

Malynda

Parody of a parody being "The Holy Hand Grenade" scene from the classic film "Monty Python and The Holy Grail"

Book of Adornments - Chapter 2, verses 9 through 21 (says The HennaPage_Staff)

And the ICNHA Certified Artist raised the henna powder up on high saying, "Oh Catherine, bless this thy henna powder that with it we mayest adorn many hands and maybe some naughty bits, in thy mercy." And Catherine did grin, and the HennaPage people did sling upon the limbs and soles and arms and bellies and backs of hands and butt-cracks/areolas and front cracks and. . . .

Skip a bit (says The HennaPage_Site.Admin.)

. . . .and Catherine spake saying, "First shalt thou dump out the Holy powder, then shalt thou add basic ingredients three - maybe more, maybe less. Three shalt be the number of basic ingredients, and the number of basic ingredients shall be three. First shalt thou add some lemon juice, and sugar being ingredient number two. Thou mayest add other ingredients, excepting if that the ingredient proceeds to harm thee. PPD IS RIGHT OUT! Once the essential oils, being the third basic ingredient, be added, then mix to a yogurt consistency and cone (having waited for dye release), and sling upon thy client, who having signed the waiver, shall pay for it."

Amen

Mani

In the style of Frank Herbert (specifically DUNE):

It is by henna alone that I set my mix in motion.
It is by the addition of lemon and sugar that the henna becomes a paste.
The terps increase the stain.
The stain becomes adornment.
It is by henna alone that I set my mix in motion.

Holleah

In the spirit of all things annoying, I did not grow up with the big purple dinosaur... Song to 'This Old Man', aka Barney's theme song:

I love you, you love me.
Stained dark brown we hope to be.

With henna, lime juice, sugar and honey,
in a couple days we'll be making money.

Dyp

Bollywood Script Henna Mix For Henna Pages: contest entry: 12-06-05

Scene 1.

Fade in with credits.

Brides dancing and shaking Tupperware tubs full of henna. Pennies from inside the tubs making the percussion to the song (in some foreign language that is too fast for subtitles to keep up with.)

Focus in on Amisha (obvious mendhi artist in huge hippie skirt and fuzzy brown hair, holding a huge bowl and an aubergine.)

Amisha;

(Raising aubergine in the air... doing the Punjabi side-step clap clap dance & singing above the others.)

Oh why buy henna paste when I can make it at home for free?
Bring all your sifted powder to me.

Brides all step dance forward to empty their well-sifted henna dust into the bowl. Sitting in a circle around Amisha and rocking back in forth in time with the Punjabi side-step clap clap dance.

Amisha;

(Stirring contents into bowl)

Add some lemon and sugar too... step in the hot sun till the day is through.

Brides all dance for 12 hours as the henna paste cures. Chinking together their bangles as they sway.

Fade into dusk...

Brides obviously tired from dancing for 12 hours, some collapsed like the energizer bunny exercise class commercials.

Amisha:

(Magically appears from somewhere, refreshed and clean and unworn.)
(Continues the song.)

Now that the mix is a go, we grab a cone, and we start to roll. Tape it up, pin prick in the end, sit my darlings its time to begin.

Brides all take one look at Amisha and roll eyes.

Amisha:

(Looks at brides obviously annoyed, looks into the camera and speaks)

Hmph..... I hate it when brides squirm.

