

# Deloitte.



## Shared Values

A story of our values, what they really mean and how we can live them.

**MAKING AN  
IMPACT THAT  
MATTERS**  
*since 1845*



# Collaborate for measurable impact

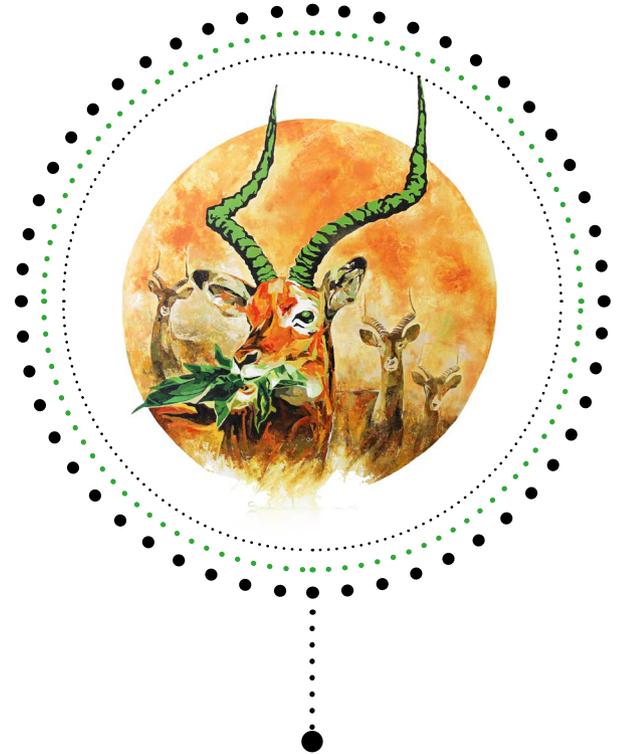
We approach our work with a collaborative mindset, teaming across businesses, industries, geographies, and skill sets to consistently deliver tangible, measurable, attributable impact. We play a critical role in helping clients and capital markets operate more effectively.

We measure our success not only by metrics, but also by the strength of the relationships we build, the level of innovation we bring to solving problems, and the company we keep as we deliver the best of Deloitte to the world.

We do our best work when we push ourselves and others to deliver with distinction – in a way that is unmistakably Deloitte.

## In practice this means that each Deloitte professional is expected to:

- Think and act as a team to deliver the solutions clients need
- Consistently deliver tangible, measurable impact
- Recognise relationships matter
- Set targets and exceed expectations
- Push yourself and others to expand capabilities and drive innovation.



Artist



Ibukun Sonde

Ogun State, Nigeria



## A tale about...

### Tinyfeet and friends defeat the Keeper of the Road

It was sunset and the long shadows of the distant mountains began to creep into the valley. The lone hill in the centre of the valley was still lit by the last rays of sunlight and the kob antelope of the valley gathered on their hilltop for the evening's stories. The eldest kob took his place in the circle, the others making way for his mighty horns marked by the growth of many seasons. They seemed to weigh more heavily on his ageing neck. It was said that his true name was so long that anyone subjected to an introduction was likely to die of boredom! And so, he was known simply as Big Horn.

The group had gone silent with anticipation and at last, with a clearing of his throat, Big Horn spoke: "Long ago, in simpler times, there existed a kingdom – a kingdom of animals. Each and every creature, from the hard-working ant to the great and lofty Rain Animal had its place in this kingdom. They were ruled by their noble hearts which found their beat in harmony with the rhythms of life, the land and the seasons. None placed themselves above any other being and it was common to see gentleness and mercy from a mighty leopard or even an impressive act of courage from a tiny fruit fly!" His friends laughed with glee. The elder paused for the laughter and continued.

"And in those days our herd would travel far and wide, crossing the sweet grasslands, ancient mountains and lush valleys of Old Africa." As he continued, his fantastic descriptions brought wonder to the eyes of the young kob who had never crossed the valley's threshold, a narrow rocky road which lay in the path of the rising sun. More senior members, who remembered those days, let their thoughts wander into dreamy nostalgia. One of the youngsters, the doe Tinyfeet, loved stories and had not heard this one before. Her eyes grew heavy as her thoughts dreamily wandered along the plains and hills which hosted the Great Migration. From the top of their hill they sometimes spotted herds travelling far away, but there was no way for the kob to join up with them.

