carlos yelled, exasperated after chasing Robert to his bedchambers. Letting out an annoyed sigh, Robert cracked his wrist as he opened his bedside drawer, pulling out a roll of bandages while removing his suit coat.

“Yeah, I am, any questions?” He stated with a sarcastic tone, wrapping his palms passive aggressively. Carlos laughed out of disbelief, grabbing his hair.

“Yes, just one, WHY?! You’re the richest man in the city!”

“Would you believe me if I said it was an accident?”

“How do you accidentally steal from the rich and give to the poor!?” He yelled, looking at the bedchamber doors, hoping no one from the party heard him. Robert rolled his eyes, removing his shirt as he searched his wardrobe.

“I like taking things. It's challenging, it’s fun, and I physically can't stop myself.” Robert explained bluntly, tossing Carlos a watch.

“YOU STOLE MY WATCH?!”

“IT’S SHINY I CAN’T HELP IT!” They both looked at the bedchamber doors, listening to the party outside. Robert gritted his teeth as he went behind a changing curtain.

“Great, you’re a parrot who likes nicking shiny things! Doesn’t explain the roof running and the charity!”

“Running on the rooftops is just a bonus, I get to be a kid again jumping from branches! As for the charity, I told you, it was an accident!” Robert walked out from behind the curtain wearing baggy pants. Carlos raised an eyebrow.

“Explain.”

“I was running away from Sir Welton’s townhouse with his painting of The Christening Of The Prince Of Whal-”

“THAT WAS YOU?!”

“ASSUME ALL THEFTS ARE ME CARLOS!” The two fell to silence again, looking at the doors.

“Anyway, I was running away from Sir Welton’s house with the painting, and I jumped over an alleyway.” Robert said, slightly looking at the floor. Carlos gave him a confused look.

“How does this have to do with anything?”

“I kinda, dropped it.” Robert mumbled as Carlos’s expression shifted to absolute horror, walking towards Robert.

“You, what?” He asked, making sure he heard him correctly.

“I dropped it into an alleyway. There just so happened to be a homeless gentleman who caught the painting! He looked up at me, and thanked me! ” Robert said, his eyes wide with joy as he smiled. Carlos looked utterly disgusted.

“Congratulations, you accidentally helped someone in need with an irreplaceable work of art, you’re a saint.”

“No Carlos, I didn’t stop there! The feeling I had after he thanked me was absolutely euphoric! I’m still doing it! Stealing from the jesters that are my ‘peers’ and giving it to those who can use it is wonderful! I’m finally being productive!” Robert yelled with a laugh. Carlos stuttered, struggling to find words.

“Why don’t you just keep it?!”

“Ew, no I have enough things.”

“Then why don’t you donate to the rehabilitation efforts?!”

“Because Carlos, this is more fun! Besides, all the money goes to either the king or the church anyway and the poor don't see a measly pound!” Robert buttoned up a loose black shirt, tucking it into his pants. Carlos sat down at Robert’s desk, attempting to collect himself. He briefly glanced at Robert, who was putting on leather boots.

“You’ll be arrested.”

“Ah they’ll never catch me!”

“You should be arrested!”

“I’m helping people, what's so bad about that!”

“You’re stealing!”

“IF THEY REALLY CARE ENOUGH, THEY CAN REPLACE IT CARLOS!” He yelled, slamming his fist against his desk. Carlos recoiled from fear, choosing his next question carefully .

“Why’d you start?” Robert paused, turning to his window as he looked over the city.

“Remember how his lordship Archabald was bragging how his so-called one of a kind roman spear was unstealable?”

“Yes I remember well, he was quite enraged when it went-” Carlos paused, his eyes widening.

“NO!”

“What did I tell you earlier, assume all thefts are me. Besides, it annoyed me how much he bragged about it.”

“You petty dog!”

“No! I’m a petty Robin! I’m light on my feet, swift, hard to catch, and most importantly, handsome!” Robert sang, bounding around his room. Carlos groaned, rubbing his face as he found his brother in law’s antics aggravating.