(Cheesy huge Bollywood smile)

Cut

Fade

The End

Holly

William Shakespeare, Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Scene 1, Portia's Soliloquy (With apologies to the Bard)

"The quality of henna is best strained,
 It drapeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the hand beneath: it is twice blessed;
 It blesseth her that slings and her that stains:
 'Tis darkest when 'tis freshest: it becomes
 The dark green paste far better with some warmth;
 Sour lemon starts the force of dye release,
 The attribute to dark and lovely stains,
 Wherein doth sit the awe of great designs;
 But sugar is within this smoothest paste;
 It is affixed to the skin like glue,
 It is an attribute to stains most dark;
 And staining power doth then show darkest yet
 When terpene seasons henna. Therefore, you,
 Though simplest be thy plea, consider this,
 That, in the course of simplest, none of us
 Should see great staining: we do pray for A-1;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to add
 The oils of tea-tree. I have spoke thus much
 To teach to thee th'ingredients of thy mix;
 Which if thou follow, this strict rule of henna
 Must needs give good stain 'gainst the thin

Mani

Beat poem style, leaning heavily to Ginsberg's Howl:

I saw the best henna of the season lost, destroyed

by improper sifting or straining, too much heat
or too little.

Mixing too thin with no more too augment the runny
sad sliding paste issuing forth from the cone
Henna-headed mixers yearning for the ancient art
the perfection of Swarovsky-studded mehndi on the
hands of brides.

Who emptied henna powder into bowls, or cups, specific
for their purpose at the kitchen counters and table
tops in tiny apartments and cozy homes with the radio
on. Contemplating sugar or honey and lemon

Who passed henna paste through cheap dimestore stockings
hoping for good consistency wishing they'd worn gloves
sifting twig and gravel from Krakhoristani road weed.

Who rolled their own cones and burned through a full roll
of mylar before getting them just right, thankful to
be free of crippling jac bottle madness

Who boiled coffee and tea and dried limes and made
witches' brews and in the end decided that henna was
best with lemon juice, and sugar. Or honey or dextrose
and monoterpine oils.

Who slept wrapped like mummies to keep the paste warm
and unsmudged & left their henna in warm cars or
ovens with just the light when the season turned
cool

Who waited impatiently, anxiously fingers tapping for
dye release and bagged or coned their henna and froze
promptly for freshness & packed a cooler with ice
to gigs or to flee natural disasters.

Who gather and share and make available information
and friendship & laughter and recipes. Advice for
coming ever closer to the goal, the apex, the ultimate
the A1.

Holleah

First haiku, in honor of fifth grade:

Lemon juice
oils, henna, sugar
dye release

rested well
released better warm
palms staineth

Malynda

In the style of Robert Hunter (of The Grateful Dead)

Mehendiwallah with a cone
In and out of the crowd she goes
Country or city in wind or rain
Wherever she goes the people all want stain

Henna will darken in its time
Well it may, or it may demise
Did dye release? Does it now?
Henna would answer if it knew how

Ceramic bowl with crackled shell
Bowl of paste to sit a spell
with lemon and sugar twixt now and then
Henna mixed to wait
Then mixed with oil and wait again

Lady fingers draped in red
Asking "how long" of stains she's shy
Time skips ahead to the answer
Skin shrugs and bids the stain goodbye

Thieving troll, dull and shallow
What a lot of copyrights you have spurned
Several reasons you give for your treasons
Put them in your book, call them your own

Did you look, did you find The Page?
Answers aplenty, some silly some sage
Talk about your mixes, talk about your skills

Knowledge is gathered and freely is spilled

Skin unblemished will remain
 The stain it's lost it shall regain
 Stain that was killed by suds or time
 Can be replaced with new design

Henna comes a callin', Mehendi Woman
 Slinging a wonderous paste all her own
 Will you answer? Yes, I will
 but how much must we serve to pay the server bill?

Malynda

In the style of scientific theory:

Schroedinger's Henna

3 Tablespoons henna powder
 Lemon juice to make a yogurt consistency
 10 packets SweetnLow sweetener
 15 drops acceptable monoterpene essential oil
 1 hammer
 1 flask of concentrated chlorine
 1 box (complete with hammer-to-flask smashing mechanism)
 1 atom (radioactive)
 1 geiger counter

