



CODEX

SOLAR TIGERS

“Unto Eternity”

Chapter VII, Founding XXI

"The story of the Solar Tigers is not one of hope and perseverance. It is a story of horror and failure, of atrocity and the weakness of the mortal flesh."

***-Arch-Inquisitor Stillecho,
Testifying at the First Inquisition of Incarnum***

The Twenty-First Founding

The Twenty-First founding in M36 is remembered by few and celebrated by none. It was intended to be among the greatest and most joyous moments in the history of the Imperium. Twenty-five new Space Marine Chapters were brought into existence, at the time the largest since the end of the Horus Heresy.

Over the course of five hundred years, twenty-five thousand Space Marines were recruited, trained, and equipped. Their wargear was smithed on the foundries of Mars, a gift to from the Adeptus Mechanicus to arm the Emperor's Finest. Their arsenal consisted of the most advanced technologies available to man. Following a full year of feasts and celebration, the Marines embarked upon their battle-barges to found new garrisons at the very edge of the Astronomicon, bringing the Emperor's light to his children and wrath to his enemies.

Of the twenty-five Chapters founded in M36, only six remain.

The thirty-seventh millennium entered ten full centuries of horror for the Imperium. Genetic deviance, warp storms, demonic infestation, and outright heresy doomed one chapter after another. The Omniraptors were the first to fall. Barely three years after embarking from the training grounds of

Terra, they cut off all communication with the outside universe and began a campaign of indiscriminately virus bombing inhabited Imperial worlds. The campaign of terror lasted another two years before they unleashed nuclear weapons on their own vessels, mercifully annihilating themselves.

The Scarlet Eagles Chapter fell next. Their destruction was far quicker but no less dramatic. Upon arrival for their first campaign, the entire chapter was consumed by a living planet and instantly destroyed. Three thousand years afterwards, a single probe was recovered depicting the creature being ripped open by a massive fusion explosion after swallowing the fleet.

One by one, the stories of tragedy unfolded. The Titanium Kings, tainted by the Genestealer strain and now servants of the Hive Mind. Legio Metallica, reduced to half strength when a vortex grenade spawned a warp storm and eradicated a solar system. The Ion Marines, casualties of uncontrolled genetic mutation. Their descendants now exist as sentient black slime and have been mistaken by Imperial colonists as an indigenous xenos species.

In the entire history of the Imperium, never have so many Marines fallen in a single century, much less an entire millennium. Of those that survived, not a single one was left unscathed. The Solar Tigers were no exception.

The Crusade for Altarax

Altarax was once a quiet and unremarkable world on the outer edge of the Imperium. An ancient world, it once teemed with extraordinary life, leaving it rich in fossil fuels. That fact, coupled with the rich, fertile soil and a solar system full of dense metal planetoids made it ripe for industrialization.

At its height Altarax hosted one billion human inhabitants, the vast majority of which served the Adeptus Mechanicus in the industrial hive Autocore. The highly automated city produced weapons, armor, and starships at an extraordinary rate. At last estimate, twenty-five systems and over two hundred million Imperial Guardsmen and sailors depended on equipment exported from Autocore.

795.M36 marked a planetary holocaust of extraordinary scale. The servitors and automatons of Altarax inexplicably turned on their masters. Sentient mechanoids massacred humans by the millions. Techno-magi were strangled and torn apart by their own cybernetic implants. Autocore itself became a sentient mechanism, and proceeded to murder every living thing within its vast walls.

The magnitude of the tragedy was beyond belief. The Solar Tigers, fresh from their founding ceremony, were given a task: Deploy as a Chapter, secure Altarax, and claim it as the Chapter's home world. In addition, three thousand Adeptus Sororitas and over one hundred thousand Imperial Guardsmen would join the crusade.

At head of the fleet stood Chapter Master Paraxus of Tor. A veteran company commander of the Sabre Claw Chapter, Paraxus had been

granted the extraordinary honor of founding his own Chapter. Loyal and courageous beyond all expectations, he was assisted in his duty by Chief Librarian Locor Magnus. They were joined in the crusade by Mother Superior Evangeline du' Lac, regarded by her Sororitas followers as a living saint.

Including sailors and serfs, the fleet numbered eight thousand souls. The Imperial Guard regiments were expected to join the fleet two months before planetfall. So the Crusade began.

In 796.M36, the war of Altarax began. Tens of thousands of Guardsmen were killed. Reinforcements arrived from dozens of systems, and the fighting dragged on for over two decades. Two million guardsmen died at the gates of Autocore alone. The cause of the atrocity was never discovered.

The Solar Tigers, for their part, never arrived at all.

“The Imperium has been done a great disservice by those who suggest the rebellion at Autocore was somehow caused by a sentient mechanical intelligence. Rumors persist of guardsmen encountering animated steel skeletons capable of repairing their own wounds. Such a thing is pure fantasy. There exist no such beings.

“Altarax was a blasphemous rebellion against our blessed Emperor. Tales of combat against a machine race are mostly likely the results of ignorant grunts battling the techno-magi and their servitor armies. Nothing more.”

**- Final Report of
Commissar Diktat Dichtoyan**

Beyond the Edge of Reality

Master Paraxus led his fleet into the warp, expecting a nine-month voyage to the staging grounds. As the tenth month came and went, tensions aboard the fleet began to grow. By the eleventh month it became clear the fleet was lost in the warp. Months continued to pass, as one by one the Astropaths went mad or burned themselves out in futile effort.