"If the world out there is so beautiful, then why do we stay in this valley? Why don't we go there?" In a moment of embarrassment, Tinyfeet realised that she was thinking aloud! Her mother looked shocked, as if her daughter had disturbed a sleeping python, while the juveniles laughed at poor Tinyfeet's sleepy question. Old as he was, Big Horn remembered the days of his own youth and, sensing the discomfort of the youngster, he said reassuringly, "Don't worry young one, we will find our way back into the world." He paused with a sigh, knowing that even a simple answer would seem confusing to a young mind.

"The answer may come to you in time, and when that day comes, you and your friends may find a way for us to rejoin the Great Migration. And what a joyful day that shall be!" The moon shone bright, lighting the procession of antelope, who were now retiring for the evening and would soon be carried into sleep in their soft, leafy beds.

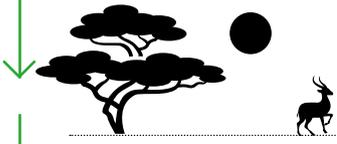
All except one, who began a slow descent, down the hill.

The next day the animals awoke to the hush of softly falling rain. The low clouds wound around their little hill, coiling and twisting up its rocky cliffs. They did not know it yet, but the day was weeping. An unusual sight met the kob; a circle of birds, of all kinds, were solemnly perched in the acacia trees around the clearing below.

Between them lay their dear friend Big Horn. The birds knew him and they spoke often to him of news from beyond the hills. He was known to them as a kind fellow and his friends had come to say goodbye.

The adult kob entered into the clearing in silence, since they were old enough to know this day would come. Mothers called their young closer, shielding them from the unpleasant sight, encouraging them to play on the safe side of the valley. However, Tinyfeet was by nature inquisitive and she was curious to see why the birds had gathered. She slowly





wandered away from her brothers and sisters and found a low thorn bush on a rocky outcrop overlooking the clearing.

"The old one sleeps! The old one sleeps!" murmured the chorus of doves, while everyone else bowed their heads. Though hiding in a bush of thorns, Tinyfeet felt only the uncomfortable prickling in her heart of something she had never felt. Her little legs didn't want to stand still and she couldn't help staring and listening to the birds.

"How-did-he-die? How-did-he-die?" wailed the hadedas, as if expecting the very skies to answer. Just then, something small and furry bounced out of the bushes. It was Hare.

"Oh no!" He cried, dropping the medicinal roots he had gathered. "I'm too late, the venom won."

"Venom?" Snorted several of the kob in unison, looking at one another and then back to Hare.

"I saw the old one walking down the hill late last night, so I followed him, down the slopes, through the clearing, toward the Old Road." Now Hare had their attention. Even the cicadas fell silent.

Seeing the questions on their faces, Hare continued. "And there, as you may or may not know, lives the biggest snake I've ever

seen. It slithered out from under a rock next to the road and challenged Big Horn. They argued for a long time and I heard Big Horn pleading with her to grant safe passage, so your herd might leave this valley."

Big Horn's brother snorted loudly, "How can one expect a snake to honour a promise? Was he really that desperate? And besides, where is your proof?" Hare hopped forward and pointed just above Big Horn's left hoof. Looking closely, the others saw that he had indeed been bitten.

"I think he felt responsible for leading you here all those years ago and getting you stuck. He was a good fellow, but too proud to call on snake eagles for help." Hare's words echoed in Tinyfeet's ears. The answer had found her! They were prisoners in their beautiful valley! She gathered her strength and walked forward to join the rest, not caring that she might get in trouble. She knew that the day had arrived; it was time to find a way to rejoin the Great Migration. "My friends," she cried out, "I love this place, but we cannot let fear be our reason for staying here. Our hooves were made for us to run free!"

The others nodded their heads but held silent. The cicadas too, paused to consider. Gaining confidence, Tinyfeet continued, "Big Horn gave his life for our freedom, what better way to honour his sacrifice

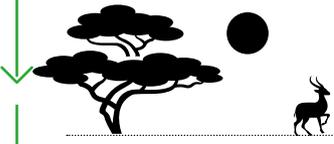
than by setting ourselves free?" Nobody could argue with this. The question was how to get past the danger.

Hare thought for a moment. "If we're going to proceed, we need to call a snake expert," he decided. He bounced off to a large flat rock and started thumping his powerful hind legs. Though a small creature, he was a mighty drummer and the sound echoed through the clearing. He finished his formidable performance with a victorious somersault. Moments later, a great big shadow flapped onto the scene with a piercing screech. It was a snake eagle.

"What's going on here?" asked Beaky the snake eagle with fierce eye and scary beak. "You have been making such a racket I can hardly get my sleep." The kob told him about their plight and what Hare had said.