The henna paste is mixed and left to sit at 70 degrees Fahrenheit until the moment of dye release. The bowl of henna paste is then placed inside the box, together with the radioactive atom. If the atom decays and the geiger counter detects an alpha particle, the hammer hits the flask of concentrated chlorine, killing the henna stain. The paradox lies in the clever coupling of quantum and classical domains. Before the henna artist opens the box - thus observing the results - the henna's fate is tied to the wave function of the atom, which is in a superposition of decayed and undecayed states. In other words, the atom is existing in two different states at the same time. Thus, the bowl of henna paste must itself be in a superposition of dead and alive before the henna artist opens the box, "observes" the paste, and "collapses" its wave function. So, in theory, before the paste is observed it's stain is both at peak and at total demise simultaneously - proving (according to Schroedinger and Schroedinger enthusiasts) the existense of henna in parallel dimensions.

Mani

This one is for my sister, who hates William Carlos Williams almost as much as she hates the band Styx. Especially the poem I am about to parody.

This Is Just To Say

I have mixed
the henna
that was in
the freezer

with lemon
and honey in
a cup
and terped it

Forgive me
I used the last
of the
tea tree oil

Keerah

Ein "Elfchen": "Elfchen" (means "little eleven") It's a given form like a Haiku, using exactly eleven words in a fixed order (maybe there's a similar thing in English I don't know of):

*The first line has to be a color
the second one describing something that has this color, using the word again
in the third one, where / how it is or what it does
next line has to describe my relationship with this something, it has to start with "I"
and the last line is only one word, making sense of all before*

grün
grünes Pulver
gemischt mit Zitronensaft
ich kann's nicht lassen
Henna

now the translation (I try, but the number of words changes in english)

green

a green powder
 mixed with lemonjuice
 I can't stop doing it
 Henna

CatMean

In he style of Emily Dickinson

Our Ancient Shrub
 Solemnly Dried--
 Amongst the Sand
 Sifted as Fine

Tart and Fruit
 of Lemon Tree
 Yields own Liquid
 With forceful Squeeze

The Oil and Essence
 Scented Distillate
 Sweet garden and Lavender
 To Perfume and Penetrate

Then, oh Heat and Textured Sweet
 Yield the Potent Paste--
 Though Swift with Time our Ruddy Stain
 Disappears, Posthaste.

CatMean

In the style of E. E. Cummings

its only a plant (just play in the mud
 for chris'sake)no its not:

its a rit
 u
 al (of lemonsandoilsandsugars
 ohmy)

and the (only the Best will do, ma'am)
 powder
 put it on?

with
 cones and stones and bones
 and Heat(sweat nono_now

Wait.
 (patience is a virtue you know;

trus tme
 beauty(henna)is only
 skin
 d
 e
 e
 p
 (honestly)

a fiery sun
 set
 orange:red:rust

if you dont understand you never will

CatMean

is loosely based on Dr. Seuss's Green Eggs and Ham:

I do not like Mehandi, ma'am
 I do not like it
 Catherine

I do not like it here or there
 I do not like it anywhere
 I do not like it on my skin
 I would not, could not, it's SO foreign

I will not wear it, it seems so strange
 I do not like it, it only comes in orange
 I do not like it on my heel
 I will not try it, it's not real

I do not like it on my palm
 I would not, could not, it's Islam
 I do not like Mehandi, ma'am
 I do not like it
 Catherine

Would you with something sour?
 Would you with oil from a flower?

Try it, try it, you will see
 I mix mine with honey, from a bee.

I did my research, I was wrong
 Women used henna all along

Say! I do like Mehendi, ma'am!
 I do! I like it, Catherine

And I will try and try again
 And I will get a better stain.
 And get the perfect glide
 to be INCHA Certified

Even I can do it, and I'm no mage
 Thank you, thank you, HennaPage

Enigma

Based on Robert. F. Potts "Can You Imagine?"