The vessels themselves became nightmares. Blood leaked from the bulkheads. Spectres of lost sailors walked the halls. Tritanium plates grew fleshless mouths and shouted blasphemous prophecies. Crewmen threw themselves out airlocks, smashed their heads against walls, and swallowed their own pistols rather than endure the horror.

The end of their trial was both sudden and unexpected. When the vessels finally shifted out of warp space, they discovered that fully one-quarter of the fleet had failed to reappear. Master Paraxus was among the missing. Locor Magnus and Lady Evangeline were left in command.

To their horror, they quickly discovered the fleet had been sent millions of parsecs beyond the vertical axis of the galaxy. Standing on the bridge of a vessel, Locor was so far 'above' the galactic core he could survey the entirety of the Emperor's domain in a single glance. The light of the Astronomicon was nonexistent, there in the cold outer ethereal darkness.

Reaching out with his incredible psychic powers, Locor Magnus discovered a cosmic string leading from the center of the galaxy and vanishing in the distant depths of Alpha Centauri.

The string was an impossible construct, an unquantifiable artifact of infinite mass stretched out across an infinite length.

Was it a natural phenomenon, like a black hole? Was it a bridge built by the ancient Eldar to escape the fall of their empire? Was it the length of a wormhole, bored through reality by beings older than the galaxy itself? Locor did not know. The string did, however, lead directly to the core of the Imperium. Traveling its length would take untold millennia, but what choice did they have?

The universe beyond the edge of reality may have been dark, but it was not uninhabited. Worlds circled the cosmic string, with asteroids and stars and entire solar systems orbiting it as an axis. Even here they found abominable xenos, and each world seemed more deadly and terrifying than the last.

The voyagers discovered Arctic worlds ruled by pachydermic jellyfish. They found black-skinned orks, and an entire planet of immaterial spirits. They passed a lost Eldar Craftworld, clairvoyants inbred to the point that their eyes were vestigial orbs of white jelly. Tyranid scouts hibernated in the dark, although at the time no one could have recognized them as such.

Hideous bats glided on solar winds. Gold-skinned sailors plied rivers of liquid mercury. A bloated red sun spoke with a psychic voice and blasphemously declared itself to be God. Each year brought with it a new and costly battle.

By the end of their first decade, the Solar Tigers had been reduced to 349 Marines, while their Sororitas counterparts numbered less than 800.

“In this situation, so many ask of each other, ‘What must we do?’ The answer is self-evident. We must endure, no matter the cost.”

***-Lady Evangeline du’ Lac
Secret Journal***

The Last Resort

After many months of debate and meditation, Locor Magnus and Lady Evangeline concluded there was only one way to replace their appalling losses. Because new soldiers and serfs could not be recruited, they would have to be created. The Sisters of Battle would be come mothers, each and every one.

The first step of the procedure was to inject the Sororitas with Space Marine blood. Although dangerous, this gifted them a fraction of the Space Marine’s resilience and was intended to reduce the number of women lost during childbirth. They were then implanted the DNA cloned from the crewmen, serfs, and other Sisters. The first generation of cloned humans was soon born, and found to be healthy and thriving.

The second phase of their plan was far more dangerous and controversial. Rather than attempt to recruit Space Marines from among the cloned serfs, the Sororitas would be implanted with cloned Marine genetics and give birth to infant Astartes. Such an undertaking had never before been attempted.

Some argued that entrance to the Astartes was something that had to be earned, as opposed to a hereditary right. Others argued that it was scientifically unsound, and that the mother’s bodies

would attempt to reject the fetuses. Others still railed against the very concept as being an abomination, a blasphemous mockery of tradition and the Emperor’s Divine Will. Had the Emperor meant for Astartes to be cloned, He surely would have done it Himself.

Just when it seemed that the debate would spill into bloodshed, Locor Magnus and Lady Evangeline put forth an ultimatum: The plan to clone Marines would proceed. Anyone who opposed it was freed from their oaths of service so that they might found their own colonies, the better to follow their consciences.

Chaplain Austus Lor was the only man to accept the offer. He composed his last argument, silently boarded a drop pod, and was deployed to the surface of a volcanic world. He is presumed to have spent the remainder of his life in a one-man war against a race of obsidian-scaled saurians.

“No man is born an Astartes. It is something won through courage and strength, through risk and trial. Marines are chosen from among mortal men because the tribulations they endure are what bind them, heart and soul, to each other and to our Blessed Lord Emperor.

“To create a man an Astartes from birth is a failure of our resolve. It demonstrates our fear of death, fear that we would pass without leaving our mark on eternity. An Astartes should not care who comes after him or who remembers him, but should be content to know only that he has done his duty well.”

***-Chaplain Austus Lor
Final Sermon***

The Created

Brother Marine Hexic was the first infant to be born an Astartes. He was taken from his mother as soon as he could swallow solid food. Before the end of his first year he could walk, by the second he could read, and by the age of five he could shatter stone with his bare hands.

Brother Hexic, more than any other human being, was made for war. At age ten he stood six feet tall and could recite the Codex Astartes by heart. Brother Hexic lived the life of an Astartes from day one, undergoing trials during his childhood that would have killed a full grown man. When he was awarded the full privileges of an Astartes at age fifteen, all doubts had been silenced. By that time, there existed twenty other new Marines, two born each year, less those killed or failed during training.

