



An Education For Ansel Head
2013 In Pictures
Nelson H. Head

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An Education For Ansel Head, 2013 In Pictures
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*This book is dedicated to the nameless men and women
at Blurb whose negligence allowed its publication.
You know who you are.*





⚡ No 
o Poopin'
• s'il vous plait.



Introduction

Looking back at 2013, Ansel Head knew he had pursued an education; but because he was getting older, he was having trouble remembering what that education was. That's where his trusty Nikon came to his assistance. With pictures, he could continue sharing what he had learned with his fellow man. And with a sizeable contribution from the author to the nice people at Blurb, Head had the means to share that education with the masses.

If nothing else, Head has never lost his knack for self-delusion in thinking that any fellow man or the masses as a whole would give a damn about the subject. His family and friends, though, who would receive free copies of the book, would be polite about it because they were born into polite society.

In the previous two years, Head had honed his proficiency in dealing with death and funerals. But no friend or family member died in 2013. As far as he knew, no one in Birmingham or close to him had even sneezed, leaving him to file his bereavement skills into the shallow recesses of his non-Ivy League brain. His favorite cat, Max, did die; but he and Ms. Wolfe were out of town. Ms Wolfe made the fatal plug decision, his neighbors arranged the service, and Head continued frittering away his days.

His taxes had gone up, though, and this was indubitably an omen that more deaths would, with certainty, follow. For this reason alone, Head continued urging his restaurant staff to force tea upon his guests; history had taught him that when Americans start spreading around tea, lower taxes would soon follow, sparing his friends, family, and the Union their certain demise.

Mimicking wait staff from around the world when they deliver morsels to the table, Ansel Head walks away from this picture book with a suggestion to anyone bored (or sick) enough to pick it up:

"En.....njoy!"

Nelson H. Head
April, 2014

**Believe Savior In Jesus
Let's Go To Heaven**

Pr William Pkwy



349
379
395

7
8
0
4
6
9



Max The Cat, R.I.P.



It's sad when one's atmosphere reaches its sell by date.