Can you imagine a world without Henna,
 A world with all tattoos the same?
 Where the only known designs are hiding in books,
 And imaginations are terribly lame?
 A world without Henna would be sad indeed.
 I cannot imagine the pain,
 Of having a world where there's no Mylar Cones,
 Where dried limes are searched for in vain.
 Can you imagine a world without oils,
 No Cajeput, Tea Tree, or Rose.
 And think of the sadness the world feels,
 When the scent no longer tickles its nose.
 Can you imagine a world without Henna,
 No Cardamom, Walnut or Cloves?
 And can you imagine how dull it would be,
 If our brews never simmered on stoves?
 I cannot imagine a world without Henna,
 A world with no 12 hour wait.
 A world without honey or freezers,
 Or carrot bags with which to cascade.

They say I should grow up and be more mature,
 Like a normal adult ought to do.
 But I'd rather, with delight, mix up some henna,
 And I'll bet that you feel that way, too.

Gamergirl Raven

Parody of Edgar Allen Poe's "The Raven"

Once upon a dreamy evening, she did ponder, maybe leaving
 but instead found Lizard Dancing volumes of mehendi lore.
 So she figured maybe try some, maybe stain would be the outcome,
 spoon and bowl and henna powder, maybe add a little more.
 What to put then with the henna, sugar then there she shall pour.
 Spill it not onto the floor.

Ah, distinctly she remembers, degrees 80 henna prefers,
 tea tree oil drips into the powder that was mixed before.
 Eagerly she wished for staining, lemon juice she mixed, then straining
 straining after left it sitting - sitting near the kitchen door.
 Coning then, the tip is snipped for little finger rings and more.
 Henna she loves, evermore.

Enigma

Henesis 1 (based on "Genesis 1", The Bible)

1:1 In the beginning God created the Lawsonia inermis on earth.
 1:2 And the Lawsonia powder was without form, and scent; and fecklessness was upon
 the whole of the powder. And the Spirit of God moved upon the whole of the powder.
 1:3 And God said, Let there be stockings: and there was stockings.
 1:4 And God saw the stockings, that it was good: and God divided the clumps from the
 powder.
 1:5 And God called the stockings Sifter, and the powder he called Henna. And the henna
 and the sifting were the first steps.
 1:6 And God said, Let there be an acid in the mix of the henna, and let it divide the
 cellulose from the leaf particles.
 1:7 And God made the acid, and divided the cellulose upon the henna leaf particles, and
 came dye molecules: and it was so.
 1:8 And God called the acid Lemon Juice. And the adding of the Lemon Juice was the
 second step.

1:9 And God said, Let the essence of Melaleuca be gathered together unto one place, and let the essence be put into bottles: and it was so.

1:10 And God called the essence Essential Oils; and the gathering together of the essential oils called he EO blends: and God saw that it was good.

1:11 And God said, Let the earth bring forth Elettaria cardamomum, the seed yielding fruit, and the seeds shall yield properties of color, and spice, upon the henna: and it was so.

1:12 And the earth brought forth Elettaria cardamomum, and seed yielding fruit after his kind, and the seeds yielding color, and spice, mixed with the henna: and God saw that it was good.

1:13 And the EO and the Cardamom were the third step.

1:14 And God said, Let there be Saccharides in the mixture to divide grain from the henna; and let it be smooth, and for draping, and for details, and sticking:

1:15 And let them be for artists of the henna to give good texture upon the skin: and it was so.

1:16 And God made two great delays; the greater delay to rule the dye, and the lesser delay to rule the oils: he made the carrot bag also.

1:17 And God set everything within a bowl of saran wrap to give time upon the release,

1:18 And to roll a cone with mylar and with cello wrap, and to divide the henna from the bowl: and God saw that it was good.

1:19 And the Saccharides and the Delays were the fourth step.

Gamergirl Raven

This is a parody of IRS Form W-9

Request for Taxpayer Identification Number and Certification

Purpose of the Henna Paste:

A henna artist who is required to mix henna paste under the direction of the Henna Page and registered with the INCHA, must obtain the correct henna powder from the Henna Page suppliers to, for example, mix paste that will stain the skin, certify that the stain will be as dark as possible, or certify that you are not using PPD.