Over the course of the next three hundred years the Solar Tiger Chapter was restored to an army of approximately seven hundred Marines. Whole generations of Astartes, Sororitas, and serfs lived and died in the Chapters' crusade against the darkness at the edge of the universe.

The natural order of life became a system of birth castes. Sisters destined for military purposes were dosed with Space Marine blood to prolong their lives and enhance their abilities. Serfs and those females not inducted into the sisterhood were permitted to intermarry. Although attempts were made to allow serfs to enter the ranks of the Solar Tigers, none of them proved capable of competing with the cloned Marines. By the fourth century following the

founding, the cloning of Astartes was entirely overseen by a Sororitas sect.

Certain Marines became known for producing consistently exemplary clones. Through design and the selective process of war, those bloodlines came to dominate certain Marine companies. Each company was renamed for the hero marine from which the majority of its members were selected. A Marine born into a favored bloodline would find themselves destined for swift promotion, provided they could meet the high expectations placed upon them.

"I often sit and wonder whether a man who chooses to serve the Emperor is not stronger than one born into His service. Which is stronger: A man who is good enough to overcome evil, or a man who is good because he is literally ignorant of its [evil's] existence? Our experience has shown the latter is more dependable, because instead of making a choice they act without acknowledging a choice even exists."

***-Librarian Locor Magnus
Master of the Solar Tigers***



**The *Crux Ferocitas*,
Awarded for Acts of Extreme Valor
The Nobility**

To this day, no one is certain how the first mutations arose in the Solar Tiger bloodline. By the fifth generation certain clones began to deviate from their Master Pattern. The first mutants were born with slitted cat's-eyes. Others had thick body hair, or saber fangs, or razor-sharp nails.

Brother Exarth of the Hexic Line was the first to be born with an extensively feline appearance. His face was as bestial as the Chapter's namesake, his body covered with a layer of striped tan fur. Beneath his mutant skin was flesh as powerful and magnificent as any Marine's. Locor Magnus and Lady Evangeline, by then nearing six and five hundred years old, respectively, spent seven days and nights in consultation with the Imperial Tarot.

Their conclusion was that the mutations were the accrual of genetic gains from Marines growing within Marine-Enhanced Sororitas. Therefore, the child was the exemplar of a Marine at his finest, with all the greatest qualities exaggerated to a terrifying degree.

The Sect cautioned that such an interpretation was, at best, scientifically implausible. They were ignored. Brother Exarth was blessed by the Emperor, Locor Magnus insisted, the product of the most blessed union between mighty Astartes and virgin Sororitas.

Locor Magnus carried the day. Exarth of Hexic was spared, and grew to become a Marine of terrifying ferocity and single-minded devotion. Exarth himself was the first of new breed within the ranks of the Solar Tigers, one that

would eventually prove to be either its salvation or destruction.

"When you consider the Solar Tigers, you would do well to remember that all of their decisions were made in an intellectual vacuum. They did not have the luxury of consultation, investigation, or even a second opinion. This is not evidence of evil, but rather the weakness and fallibility of man in the absence of the Emperor's guiding light."

***-Pardoner Gabriel
At the First Inquisition of Incarnum***

The Choice

For the Solar Tigers, deliverance and damnation came on the same day. The year, as best they could reckon it, was 231.M37. The nomad fleet was still an estimated three millennia from returning to the Emperor's domain. That is, until they discovered the craft that is remembered only as 'The Gate.'

The Solar Tigers and their armies had encountered many strange and horrible things at the edge of the universe, but few as vast as the Gate. An impossible pyramid of steel the size of a gas giant waited for them, pierced directly through its apex by the infinite cosmic string. The sole opening was large enough to hold an entire planet. Inside the structure, the path narrowed over the course of eighty thousand miles. At the other end lay a door just large enough to accommodate a human being.

Brother-Marine Exarth was granted the honor of being the first to enter the structure. Clad in a suit of Terminator armor, he fearlessly strode

through the opening, and discovered the Scarecrow of Infinity.

**So follow the leader down
And swallow your pride and drown
When there's no place left to go
Maybe that's when you will know...**

-Ancient Terran Poem

The Scarecrow itself was an automaton crafted with the approximate shape of a man. It introduced itself, in flawless Imperial Gothic, and explained that it had waited since before the dawn of man to meet Locor Magnus. No one else would be permitted into the chamber beyond.

Exarth immediately destroyed it. However, he then found the door beyond to be completely sealed and secured with complex witch-wards. All efforts to destroy the door failed. Only when Locor Magnus himself approached did the Nine-Hundred and Ninety-Nine seals come undone of their own volition. Locor forbade Exarth to accompany him, and marched into the depths of the Gate alone.

For thirty days Locor marched down a seemingly endless tunnel. On the last day he came to a vast chamber and found himself in the presence of the Daemon Tz'Aroth.

The Daemon's bargain was this: Offer up his soul as a sacrifice to Chaos, and the Tz'Aroth would create a gate by which the Solar Tigers could return to Imperial Space. Refuse, and the entire fleet would be consumed and spend eternity adrift on the waves of Chaos.

Perhaps a stronger Marine would have refused. Perhaps another man would have chosen death rather than bargain with the Prince of Lies. Better

an entire chapter perish than for even one Marine to Fall.

