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Register Number:

DATE:

**ST. JOSEPH’S COLLEGE (AUTONOMOUS), BANGALORE-27**

**UG – I SEMESTER**

**SEMESTER EXAMINATION: OCTOBER 2021**

(Examination conducted in January-March 2022)

**BA OE 02: Personal Branding & Leadership**

Time- 2 hrs Max Marks-60

**This paper contains three printed pages and four parts**

**Section A**

**I.** Answer ***any five*** of the following (**2 x 5 = 10 marks)**

1. What is cognitive self-regulation?
2. Name few examples of self-values.
3. Name the elements of self-Analysis.
4. Define change management.
5. What is Crisis management?
6. Define Ego & Pride.

**Section B**

II. Answer **any three** of the following (**5 x 3 = 15 marks)**

1. Discuss on the different types of Goals?
2. Write a note on the process of career-planning.
3. What is leadership? What are the dark sides of leadership?
4. What are the features of change management?
5. Explain the crisis management techniques.

**Section C**

**III.** Answer ***any two*** of the following (**10 x 2 = 20 marks)**

1. Elaborate on the ways of building online & offline presence.
2. Explain the importance of self-Awareness & methods of cultivating it.
3. Explain the importance of team building. What are the issues on team work?

**Section D**

**IV. Answer the following (15marks)**

1. Read the story below & answer the questions.

Below is a story of Raman, a boy from a typical middle-class Indian up-bringing. He is sharing his story. It is as follows -

“Growing up in an Indian family obsessed with good grades can be a nightmarish situation for many kids, I am sure several of my Indian friends would be able to relate. Indian parents are obsessed with phrases like “What will people say?” and “Look at the neighbour’s son, see how much better he is doing.” My parents were no different. I never tasted failure throughout my life until I reached high school. I always secured the best grades & somehow one time I ended up ranking fifth. My parents couldn’t take that failure, as for them it was a matter of pride, that my friends had scored more than I did for the first time. Personally, I had no issues accepting my grades, right until the point I realized that my parents were ashamed of me. My failure was not about getting the best grades, it was about disappointing my parents. I was 15, and my long, arduous journey with failure had just begun.

My parent’s behaviour for the next couple years reminded me that I was worth lesser than I thought I was. I started to devalue myself, I started setting the bar lower for myself. I finished high school with an above average score and went into university to study Computer Science & Engineering. After the first semester, I failed 4 out of the 6 courses I was enrolled in. For the first time, I had actually failed. I made a mistake, I thought, but of all the people I had known at the time, only one other person had failed as many courses as I had. This isn’t just a mistake, I remember thinking, this is a crime, and I have truly failed. My parents were beyond disappointed. They were furious. They wouldn’t talk to me for days. I was ashamed, not being able to keep up with my friends and peers. I had to recover from that, and somehow, six months later, I did. But another six months into university, I failed again, failing in half the courses I was enrolled in. If you had thought my parents were disappointed before, this time they were showing signs of giving up. Their behaviour towards me changed drastically. Now it was more like, they had accepted that I was no good. Almost every day, I would hear the tale of how much better some other guy or girl was doing in their life. I started feeling like the biggest failure of them all.

There is something about my family (or any other middle-class Indian family like mine) that one should know about. The kind of behaviour my parents exhibited during my teenage years is not because they were very competitive people who had achieved great things in their own lives. It is because they hadn’t been able to do that, and they thought that the only way to come out of it is if you be the best in everything you do and struggle hard to achieve it. Get the best scores in entrances, get into the best college, take the best major of engineering, start working at the best company, for them this was the only path to success.

For me, I kept “accepting my fate” that I was never going to be as successful as a tech professional. Throughout the four years of college, I kept changing my parameters of success continuing to devalue myself and towards the end of my senior year in college, I was at rock bottom. I went into clinical depression. But during my four years in college, I also discovered something I was good at. I was good at telling stories. I thought I was really good at that. It was the only thing I was not failing at, at that time. I had made up my mind, I will have to do something about it when I graduated.

I recovered from my depression at the same time as I graduated from college. I did not do it alone, I had some help, of course. Coming out of college, I was convinced I wanted to give myself a clean slate, what could go wrong? I thought. I may not spend the next few years making as much money as my friends, I will probably have to struggle for the next few years until I saw any amount of success. I was willing to accept that as a trade-off against being able to express myself through my work. Because after being suppressed for the past several years in parental and peer pressure, I was ready to make mistakes that I could call my own. I would have no one to blame for my impending failure and hence I would be able to own it up with responsibility. After those years of naive failures, I was now, still naive, but making a decision that would forever change my life.

With a fresh mind, I somehow convinced my parents that I wanted to pursue a career in screenwriting and that was the only way I knew I was going to be successful in my life. “How do you know you’re not going to fail?” my mother asked. Honestly, I didn’t know if I was going to be successful. But I wanted to allow myself to fail this time and not be too harsh to myself if I did. In the next two years, I broke into “Bollywood” and worked as a professional screenwriter in the Hindi Film and TV industry and achieved a steep amount of success in a short time. I wrote for several TV shows that ran on major Indian networks, I wrote a short film that traveled around the world in different film festivals, I also was in the middle of writing a couple features. This does not mean I did not fail in my journey as a screenwriter, I failed a lot, but now I wasn’t as afraid of failing as I was before. Because I knew, if I had to succeed in life, [I had to make my job, my calling](https://www.artstrategies.org/2016/03/who-is-allowed-to-fail/).

Today — two years since, I am pretty confident that I have found my calling. I would never be able to do what I do now, had I never failed as many times as I did, and if I hadn’t taught myself to come back up each time I fell down.

Today as an individual I am far more confident to fail and learn from my failures than my younger self, the only advice I would give my 18-year-old self would be to not be afraid of failures. I would go back in time and tell my parents to be more accommodating of failure for the sake of their happiness and my younger self’s mental well-being. I’d tell all three of them that [failure is an event and not a person](https://medium.com/@dhtruex/remember-that-failure-is-an-event-not-a-person-zig-ziglar-b69bac13060a). Because if I hadn’t failed as many times as I did, I wouldn’t be the person I am today, and I am quite proud of what I have become”.

(5x3 = 15 marks)

1. Identify the struggles Raman went through during his life journey
2. How did he recover from the failures?
3. What lessons can you learn from Raman’s story?

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