Henna Artist: Use henna paste only if you are a henna artist (including a henna novice), to provide the correct stain to the person requesting it (the requestor) and, when applicable, to mix with:

1. Sugar or honey that is the correct source of sucrose, dextrose, or fructose (or you won't be able to issue the correct consistency),
2. Tea Tree essential oil that is not subject to skin irritation or expiration,
3. Lemon Juice that is not exempt of citric acid if you are a henna artist payee.

In the 3 above, if applicable, you are also certifying that as a henna artist, your henna paste is of yogurt consistency and is not subject to being disturbed for an 8 hour period. It is at this time that your henna paste, having certified to have dye release, is to be coned and made ready at the requestor's request.

Keerah

Parody of Goethe's Faust I:

Habe nun, ach, "How To",
Enzyklopädie, Twiddles
und auch das Forum
durchaus studiert, mit heissem Bemühn.

Da steh ich nun, ich armer Tor!
bin viel klüger als wie zuvor;
Heisse Henna-Künstler
und mixe schon an die fünf Jahr
meine Paste, wie wunderbar!

Und sehe, dass Pulver, mit Zitronensaft,
erwiesen die schönste Mehndifarbe schafft.
Bilde mir nicht ein, ich könnte anderen was lehren,
oder gar mal Catherine mit meinem Werk beehren.

Auch hab ich weder Platz noch Geld -
doch ein Tiefkühler ist, was mir fehlt!
Es möcht kein Hund so länger leben!
Drum hab ich mich dem Gedanken ergeben,
dass ich mit saurem Schweiss
probieren muss, was ich nicht weiss:

dass ich erkenne, ob Tea-Tree, Lavendel oder Geranium
für die B2-Farbe wird sein das Optimum!

Well, that's it. Don't make me translate that!!!

Karen F's Bablefish translation of the preceeding:

Goethe's Fist

1: Property now, oh, "How tons", encyclopedia, Twiddles and also the forum quite studies, with hot Bemuehn.

There stand I now, I poor gates!
 are much more intelligent than like before;
 Be called Henna artist and mix already to the five year my paste,
 how marvelously!
 And it sees that powders, with lemon juice, proved the most beautiful
 Mehndifarbe create.
 Picture me, I other one could not which teach, or times Catherine with my work
 honour.
 Also have I become place still money - nevertheless a low radiator is, which is
 missing to me!
 It does not moecht a dog so longer lives!
 Drum I the thought arose that I must try with sour sweat,
 which I do not know:
 that I recognize, whether Tea Tree, lavendel or Geranium for the B2-Farbe
 becomes its the optimum!

hummm ... moecht a dog ??

This makes no sense to me. No wonder I could never understand my German in
 laws!!

Keerah's Translation of the preceeding Faust:

*Here's the very free translation of Goethes Henna-Faust (it's
 rhymeless, but makes sense, I hope):*

I have now, oh, "How To",
 Encyclopedia, Twiddles
 and also the Forum studied,
 took all the needed efforts.

Here I stand now, me poor fool,
 and I'm much wiser than before.
 Call myself Henna-Artist
 and mix already for five years
 my paste, how wonderful!

And I see that powder with lemonjuice
 proves to create the most beautiful Mehndicolor.
 I don't pride myself on teaching others
 or even dare the honor to show Catherine my work.

And I haven't the space nor the money,
 but a freezer is what I need!
 No dog would like to go on living like this!
 That's why I accept the fact
 that I have to go on trying, with sour sweat,

what I still don't know yet:

that I will recognize if Tea Tree, Lavender or Geranium
is the optimal ingredience for the B2 color.

The German version is very close to Goethe, that's why Bablefish had such
problems translating it, I guess...