Locor Magnus, for his part, did not consider the fate of his Chapter, or his Emperor, or even himself. He considered the fate of the Lady Evangeline, *his* Lady Evangeline, who he had grown to love and adore for over four hundred years.

Many Chapters, and countless thousands of Marines, numbered among the doomed Astartes of the Twenty-First founding. But that moment, more than anything else, was the doom and the shame of the Solar Tigers. Locor Magnus exchanged his loyalty to the Emperor for the love of a woman, and was damned for it.

Locor told no one of his choice. He returned to the fleet, and stood silently as a warp storm consumed it. After forty days the maelstrom abated, and the Solar Tigers found themselves on the edge of Imperial space. They were home, although less than two hundred of their number had ever actually seen the Imperium before.

"For my entire life, ever since that day, I have wondered why Locor Magnus left me behind. Whenever someone asks what he found inside The Gate, he just says 'A way home.' But why not take me with him? I was standing right there, wearing Terminator armor of all things.

"Did he know what was waiting? Was he expecting to find something he didn't want me to see? How long had he known what was inside? Since it was opened? Or did he know before he even embarked on Crusade?"

*-Epic Lord Exarth of Hexic
Personal Journal*

The Solar Tigers

The Solar Tigers emerged from the warp in 234.M40. Where five hundred years had passed since they embarked from Terra, over two millennia had passed in Imperial Space. The intervening time was inexplicably lost in the chaos of the warp.

Lady Evangeline du' Lac died at the age of 547, less than a year after returning from The Edge. She was mourned by thousands of her followers, the first to ever be 'Queen' of a Space Marine Chapter.

Locor Magnus is now 2500 years old. He led his Chapter to Incarnum, a small world under the pale, purple glow of a dark matter star. Since the return to Imperial space he has sealed himself within the walls of the Chapter Monastery, using his immense psychic powers to survey the universe and direct his Astartes as they are needed.

The hideous truth of the matter is that Locor Magnus no longer has a soul. He is effectively immortal, and no longer takes to the battlefield. Were his body destroyed, he would be lost to the Tz'Aroth for eternity. His goal, and by extension, the Chapter's goal, is to discover a way for Locor to recover his soul and destroy the Tz'Aroth forever.

In the year 632.M40, Locor declared Exarth of Hexic to be the first Shogun of the Chapter, allowing Locor to retain the title of Chapter Master for himself. Called by the title, 'Epic Lord,' Exarth led the Chapter in its military actions at the direction of Locor, now known as the 'Black Oracle.'

By this act, the Black Oracle began a policy of awarding senior

leadership only to those Astartes who are members of the genetic 'Nobility.'

"Deviation from the Codex Astartes no longer concerns me. In truth, it has not concerned me for a long time."

*-The Black Oracle
First Proclamation*

"Negligence."

*-Number Eleven
The Six Hundred Sixty-Six Sins*

In the intervening years the Solar Tigers have abandoned the 'Company' structure mandated by the Codex Astartes. They have divided themselves into eight Houses ruled by a cadre of the Nobility. Each House maintains approximately one hundred Marines, and the accompanying armor and transport assets. The Houses are named after the original Marine from which the majority of their troops are descended. The Noble Houses are also responsible for maintaining their own Virgin Sect, many of whom are descended from the original Sororitas who embarked on the Altarax crusade.

In another deviation from the Codex Astartes, the Solar Tigers do not field a company of elite and Terminator troops. Each House maintains its own elites and its own Terminator squads. Most Noble Lords will be accompanied by a handpicked retinue of veteran elite, fellow Nobles, and their chosen Sororitas. Marine-enhanced Sororitas

are often fielded as an integrated part of the Solar Tiger army.

The Solar Tigers rarely swear oaths of service or alliance with other Chapters. This is done for a number of reasons, chief among which is their nonstandard composition and the fact that the senior leadership is composed primarily of so-called ‘mutants.’

The dark matter star of Incarnum burns hot, but appears extremely dim and is found on only the most local star charts. The Solar Tigers value their privacy and only engage the outside galaxy on their own terms.

When Locor Magnus, the Black Oracle, foresees the need for battle, he will summon the Shogun (or a Noble Lord in the Shogun’s absence) and define the target. The Noble then prepares his forces and leads them on the battlefield. Although the Solar Tigers protect Imperial assets within their sphere of influence, they have a noted tendency to engage in expeditions for ancient Chaos relics. This trend has raised more than a few eyebrows among the Inquisition.

Chaplains have a unique role among the Solar Tiger forces. By edict of Epic Lord Exarth, no member of the genetic Nobility may ever serve as a Chaplain. This serves two purposes. First, it introduces a form of balance to avoid corruption or infighting among the Nobility. Second, it provides the Noble Lord an ambassador who does not display obvious signs of mutation.

Solar Tigers Chaplains are indeed pious, and their Marines can be fanatical when inspired. However, the Chapter as a whole has a greater tendency towards pragmatism as a result of centuries operating under a survival-oriented mindset. They rarely campaign

for purely spiritual pursuits or waste energy on debates of a religious nature.

The sole eccentricity of the Solar Tigers is their focus, perhaps even obsession, on genetic heritage and the apparently illogical elevation of the Nobility. Some Inquisitors have speculated that the Chapter’s focus on efficiency and practicality is an attempt to deflect attention from their deviant genetic practices, or perhaps even an attempt to over-compensate for their other lapses.

