

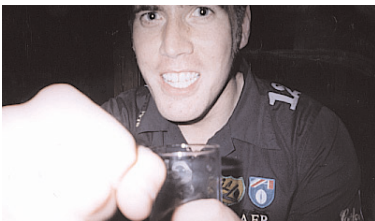
Dodgiest team in the league

Partizan Week®

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Salmon shows his anger at being made to look (more of) a fool (again) by the stunted growth pigmie warriors of Colombia

She was shocked to find the Pole hitting another shot that stayed on the pitch, let alone another on target all in the one season



Murray took to wearing an elaborate disguise to ensure he made it out of picturesque Bermondsey alive, although he picked up a 'lady of the night' on his way



POLICE APPEAL

Police hunt 'blindman' mugger

Police are on the lookout for a conman who was been taking money from groups of men every Saturday for the past few months, by posing as being visually impaired.

The suspect is described as being around 5ft 10in tall, of large build, with cataract correction sunglasses, a pink vest and big brown hair.

He has been spotted around football pitches in south London demanding £5 a time from unsuspecting individuals who seem powerless to stop him, even though he is supposedly blind.

He often has an accomplice with him who is described as being around 5ft 6ins, with a shaved head — although this is probably because he is going bald — and of similar build to the 'blind man'.

This accomplice — who goes by the name of Beado apparently — often collects the money.

If you know anything please contact the police.

OH DEAR

Rock's shot found in Channel

Lifeboatmen just off Dover last night claimed to have found the football which went into orbit following Ross' shot on Saturday.

It was originally thought that the ball would be lost forever, when it was mistaken for a missile by thousands around the world.

There were fears that the US would attempt to shoot the ball down as part of a pre-emptive strike against terrorism, but these fears were allayed when they checked their radars and realised that it was in fact due to the problem of Ross being massively unco-ordinated.

At the time of going to press Ross was still refusing to comment.

MATCH REPORT

Title hopes hit early as Partizan Wandsworth lose 2-1 to team of Colombian midgets

Partizan suffer opening day heartache in slum

Ah, the beautiful, sights, sounds and smells of Bermondsey. It's enough to make you turn around and run home crying. Especially when you see three police cars haring it down the street within 30 seconds of leaving the Tube.

But not the 'brave' boys of Partizan. Oh no, they were "Doing it for Diana, the Queen of Hearts," according to Gaffer DuLake. "Why do the good always die young?" he sobbed.

Anyhow, after braving the picturesque council estates and Combat 69-ridden pubs on the way down to the ground, Partizan stumbled upon the most Beirut-like turf anyone had ever laid eyes on.

Glass, syringes, land mines, not to mention a number of First World War trenches and I'm sure I spotted a couple of snipers ready to do business, were all there 'gracing' the turf. But after much deliberation it was finally decided to take the match onto the astroturf next to us.

The next surprise was the opposition. Although we were expecting a squad of international crack dealers, Colombia were all about three and a half foot tall. Salmon almost killed several of them by treading on their heads on his way out of the changing room.

So, at 2pm things finally got going in the Sahara sunshine. I think Colombia kicked off, but I can't really remember, I was probably too busy laughing at Salmon for being a big ugly twat.

Anyhow, nothing much really happened for the first 15 minutes or so. There were a couple of half chances at either end, but nothing came of any of them, so the least said about them the better.

Partizan were holding Colombia pretty well, although the 300°C heat was already beginning to make some see mirages at the end of the pitch.

And then it happened.

A long ball was played over the top and was only half cleared to the edge of the box. Unfortunately, it landed perfectly at the feet of one of their midfielders who volleyed it



The magnificent windswept rolling hills of beautiful Bermondsey yesterday

into the far top corner, for a goal that was probably just about deserved, although we'll say it was flukey anyhow.

Within a matter of minutes though Partizan had equalised. The referee awarded a penalty for a foul on ??? ???? , which Meado duly converted with unaccustomed accuracy.

However, this was not too last. Just a couple of minutes before half-time Colombia struck again. Again the ball broke free on the edge of the box and the Colombia centre midfielder hit a pot-shot which Armani Don had covered.

Unfortunately, a mole then popped up through the astroturf to deflect the ball over the diving keeper.

Murray missed a blindingly easy volley at some point around here, but the score at the half was 2-1 Colombia.

DuLake attempted to spout some words of wisdom at half-time, although everyone was too busy trying not to die of dehydration in the heat to really hear what he was saying.

So, to the second half.

Partizan started in fairly confident(ish) fashion for once. Even having a couple of

shots, which made a nice change. Obviously, none of them went in, but at least they tried and that's the main thing, eh.

But what's this? Joel, with a shot tipped over, Ross with a shot that ended up somewhere in Tesco's car park, things were looking up.

Then Danny strode forward and hit one from about 20 yards out. The goalkeeper seemed to move, or should I say wobble, in slow motion across his goal. Then with all the grace of Salmon he flung himself at the ball and pushed it away.

But surely he was already over his line and so was the ball? The referee was having none of it and waved away the protests.

And that, unfortunately, was pretty much that. Of course, as the game wore on, Colombia had a few chances as everyone tired out and pushed further forward. They even hit the post, but we'll skate over that.

In the final minute Danny headed one just wide and that was Partizan done. And with that everybody slumped to the ground with heat exhaustion.

Still, a good effort and we can only hope for a batter result next week.

DANCING QUEEN

DuLake faces disciplinary action after blowing fuse

BY JUDGE JUDY

Partizan Wandsworth manager Neil 'the mouth' DuLake could find himself in hot water this week, after falling foul of his own strict morality code.

DuLake and his cohorts on the sidelines were heard to mutter a number of obscenities in the direction of the referee, the linesman, the players (from both sides), the tramp in the park behind the pitch, some old woman who was walking her dog and anybody in the area who didn't look like a member of the National Front, which narrowed down the options somewhat.

When quizzed on why he had seemingly ignored his own instructions to not



backchat the referee and dispute any calls under any circumstances, DuLake shouted: "Why don't you f*** off, you f***in' c***!"

"Have you been sent here to f***in' wind me up? I've killed for less. If those short-ass b*****s from Colombia have put you up to this, I'll f***in' kill them as well. You're all a bunch of f***in' w*****!"

At this point the Pole and Meado began to hold him back for fear of what he may do next. Any further incident was avoided, however, when DuLake broke into a bizarre 'spacka' dance to relieve the stress.

An unnamed Colombia player was heard to say: "What a f***in' t***! That w***** dances like Stephen Hawking on crutches."

Officially the worst pitch anybody has ever seen in their lives