Inspection text

The Teacher knew little but teaching before the Burn came.
She was still in a makeshift classroom when demons attacked Westminster; half her children had been gnawed and crunched and torn apart before Goodall and Lolli stormed in to save them, tipped off by Rorke Pherral's scouts.
She was still trembling under her desk long after the last bullet had splattered the last demon's brains across the floor.
She was born with no affinity for the Arcane, so Cabalists would not have her.
Templars would not have her either; they only recruit ones of great mental fortitude and firm faith, and she possesses neither anymore.
Goodall eventually took pity on her and recruited her for the Hunt, convincing Lolli to accept her in the forbidden haven of Oxford Circus.
They both sometimes pretend to be interested in the Teacher's combat advice, despite their fearsome hunting skills and her clear lack of any.
Psych Mon. notes that she still sometimes believes she teaches, even in the absence of an audience, menacingly wagging a stern finger at supply crates.

Base quest

You are late! So very late! Have a seat, let's begin. Chop chop!
...there are no seats? Why yes, there aren't. No matter, let's begin!

Do you know what a critical hit is?
It is when you strike a demon's vitals, and deal more damage. The more accuracy you have, the more damage you will deal.
What's the chance of it happening? Low. You start with 1%, and some weapons have more. You can increase it through gear, and multiply it.
How do you know you scored one? Easy! The target flashes!

So for example, a sniper rifle with 5% base critical chance, one generic 12% multiplier augment, and 7 generic 12% multiplier mods would be 11.76%, rounded up to 12% in your indicators.
Why? It's simple; (7*12)+(1*12)=96, so (1+5)*1.96=11.76, assuming no further external modifications.

Basic mathematics, really... PAY ATTENTION!

A slow learner, I see. Perhaps you need an educational field trip?

There is one in [LEVEL] who also refuses to learn, [MONSTER]. Find some appropriate gear, and go teach it a lesson on critical hits.
I'll... stay behind. Guard the station. Chop chop now!

Complete

Well done, now we're learning!
Did it make sense? No? Should Accuracy increase critical chance instead?
...what makes sense, then? Does all this make sense? Did it make sense that my children's bones were gnawed?
Does the Seer know more than me, just because she comes after me? Bah!
...go then, go to Temple Station. Be taught. Graduate.
Maybe we will have a reunion in a few years? Sigh. No, you won't come. Take these to remember me, at least.
Class dismissed.

Incomplete

No, no, no! It lives. Again!