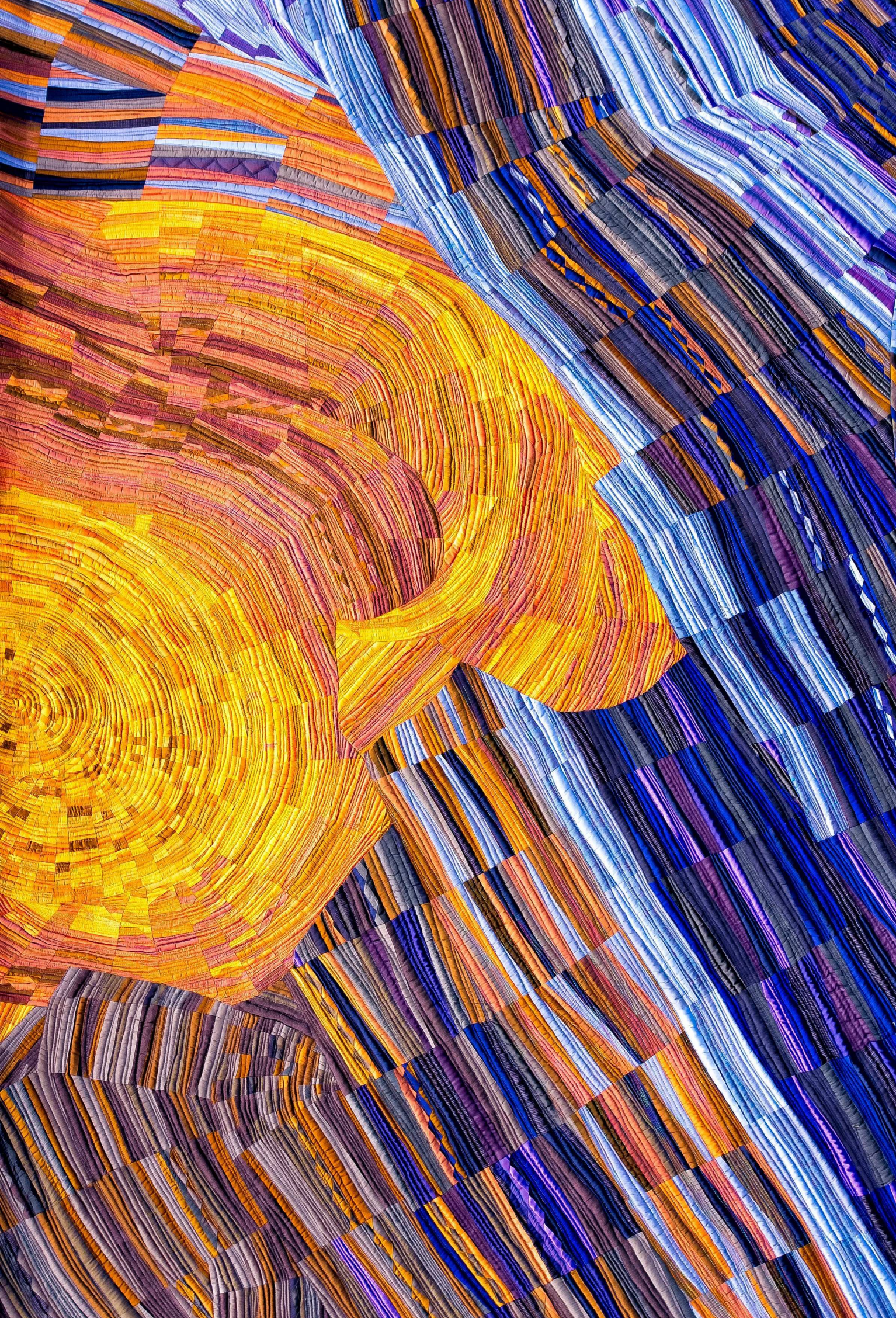


Joaquin takes up wrestling.





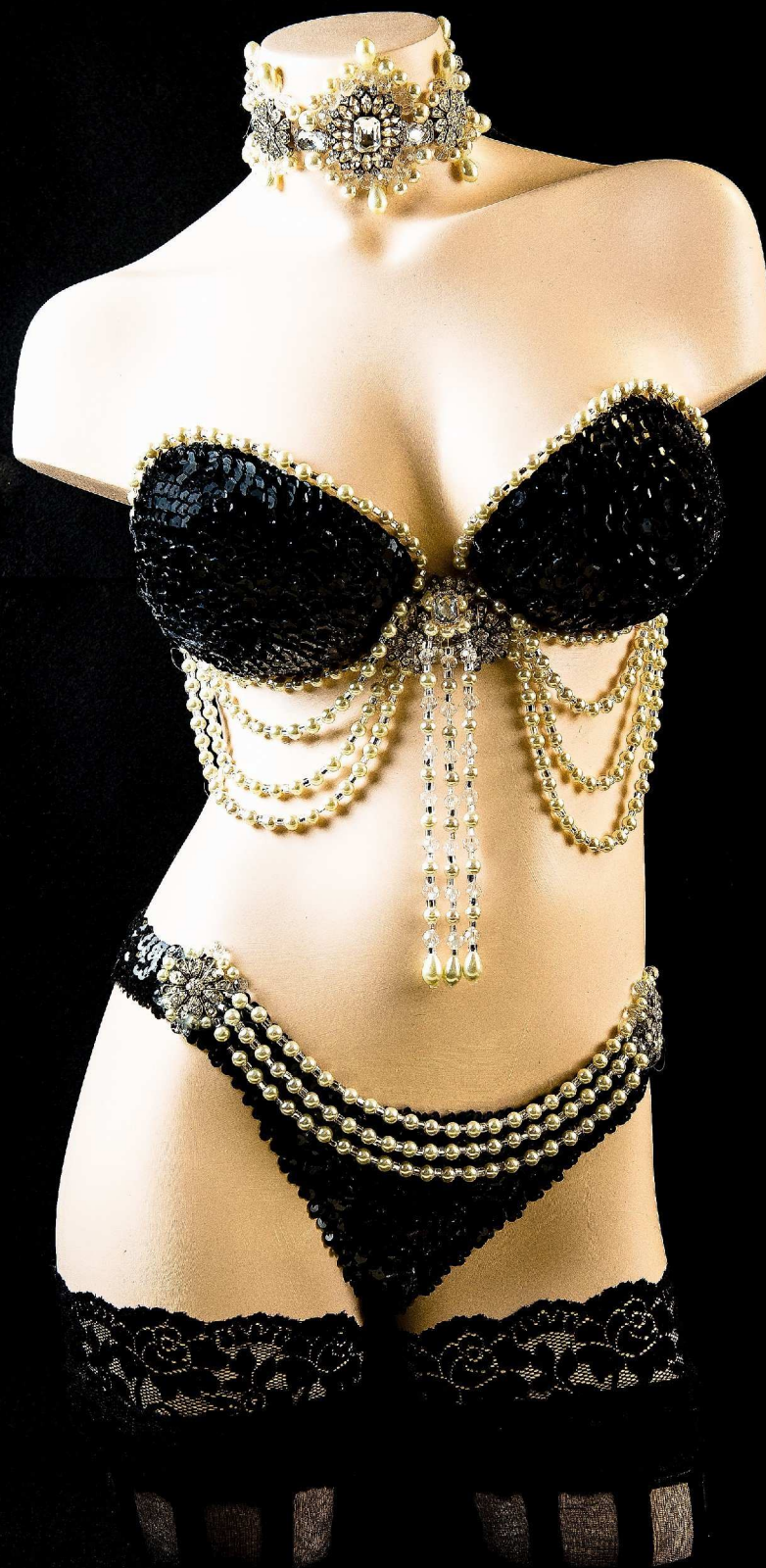
Things Head saw at the
Mid-Atlantic Quilt Show.











