

Could your organization use A Slice of Trust?

In a faraway village, Simon the Pieman operates an organization not so different from your own. His secret to success? To grow “Smart Trust,” one slice at a time. Whether you’re a Fortune 100 executive or a baker of fruity pastries, A Slice of Trust will serve you a hot, fresh opportunity to experience the dividends, benefits—and speed—of trust.

“Dazzling . . . and true! It took me many years to discover the power of trust. With *A Slice of Trust*, you will understand so much more—and in only a few hours!”

—Carlos Tavares,
Chairman, Nissan Americas

“Witty, and full of life and universal wisdom! *A Slice of Trust* inspires me to continue our focus on trust at The LEGO Group.”

—Simon Riis-Hansen,
Vice President Human Resources, The LEGO Group

“Fun and valuable! Simple and profound! Digest this fable now. It’s delicious!”

—Thomas Crum,
author, *Magic of Conflict, Three Deep Breaths*

David Hutchens is a best-selling author and developer of learning products for FranklinCovey’s Global *Speed of Trust* practice and others.
Visit www.DavidHutchens.com

Barry Rellaforde is co-founder FranklinCovey’s Global *Speed of Trust* practice and a facilitator and coach to executive teams and leaders all over the world.
Visit us at: www.ASliceOfTrust.com

\$16.99 U.S.
Business

ISBN 978-1-4236-2118-8



9 781423 621188

A Slice of TRUST

Hutchens &
Rellaforde



A Slice of TRUST

The Leadership
Secret with the
Hot & Fruity Filling

David Hutchens & Barry Rellaforde

Foreword by
Stephen M.R.
Covey
author of
The Speed of Trust

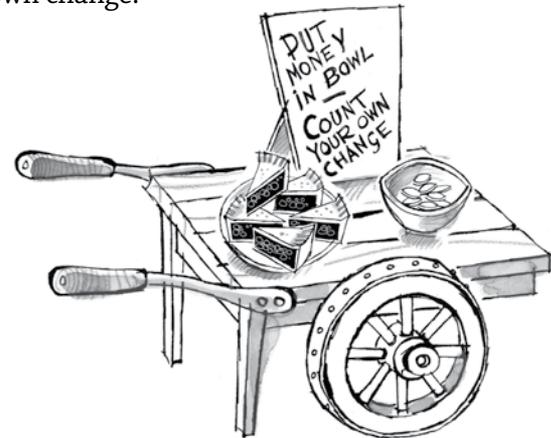
CHAPTER 3

Into the Marketplace



The next morning, Simon loaded 20 fresh slices of pie and placed them onto a wooden cart.

The cart had a crudely painted sign that said “Simon’s Pies.” Beneath that, Simon had written: “Put money in bowl. Count your own change.”



Simon had placed a wooden bowl on the cart and was just about to wheel the cart out of the front door when Sebastian arrived.

“Good morning Simon,” he said. “Where are you taking those pies?”

“To le Stock Market.”¹

“The Stock Market?” Sebastian said, eyeing the little hand-painted sign. “Are you crazy? That’s three blocks away. You’re *leaving* the pies there? This is not wise! It is true that yesterday most of your customers behaved in noble ways. But this is different!

“At our shop window, customers could *see* us.” Sebastian continued. “They *knew* they could get caught stealing. But if you leave your pies unattended three blocks away, where is the accountability? This is not trust. This is madness!”

¹No, not the Stock Market you’re thinking of. This is Giuseppe Soprano’s handmade craft shop that makes and sells stocks, chains, and hand-sewn straitjackets that inflict public humiliation on the poor wretches who dare to pilfer from honest trades people.

Simon just stared at Sebastian with a smile fixed on his face. “Sebastian, stay here and make *les tartes chaudes*. Simon says!”

Aargh, Sebastian thought. *He exercised the “Simon Says Clause.” Now I have to comply. It’s right there in my contract.*

Simon left for the Stock Market while Sebastian went to his workstation in silence.

When Simon returned to the shoppe a short time later, Sebastian was waiting there, tapping his foot.

“Simon, I have been patient,” he said. “But you have gone mad. You shall make fools of us, if you do not destroy your father’s business first. Why, even your *petite fille* Colette has betrayed your trust. That’s right. She is now working for Igor!”

Simon’s cheeks flushed, and he looked away and held up his hand. “Do not speak of that,” Simon said solemnly, and Sebastian suddenly felt ashamed of himself.

After a few moments of silence, Simon only said quietly, “let’s sell some pie.”