“I’ve only had the misfortune of meeting the Solar Tigers once. They were the most insular, secretive, and ruthlessly efficient Marines I’ve ever encountered. Words like ‘honor’ and ‘mercy’ mean nothing to them. They appear when they please, do as they please, and ask only that you stay out of their way. Bastards.”

***-Veteran Sergeant Vespasian
Howling Griffons Chapter***

“I met a Dark Angel when I served with the Deathwatch. He was cold, spiteful, and spent the whole time acting like he knew something you didn’t. A few years later I met a Solar Tiger on campaign. His demeanor was exactly the same. I’ve always wondered why.”

***- Brother - Captain Uriel Ventris
Ultramarines Chapter***

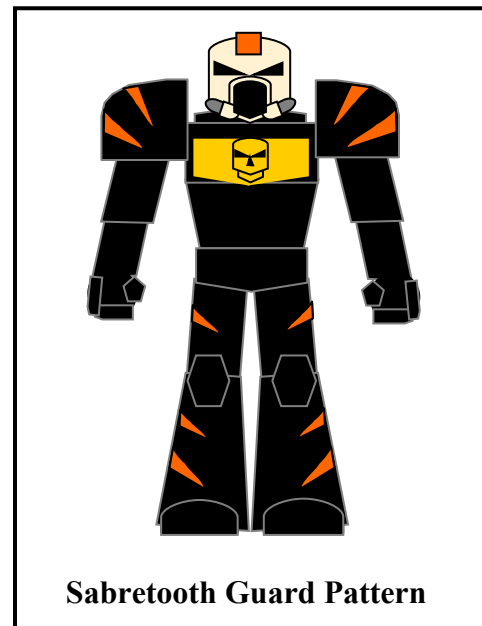
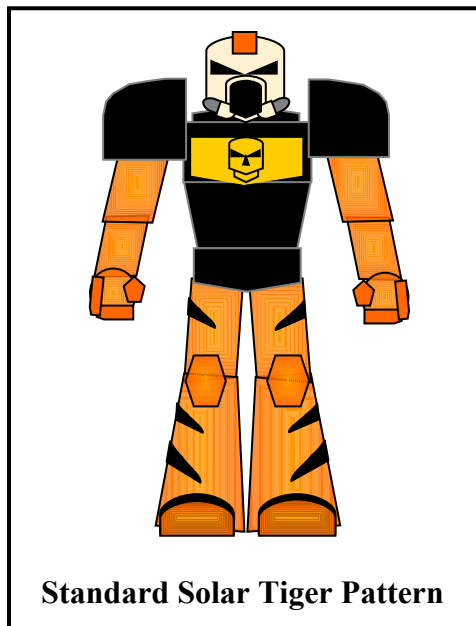
Specialized Units

- **Sabretooth Guard** - Members of the Sabretooth Guard are proud veterans of many campaigns. Each Noble House maintains at least one squad of Sabretooth Guard in addition to their elite Terminators and Noble Retinue. Sabretooth Guard are equipped with highly unorthodox xenos weapons salvaged from beyond the edge of the galaxy. Sabretooth Guard is a surgical strike force used to annihilate specific targets designated by the Noble Lord. In addition to the normal range of Space Marine implants, Sabretooth Guard undergo surgery to their amygdala and frontal cortex which, in effect, strips them of unnecessary concepts such as 'mercy' or 'conscience.' Sabretooth Guard are best kept isolated from noncombatants to prevent needless casualties.

Sabretooth Guard are statistically equivalent to Space Marine Sternguard. Their collection of nonstandard xenos weaponry is simulated using the Sternguard alternate ammunition rules as detailed in Codex: Space Marines.

- **Virgin Sect Sororitas** - Unlike many Adeptus Sororitas, the Virgin Sect members are directly subordinate to the will of the Solar Tiger Shogun. They are inducted or cloned females who have been subjected to Space Marine blood enhancement, in order to boost their metabolisms and stamina. Only a handful of Virgin Sect Sororitas will ever be permitted to bear infant Astartes, and this privilege is only awarded to those who display the greatest valor and prowess on the battlefield. It is every Sect sister's ambition to prove themselves worthy of this right. In combat, the swifter and lightly armored Sect Sororitas are used as advance scouts and reconnaissance elements.

Virgin Sect Sororitas are statistically equivalent to Space Marine Scouts and use identical special rules as detailed in Codex: Space Marines.





Sergeant Magnic of Loric
Depicted with *Crux Ferocitas*

The Beret was first introduced as a way of distinguishing units. Under the original rules of the Codex Astartes, all Marine Companies were color-coded. Most Codex units apply these colors to their banners and shoulder guards. The Solar Tigers took this a step further, and introduced colored berets to be worn in permissive environments.

Following their first disastrous voyage, Chapter Master Paraxus, three hundred Solar Tigers, and over one thousand serfs and sailors were lost to the warp. In response to this loss, the color system was abolished and replaced with uniform black. This symbolizes the eternal mourning of the Solar Tigers for their lost brothers.

Virgin Sect Sororitas are not awarded the beret until they give birth to an infant Astartes. Novice Marines can be identified by white berets.

“I was once invited to a briefing which included a Solar Tiger. I now know what its like to shake hands with someone who secretly wants to kill and eat you.”