Well, not exactly what's seen at
the Mid-Atlantic Quilt Show.



Spring comes to the
Occoquan.



Otto with some of his 2,000 kids.







The difference between a quinceañera and a Southern debut party is that the quinceañera starts out in a church, not at a bar.















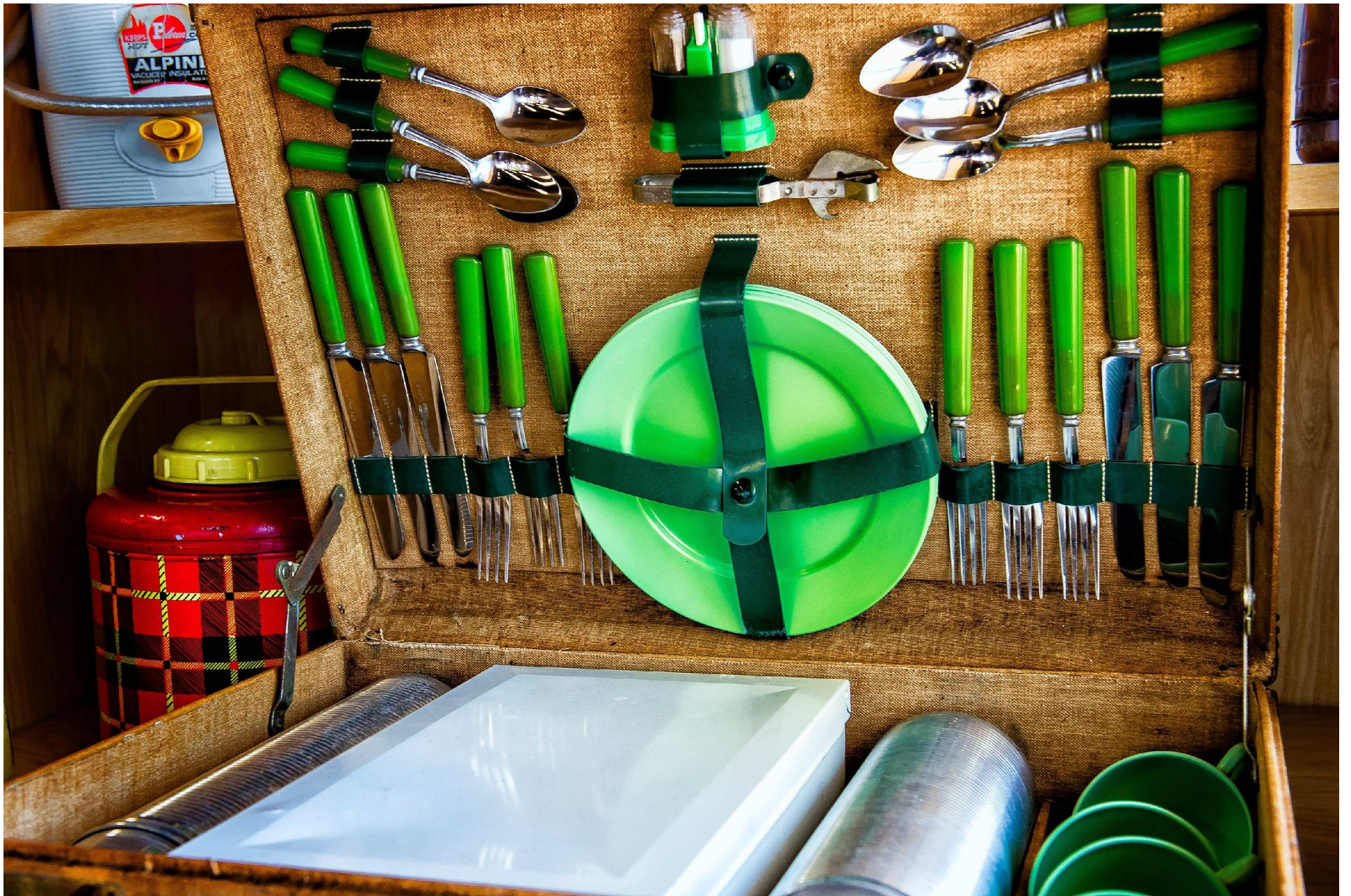




Head's courses always seem
to return to food.

