K8et

Henna Ritual

Setting the altar: a bowl with henna powder, a chalice with lemon juice, sugar or honey,
essential oils (lavender recommended during waxing moon and cajeput during waning),
one brown candle and one orange candle.

Casting the circle:

Scatter henna powder (only dead old powder, no need to waste fresh!) in a circle.

Facing North:

Hail to the watchtowers of the north

Gaurdians of the earth

Protect and nourish the soils in which our beloved plant grows

Hail and welcome!

Facing East:

Hail to the watchtowers of the east

Guardians of the air

May your winds blow soft so as to not blow away the henna powder as we mix

Hail and welcome!

Facing South:

Hail to the watchtowers of the south

Guardians of fire

Gather us in your warmth for our much needed dye release and quality stains

Hail and welcome!

Facing West:

Hail to the watchtowers of the west

Guardians of water

We welcome you to watch from a distance so as to not interfere with the dye release

Hail and welcome!

Ritual:

“Goddess Henna, we gather in your honor to prepare your magical potion. Into the blessed henna powder, we add the God of Sour in the form of juice from a lemon, and the Goddess of Sweetness, in the form of honey.”

Follow with a standard energy raising ceremony, for 8-12 hours, providing the mix with time and heat, and release the energy into the mix to obtain dye release.

Add the essential oils.
(If you prepared a feast, partake of it now)

When finished, ground extra energy, thank the quarters for joining and give them permission to leave, sweep henna powder circle away, and put henna mix in freezer.

The Circle is Open but Unbroken
Merry Meet, Merry Stain, Merry Part,
And Merry Meet Again.

K8et

Winnie the Pooh and the Henna-y Day

One morning Pooh woke up and in his normal routine, went for his honey jar.

“Oh golly,” said Pooh, “There’s no honey left! What could have happened to it?”

He decided to visit his good friend Piglet. He walked to Piglet’s house, although his tummy was all grumbly from not having any breakfast.

“Piglet, something horrible happened – I’m out of honey!”

“W-w-w-well Pooh, maybe I can help you f-f-f-find some!” Piglet said. “Let me just have my c-c-cup of tea with lemon.”

Pooh waited, grumbly and tapping his foot. “Well?”

Piglet replied “I c-c-c-can’t find my lemon juice! It was here last n-n-night. You don’t think..... I mean.... A heffalump wouldn’t go around stealing honey and l-l-l-lemon, would it??” with a very frightened look on his face.

“Oh Piglet, I’m sure there’s a reason for this! Besides, everyone knows heffalumps don’t like lemons.”

“O-k-k-kay” Piglet replied, still not convinced.

“Let’s go find Eeyore and ask him!” Pooh decided.

So they went to find Eeyore.

“Welllll, what do youuu want?”

“Someone stole my honey!” said Pooh

“And m-m-my lemon juice!” said Piglet

“Welll what about meeee?” Eeyore complained “I’m in a louuusy mood today because soooooone stole my lavender essential oil. Yoouuuuu know how much aromatherapy has helped meeee with my depression latelyyyyy...”

“Another theft!” exclaimed Pooh. “Let’s ask Owl, He’ll know!”

So they went off to Owl’s.

“Hmmm you say honey, lemon juice, AND essential oil? Sounds to me like only one possibility. Tigger found some henna powder. You know how yesterday he lost his stripes? He came to me looking for something that he could use to put the stripes back on, and I told him all about henna. You should go find him, and you’ll find your lost supplies!”

So they all went to Tigger’s house, and sure enough there he was mixing henna powder, with Pooh’s honey, and Piglet’s lemon juice, and Eeyore’s lavender oil, and painting stripes on his body!

Owl said “Didn’t you listen to me? You need to let the mix sit overnight before you can use it! It’s no good like that!”

“Oh I gotcha Buddy boy – but I like the look of the paste on, myself!” Tigger exclaimed.

“Oohoo!! This is so much fun! I have to find other creatures to paint stripes on. TTFN, Ta-ta-for-now!”

