# T <br> RIF <br> FID s 

 Imperial Designation: Wyndhamus vulgaris Common Name: Triffid, Weed, Lash Plant.Triffids are a unique plant race, and have an as yet unident if ied ability to spread from planet to planet. Triffids, or varieties of the genus, have been encount ered on numer ous for est and jungle worlds, where they use the dense foliage to hide and attack unsuspecting victims. Trif fids are able to move slowly by shuffling along on their thick roots, and have a stinging lash that whips out from the cup like flower at the top of the stem, leaving the victim blinded, paralysed, or dead.

|  | Pts $/$ model | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | LD | SV |
| :--- | :---: | :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- | :--- |
| Triffid | 19 | 4 | - | 5 | 4 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 10 | 4+ |

Size: Medium (9pts)
Movement: Rooted (-2 Pts)

## ATTRIBUTES:

Quick reflexes (+1 I) (1pts) Strong (+1 S) (3pts)

## ABILITIES:

Agile Flora (3pts)
Extended Attack (3pts)
No pain (2pts)

Weapons: Lash - The Triffid uses the Extended Attack ability, and therefore can make it's Attack on any model within 6". See Creature Feature rules.
Special Rules:
Agile Flora: The Trif fid can move D3" each turn. It can also assault D3" each turn.
No Pain: Triffids are hard to kill, with tough, flexible stems that are hard to hit or damage, and feel no pain. They therefore benefit from a 4+ invulnerable save.

> The Imperial Guard squad moved slowly through the dense jungle. Somewhere out there, the orks were patrolling, and these orks were not acting normally. Damn things were acting too cautiously, moving through the jungle in small, covert squads, making hit and run attacks on Imperial supply dumps. So here they were, a small patrol of Imperial Guard looking for a small patrol of orks in a planet wide jungle.
> A sudden cry, a human cry, broke the natural background noise of the immense jungle. Private Harrman fell, slumping on the floor and lay still. A bright red wheel showed on the side of his face. Sergeant Tarrk, with a growing pit in his stomach, recognised that mark in an instant.
> "Triffid!" he barked, "find 'em, kill 'em!" He turned, scanning the mass of foliage all around him. Too late, he saw the conical flower of a Triffid. With a swish, and a sickly smack, the long lash whipped out and slapped across his face. In a second, Tarrk's world went black, the frenzied blast of lasguns ringing in his ears.



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