Lieutenant Mikul Ledes is the commanding officer of the Vanguard-Class Heavy Assault Gunship *Tridens*. As such he is granted the courtesy title of “Captain” onboard the vessel. Born just 2 years BBY he has been part of Tarentum’s Navy half his life - almost 20 years service. He has been Lieutenant for 12 of those years. He has served faithfully, and to the best of his ability for all those years. Unfortunately for Mikul, his best was never enough to stand out from his peers, and he was passed over repeatedly for promotion. His current posting to the *Tridens* is a recent one, and is likely to be the highlight of his career, unless some unforeseen miracle occurs before his retirement.

Standing about 1.9 meters tall, Mikul looks like the middle-aged man that he is. A formerly average build has grown into a slightly overweight one. An obvious paunch has developed, and the trademark jowls are starting to form on his face. Were he not in the Navy he would probably spend his days in a stained undershirt and sweatpants – thankfully his discipline has never wavered, and he appears daily in immaculately pressed uniforms, often the only truly positive remark in his performance reviews.

Mikul is the second son of a lower-middle class merchant from Taras. Growing up he realized that he would not inherit the family business, and he had no desire to work for his older brother. The Tarentum Navy seemed an honorable alternative, so he set his sights on becoming an officer. Graduating school in the upper third (just barely) of his class, he was able to secure an appointment as Ensign aboard the VSD *Corsair*. He served there from 19 ABY until its crash into the Cestus Complex in 27 ABY. During those eight years he did little to distinguish himself, rising only to the rank of Lieutenant Junior Grade. It was only due to casualties of the crash that he was able to secure promotion to Lieutenant, there being several immediate openings.

After the loss of the *Corsair,* Mikul served on various smaller ships in the fleet. His appointments were never marred by poor decisions or mistakes, but there was never anything positive to say about his work as well. End of tour reviews would usually end in transfer to a smaller vessel. Ostensibly a “promotion” in that he would have less other officers ranked above him each time – going from one of six lieutenants to one of four for example. In reality he was being pushed to positions where his mediocrity would not hinder other- better- officers from achieving their potential.

Going grey now, and with just months to serve before being eligible for retirement, Mikul was finally put in charge of the *Tridens*. Normally command of a small ship was seen as a huge opportunity in the career of a young officer, a chance to prove themselves worthy of greater command and rank. In this case it was a combination of lack of new officers, and lack of Commanders willing to take on a subordinate with so many years of service with nothing to show. Mikul, for his part, is acutely aware that this is his final posting, barring some incredible change of fortune. Looking back on his career he realizes that there were some missed chances for glory, when he took the safer path. For his final chance he went out on a limb, and allowed the use of his vessel by the Sith Battlord Pel, and his Order of the Trident. This decision will either bring him recognition- or the loss of everything.