“Why the name Robin hood?” He asked, causing Robert to pause. Turning to face Carlos, Robert cocked his head.

“Well I thought it was obvious.”

“Clearly not.”

“What is my name?”

“Robert Hoolder.”

“There is your answer.”

“I’m confused.”

“Say them in close succession.” He commanded. Carlos stared at Robert, frustration building inside of him.

“Robert Hoolder, Robin hood-” He paused, his expression falling blank with realization.

“You are an absolute idiot, Robert.” he groaned, palming himself as he slumped in his chair.

“Hey well it was your sister’s idea.” Robert muttered. Carlos perked up, his head darting towards Robert as he stomped towards him.

“Sylvia knows?! She endorsed this?!”

“Well, of course she did! She is as wild and mischievous as any other, what did you expect!?”

“I EXPECTED YOU TO KEEP YOUR WIFE OUT OF YOUR ANTICS!” The two turned to the doors again, finding that the party had fallen silent. They froze, their eyes locked on the door knobs as they slowly turned. Sylvia entered the room as the music and chatter rose again, closing the door behind her.

“Carlos for my sanity what are you yelling about?” She said, putting a hand on her forehead. Carlos stormed over to her as Robert turned away, walking into his closet.

“You knew of Robert’s actions? You supported them?!” She laughed a little, putting her hands on her hips.

“Oh that is what this is about? Of course I knew! Robert out of the blue was happier than I had ever seen him and I had to know why! Finding out it's something as innocent as stealing for the sake of stealing, I endorsed it immediately!”

“Innocent?! You call his actions innocent?! Stealing from the people who trust him and giving it to THEM?!” Carlos ran to the window and pointed to the street. Syliva shrugged, turning her back to him.

“If it matters so much to them, they can replace it.” she said, walking over to Robert’s closet. Carlos spluttered, attempting to find words but failing. Robert walked out, wearing an old, raggedy green trench coat. Rolling up the sleeves, he walked over to the window, gently pushing Carlos to the side.

“Where did you get that piece of filth?”

“It was my fathers so watch your tongue, Carlos. I actually quite like it!” Robert growled, opening the window and taking a step onto the roof.

“Don’t get caught honey, I’d like to see you for breakfast.” Syliva said, waving Robert off.

“I’ll tell the King's guard! I’ll put an end to this!” Carlos yelled, stomping his foot. Robert laughed, leaning into the window and grabbing Carlos by the jacket.

“Who would believe you?” He asked, leaning close to Carlos’s ear. With that, Robert let go, bounding off into the night, his green coat turning to a shadow against the moon. Carlos sat silently, watching Robert disappear. Syliva turned to him and slapped his arm.

“Loosen up, go have a drink.” She said, waving to the door. Carlos blankly walked to the bedchamber doors, closing them behind him as he reentered the party.

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“And that sir, is the whole story.” Carlos said, staring at the Kingsman with wide eyes. The Kingsman stared back, giving Carlos a skeptical look.

 “So let me get this straight, you’re telling me that the richest man in town is a petty thief who steals from other rich people, just so he can give it away?” He asked, raising an eyebrow.

 “I swear sir, he admitted it all last night!” Carlos yelled in an exasperated tone, almost pleading with the Kingsman. The Kingsman gave him a concerned look when Robert showed up, putting an arm around Carlos.

“I’m sorry sir! My brother in law here is currently coming down from a rather rowdy night, pay him no mind!” He exclaimed, patting the Kingsman’s shoulder. The Kingsman laughed, nodding as he walked away. Carlos protested, putting his hand out trying to call him back. Robert smiled, removing his arm as he faced Carlos.

“Remember what I told you last night?” Carlos failed to sputter out words as Robert leaned in close to his ear.

“No one will ever believe you.” He said, a devious smile spreading on his face as he patted Carlos’s shoulder, disappearing into the crowd of people. Carlos slumped in the street, staring at the ground as a man ran out, screaming something about Robin Hood. Carlos let out a long sigh, nodding as he walked away.

“Well played Robert, well played.”