



At FAB Learning, things rarely go to plan,
Which is exactly how they like it—every lesson's a jam.
There's paint on the tables, ideas on the floor,
And someone's just built a volcano by the door.

The students arrive with a shrug or a grin,
Carrying storms... and a spark tucked within,
Not fans of neat boxes or sitting too still,
But give them some freedom—they dazzle at will.

The tutors? Half teachers, half circus brigade,
With patience in pockets and backup plans A-to-Z made,
They juggle with questions, they pivot mid-stream,
Turn "I can't do this" into "Wait—I've a scheme!"

Maths might be baking or building a ramp,
English? A rap battle, poetry slam camp,
Science explodes (on purpose, they swear),
And history pops up in costumes and flair.

There's laughter and chaos and "Sir, look at THIS!"
Followed by something you really can't miss,
A moment of pride, quick as lightning, then gone—
But enough to keep everybody moving on.

Because FAB Learning knows what the rulebooks forget:
Not all paths are straight—and that's no reason to fret,
For kids who learn sideways, in colour, in song,
We're never "behind"... they just travel along.