**-Major Dayid Miklovich,
113th Vostoyan Regiment**

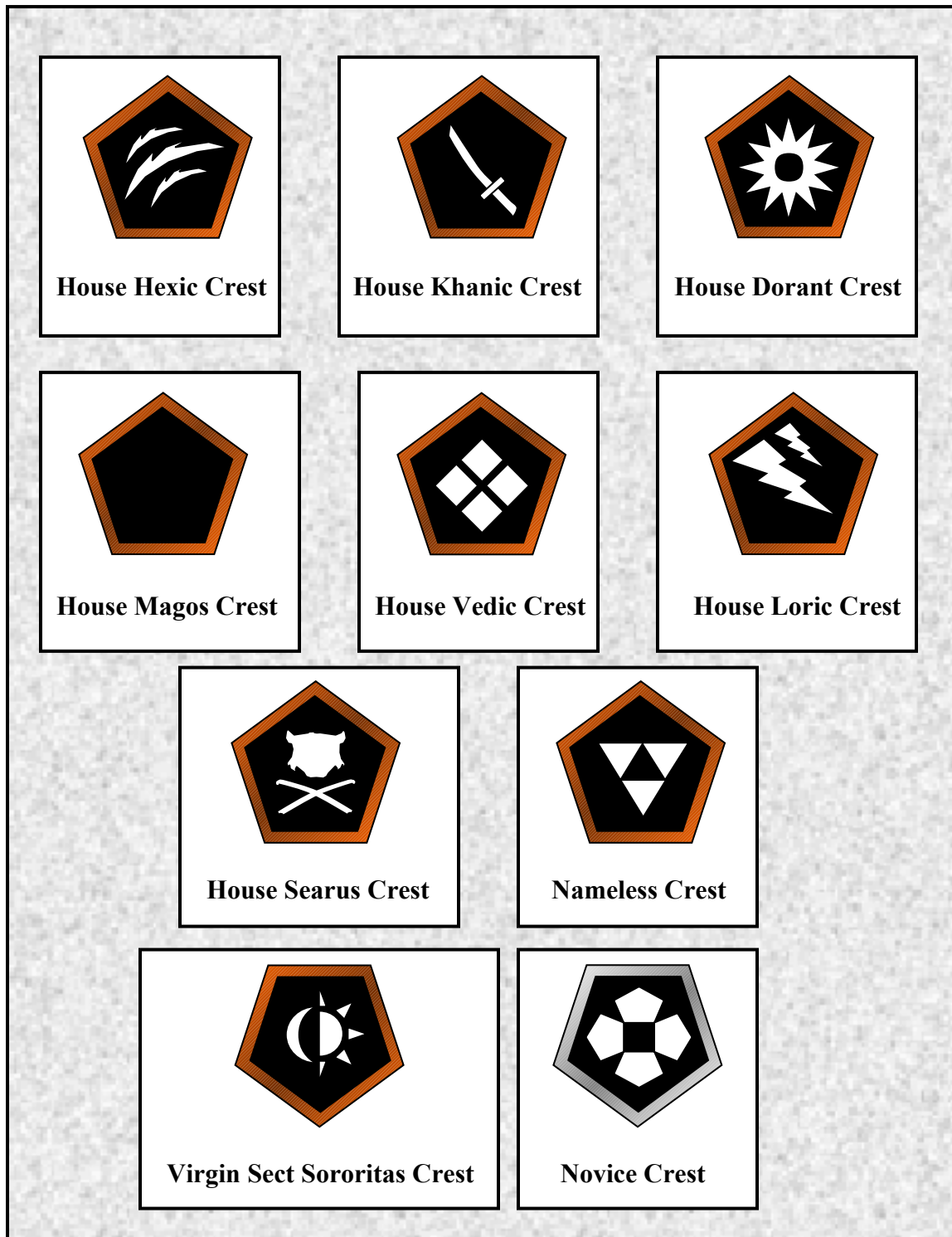


Battle Standard of House Khanic

The standard of House Khanic is one of the few original standards still in existence. The first Chapter Standard, along with the Company Standards for the first through third companies, were lost in the Warp with Chapter Master Paraxus. As the company system was phased out in favor of the Noble Houses, the lost tapestries were replaced with new designs.

Noble Houses of the Solar Tigers

Each crest is worn on the left shoulder guard
and reproduced in miniature on the beret flash.



Solar Tigers on Campaign

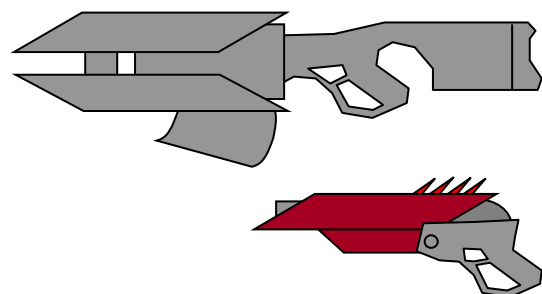
Imperial Guard - The Solar Tigers are often called upon to serve alongside regiments of the Imperial Guard, as is any Chapter. Guardsmen typically see the Tigers as being reserved and uncooperative, who appear, strike, and withdraw as they please with little concern as to the overall conduct of the battle. This is an accurate sentiment, but can be tempered by the fact that all humans tend to view Astartes as inscrutable. Tiger leaders must often remind their younger troops to respect the Imperial Guard, because they face the same foes as the Astartes, but do so with none of their advantages.