"I know of the snake which bit him," said the mighty bird. "It was the cruel and cunning Keeper of the Road. Once responsible for keeping the path clear and safe for animals to pass, she became drunk with power, demanding payment in gold from any and all who approached it."

Tinyfeet interrupted, "But it can hardly be called a road any more, it's so overgrown! Besides, what use would a snake have for gold?" she asked with confusion on her face.



"You're a brave little thing, aren't you?" Beaky scowled and continued. "This viper is blind to reason, but sees insult in everything."

"Mmmmm," thought Tinyfeet. "This snake has a thin skin. This gives me an idea..." But her idea would have to wait until the whole herd had said a proper farewell to Big Horn. For the rest of the night, birds and the herd remembered their old friend and companion who lay so still.

The next morning, the kob made their way from the clearing to the Old Road, which stood overgrown through many years of neglect. Tinyfeet approached alone, with the rest of the herd at her back. Just as Beaky had predicted, a great serpent slithered out and raised up like a dark tree. She smiled greedily at the sight of Tinyfeet and hissed a silent command. Soon she was joined by a horde of smaller snakes.

"This looks expensssssive!" hissed the Keeper as she began to count the kob antelope.

"I doubt this lot can afford to pay the toll!" said an adder smugly.

"Oh great Keeper of the Road, I have but one question, where is your fine road for which you are named?" Asked Tinyfeet innocently looking around her.

"What did you ssssay? Where issss the road? Have you come to mock me with foolish questionssss like Big Horn did?" She spat, but Tinyfeet stood her ground.

"All I see before me are bushes and rocks, overgrown with weeds thicker than elephant skin! You must be one of the laziest snakes I've ever seen!" she proclaimed to the hissing laughter of the smaller snakes. "How is it that one so useless has come to be so feared?" she added.

"Inssssolence! Here is your answer!" The snake lunged forward, her fangs dripping with venom. But Tinyfeet was nimble and casually jumped out of harm's way. Again the snake lashed out, but Tinyfeet had listened carefully to Beaky about luring Keeper out of hiding and stepping smartly aside.

The rest of the herd hardly breathed. They were shocked and fearful, but also impressed and amused by Tinyfeet outsmarting and tiring out the snake, who was getting further and further away from her hiding place.

Just then a fearful shadow fell over the snake. Sharp claws gripped her by the throat and in a flurry of feathers and screeches she was lifted into the air, whipping her tail and hissing in vain.

"Aaaaaaah! Cuuuuurssssssss!" the snake wailed as she sailed into the distance. Quickly other eagles flew in and alighted on the branches of the tall trees flanking the road, watching like sentinels as the snakes scattered to avoid their finely honed beaks.

Feeling safe now, the kob set to work, methodically clearing the road with their hooves and horns, rolling rocks and uprooting weeds until it could indeed be considered a road again! Beaky's presence and that of his brethren set the other animals at ease. They could work uninterrupted and without fear. Even Hare joined in, digging energetically to loosen the buried rocks which had not moved in generations.

When the path was eventually clear the kob bid farewell to their animal friends and filed out of the valley by evening, just as the first star came into view.





Deloitte refers to one or more of Deloitte Touche Tohmatsu Limited (“DTTL”), its global network of member firms, and their related entities (collectively, the “Deloitte organization”). DTTL (also referred to as “Deloitte Global”) and each of its member firms and related entities are legally separate and independent entities, which cannot obligate or bind each other in respect of third parties. DTTL and each DTTL member firm and related entity is liable only for its own acts and omissions, and not those of each other. DTTL does not provide services to clients. Please see [www.deloitte.com/about](http://www.deloitte.com/about) to learn more.

Deloitte is a leading global provider of audit and assurance, consulting, financial advisory, risk advisory, tax and related services. Our global network of member firms and related entities in more than 150 countries and territories (collectively, the “Deloitte organization”) serves four out of five Fortune Global 500® companies. Learn how Deloitte’s approximately 312,000 people make an impact that matters at [www.deloitte.com](http://www.deloitte.com).

This communication contains general information only, and none of Deloitte Touche Tohmatsu Limited (“DTTL”), its global network of member firms or their related entities (collectively, the “Deloitte organization”) is, by means of this communication, rendering professional advice or services. Before making any decision or taking any action that may affect your finances or your business, you should consult a qualified professional adviser.

No representations, warranties or undertakings (express or implied) are given as to the accuracy or completeness of the information in this communication, and none of DTTL, its member firms, related entities, employees or agents shall be liable or responsible for any loss or damage whatsoever arising directly or indirectly in connection with any person relying on this communication. DTTL and each of its member firms, and their related entities, are legally separate and independent entities.