Road Trip























Santa Fe
Quilting
INC.

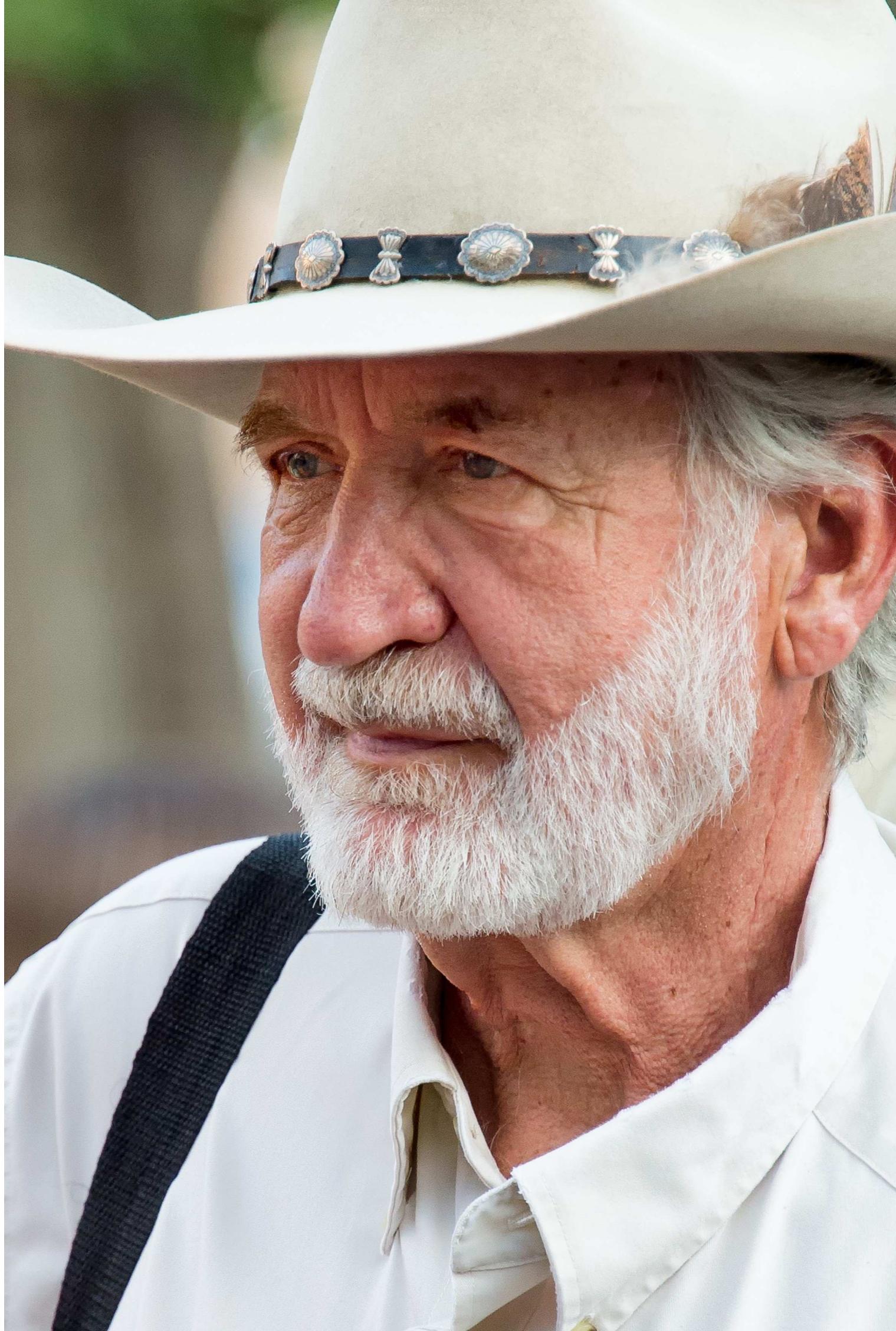






















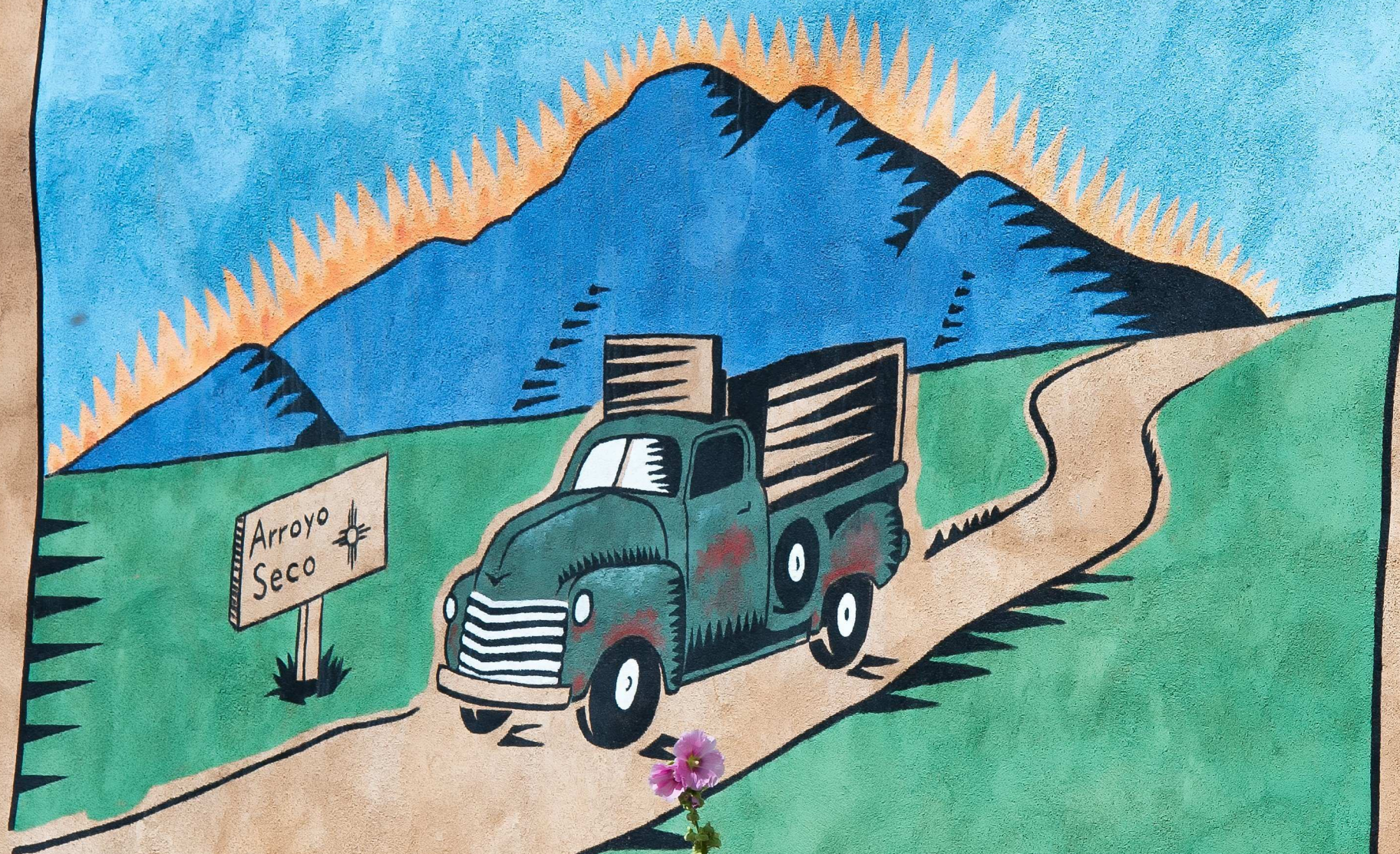








ARROYO SECO MERCANTILE



ANTIQUE, GIFTS & UNUSUAL FINDS

























Festival Boliviano



















Jesus
Take the
Wheel
of My Life





The man closes the War Memorials.



Vets respond, "Mr. Obama, tear down this baracade!"





The usual suspects show up for the fun.













"Let's take'em to the White House!"



And when the vets go home, the baracades go back up.





A more peaceful place: Wolf Creek Bridge across the Missouri River in Montana



Dawn at Thompson's Boat House on the Potomac
River in *Georgetown*















A Rockabilly Hot Rod Rumble





Marine Corps Marathon



OK world, can you see now why it's unwise to mess around with the Americans?













On the Northern Neck



















Christmas in Richmond







The National Zoo



S.B.1-3

1-4



