Allied Space Marines - Many Space Marine Chapters avoid the Solar Tigers, often due to the stigma attached with being a member of the ill-fated Twenty-First Founding. Codex Chapters such as the Ultramarines shun them for disregarding the instructions of the Codex Astartes, while fanatical chapters such as the Dark Angel view them with naked suspicion. The Tigers, for their part, prefer to keep their allies at arm's length and can be counted on to break contact as soon as the mission is complete.

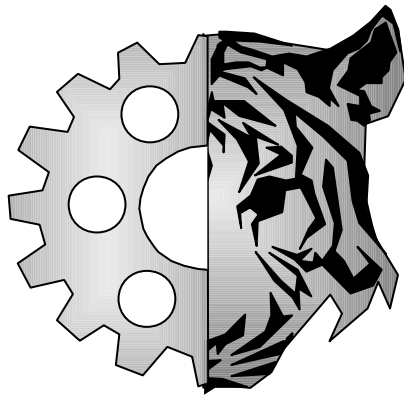
Adeptus Sororitas - The Solar Tigers maintain a profoundly antagonistic relationship with the Ecclesiarchy. The Sororitas view the Virgin Sect as an abomination, and those women in the Tigers ranks as apostates who have abandoned their fealty to the Emperor. Solar Tigers forbid their Virgin Sect Sororitas to be deployed on any mission where they may encounter the Ecclesiarchy, instead relying entirely on their Novice Scouts for reconnaissance. More than one Abbess has attempted to

make war on the Solar Tigers to eradicate their hideous genetic cult.

The Inquisition - Since their return to the Imperium in M40, the Inquisition has viewed the Solar Tigers with nothing but suspicion. While the Chapter has shown great valor in seeking out and destroying the forces of Chaos, the Inquisition has noticed a marked tendency for the Marines to secure Chaos relics rather than destroy them. In 591.M41, the First Inquisition of Incarnum was convened at which all the evidence regarding the Solar Tiger's history and activity was presented and reviewed. At the conclusion, they were found guilty of abhorrent genetic practices, the employment of xenos artifacts and weaponry, and of permitting unacceptable mutations within their ranks. Only the fact that no direct evidence was found linking them to Chaos worship prevented the Inquisition from declaring them *Diabolus Extremis*. Nonetheless, there are many among the Inquisition eager for the day they find an excuse to unleash the Grey Knights. In the meantime, the Solar Tigers have become known among more liberal circles as a safe haven for outcast radical Inquisitors.



**Examples of Xenos Firearms
Used by the Sabretooth Guard**



The Maltese Tiger Icon of the Techmarine Corps

The Techmarine Corps of the Solar Tigers suffered immeasurably from their isolation from the Forge Worlds. As with all elements of the Chapter, self-reliance became a necessity. The Techmarines established a tradition of tutoring their own apprentices, while the rest of the Chapter learned to fight without the benefits of armor and air superiority. Upon their return to Imperial space, the Techmarine Corps was denied entrance to the Forge Worlds, as their exposure to xenos technology was deemed unacceptable.

Orks - The Orks represent the antithesis of humanity in general and the Solar Tigers in particular. The Tigers find their random and erratic manner of warfare is detestable. The Solar Tigers strategy is to surgically target and eradicate enemy headquarters, but the Ork's decentralized command structure makes this task impossible. Few things break the Solar Tiger's mask of professionalism as easily as the frustration of fighting an Orkish horde.

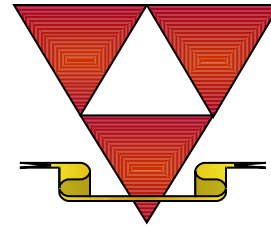
Tyranids - There is only one solution to the Tyranid threat: the total extinction of all Tyranid species, at any cost. The Solar Tigers understand this, and need no further motivation to do battle against them. The ever-pragmatic Solar Tigers have made attempts to capture Tyranids, intending to bend the creatures to their own purposes as one might train a dog or horse. So far all such attempts have ended in disaster.

Necrons - The return of the Necrons to the known universe did not occur until after the Solar Tigers were lost beyond the edge of the galaxy. They do not yet understand these new foes. The Techmarine Corps encourages Solar Tigers to capture pieces of Necron technology whenever possible for further research. Interestingly, the Necrons and the Solar Tigers often find themselves in competition for strategic objectives and battle for control of archeotech sites.

Eldar and Dark Eldar - The Solar Tigers have had little contact with the Eldar. They have recovered small amounts of Eldar technology, but find themselves incapable of understanding it, much less turning it to their own purposes. Because of this, as far as the Tigers are concerned the Eldar are of no practical value and may therefore be dispensed with. The Eldar, for their part, often find themselves attempting to prevent the Solar Tigers from unearthing forbidden lore and artifacts. The Solar Tigers have seldom encountered the Dark Eldar and do not yet understand the distinction between the two.

Tau - The Tau's practicality and technology intrigues the Solar Tigers, and they have a great deal of respect for the Tau's methodical, precise approach to war. However, they believe the Tau emphasis on working for the greater good to be more than a little naïve. The Tau, on the other hand, see the Solar Tigers as ruthless bastards who are likely to eliminate anyone they no longer find useful. They are probably right. The Solar Tigers often stage raids to seize pieces of technology that interest them, while the Tau may make war on the Chapter to pre-empt these attacks.

Chaos - The forces of Chaos are the single greatest threat facing humanity. The Solar Tigers have been bound within the schemes of Tzeentch since their inception. Locor Magnus, the Black Oracle, is the only Marine who understands this. He has spent the last two millennia directing his Chapter to seek out the servants of the ruinous powers and pry their secrets from their dead hands. It may be that the Black Oracle understands the nature of Chaos better than anyone else in the entire Imperium. To what extent this has affected his mind and his sanity is unknowable. Few can claim to have witnessed the Solar Tigers' suicidal raids on Chaos worlds. However, it is a fact that Chaos Marines have been spotted wearing Solar Tiger heraldry. Whether these represent fallen Marines or equipment scavenged by the Enemy is as yet unclear. One thing, however, is indisputable: Corruption comes one step at a time, and the Solar Tigers are already well along the road towards heresy. Whether they can be redeemed, or will plunge headlong into depravity has yet to be seen.



The Nameless House

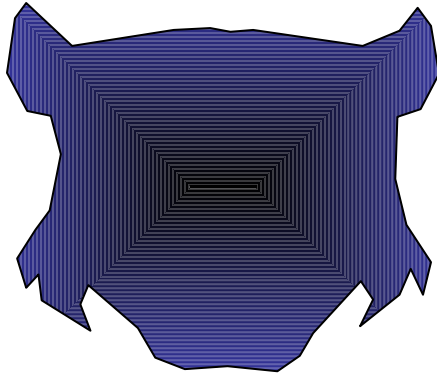
The eighth and last of the Noble Houses is composed of clones from a Marine whose name has been lost to history. The unknown Marine's DNA has never been matched to any samples in the database, and throughout millennia of reproduction his gene-strain has shown the least amount of mutation. The Nameless House is the only house to contain no members of the Noble caste. Since their return to the Imperium, the Nameless have taken on the role of the Solar Tiger's strategic intelligence arm. They often deploy individually to troubled worlds and establish extensive networks of spies and informants to seek out potential targets. Large numbers of outcast radical Inquisitors are rumored to have found sanctuary among the Nameless, but the Inquisition itself has never been able to confirm these accusations.

“The true brilliance of the Solar Tigers is that they choose to continue their cloning practices even when the necessity for it has long passed. Can you imagine what kind of man would be so dependable and so worthy that he would be reproduced over and over throughout the millennia?”

***-Pardoner Gabriel
Shortly Before His Excommunication***

“More than any other humans we have ever encountered, the Solar Tigers possess the ability to see beyond their immediate situation and cultural indoctrination. We call this *estrasherr*, taking the view from afar. If only they were not so insecure as to meet every challenge with aggression, they might make worthy allies.

**-Farseer Ulethwyn
*Meditations on the Young Species***



**The Sapphire Tiger
Icon of the Nine**

Sanctioned psykers within the ranks of the Solar Tigers are cultivated exclusively by House Magos. Only nine Librarians are employed at any given time, and they are loaned out to Noble Houses as they are needed. Each modern psyker is a clone of one of the original Librarians included in the founding, and each is responsible for raising and tutoring his own cloned apprentice. A young clone may spend centuries serving as apprentice to his Father / Master. The Librarians only number nine because the immortal Black Oracle has forbidden his own replication.

Atrocitus and the Lost - For the last six millennia, Chapter Master Paraxus and his three hundred lost Marines have burned in the terrible fires of Tzeentch. One by one the Daemon Lord Tz'Aroth twisted their minds and bodies, shattering their will and rebuilding them in the image of Chaos. Of all the young Astartes trapped in his burning grasp, the only one never to break was Paraxus himself. In the end, the daemon drowned him in a lake of molten steel and replaced his soul with that of his greatest champion, Atrocitus.

Now Atrocitus and his three hundred fallen have returned to the Emperor's Realm to wage war on mankind. The merciless champion, clad in obsidian and wreathed in blue fire, inspires his Marines to seek vengeance against the Chapter that 'abandoned' them to the warp. Atrocitus has appeared on over twenty battlefields, each time seizing command of disparate xenos and renegade forces to hurl his might in battle against the Imperium.

The Black Oracle has long foreseen the coming of Atrocitus. He is prophesied to destroy the Chapter, after which he will harvest billions of mortal souls for his daemon masters. The Solar Tigers will defeat him or be destroyed in the attempt. The fate of mankind hangs in the balance.

Atrocitus is capable of using his sorcery to seize control of even the most alien species and uniting them in battle. On the tabletop, Atrocitus is represented as a Librarian Epistolary and may be accompanied by a Command Squad as detailed in Codex: Space Marines. Atrocitus and the Lost may be taken as a Headquarters troop choice by *any* army opposing the Solar Tigers, and replaces that army's standard commander.



**The Tapestry Magnus
Standard of the Solar Tigers Chapter**

“For five long centuries we yearned to return to the promised land. What we found instead was a universe ruled by ignorance and superstition. For man to forsake the new and avoid the unexplored betrays humanity’s fear of the unknown. Did the Emperor not decree that His sons would know no fear?”

***-Exarth of Hexic VII
Fifth Shogun of the Solar Tigers***