And Tigger bounced off into the forest, singing:

“The wonderful thing about henna
is henna gives wonderful stains!
It’s cooling and it’s relaxing
It’s my new favorite thing.
It’s sweet, it’s sour, smells like a flower,
it’s fun fun fun fun fun!
but the most wonderful thing about henna

it's fun for everyone!"

The End.

Morgan

I wrote my instructions to the tune of Billy Shakespeare. It's from Act 3 scene 2 of Romeo and Juliet. We all know this is what Juliet was really saying...

Come, night, come, Henna-night, come, thou party tonight;
 Though now I mix a henna paste just right
 Sift finer than new snow on raven's back.
 Come, lemon, come, honey, terps, in frosting bag so tight,
 Give me my henna paste; and when it shall change,
 Take it and strain it out in little cones,
 And we can make the hands of ladies so fine
 That all the world will be in love with henna
 And pay no worship to the garish Ink.

CatMean

based on "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep", a popular children's prayer.

Now I mix henna and juice,
 I pray it's not too thick to use,
 If it "plops" with spoonful's lift,
 I pray the errant lumps will sift.

Now I add the oils to these,
 I pray the stuff will dye release,
 If my towel's not orange by eight,
 I pray I've got the time to wait.

Now I lay them neatly flat,
 I pray these lines stay where they're at,
 If my paste should start to crack,
 I pray honey will bring it back.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
 I pray my great design to keep,
 If I should smear before I wake,
 I pray my skills can fix mistakes.

KarenF

ok here's my truncated Shakespeare

To terp, or not to terp- that is the question:
 Whether 'tis nobler in the cone to suffer
 The sticks and sand of outrageous fortune
 Or to take stockings against a sea of troubles,
 And by sifting end them. To dye- to sleep-
 No more; and by a sleep to say we end
 The pumpkin, and the thousand natural fading
 That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To dye- to sleep.
 To sleep- perchance to stain: ay, there's the rub!

Ghoti

(In the style of J.R.R. Tolkein's The Lord of the Rings...)

In the land of Ohio, in the fires of Stowe, the Dark Lord Catherine forged in secret a master mix, to out-stain all others. And into this mix, she poured her cajeput, her sugar and her juice of lemons.

One mix to rule them all...

One by one, the other brews fell to the Mix of Power.

Myth became legend, legend became history, and more than five thousand years worth of henna history passed into free knowledge. Until, when chance came, it ensnared a new user...

my precioussssss...

Malynda

Parody of Dr. Seuss

One stain.
 Two stain.
 Red stain.
 Blue stain.

Black stain.
 Blue stain.

Old stain.
New stain.

This one's shaped like a little star.
This one leaves a nasty scar.
Say! What a lot of stains there are!

Yes. Some are red and some are blue.
Some are old and some are new.
Some stain a tad.
Some stain like mad.
Some stains are very, very bad.
Why do they stain
a tad, mad, and bad?
I do not know.
What did you add?

Some lines are thin.
Some lines are fat.
Fat lines with resist
are where its at!

From hair to skin,
from skin to hair.
Henna stains are everywhere.

There are pastes
that smear and run.
They smear and run
in the hot, hot sun.
Will it drape? Will it dye?
Too wet? Or too dry?
What a lot
of henna pastes we try!

Some add two terps.
Some add more.
Some use only fresh paste
and some freeze and store.
Where do they post from? I can't say.
But I know some who post
from a long, long way.

We see stains come.
We see stains go.
Some fade fast.

And some fade slow.
 Not one artist
 slings like another.
 But we post our tries
 and learn from eachother.

Did you ever henna
 your feet in bed?
 Did you ever henna
 cookies with frosting instead?
 Did you ever henna
 where your sweetie'd say "YOW!"
 Well, we can do it.
 We know how.

If you never did
 you should.
 These things are fun
 and fun is good.

This gig is done.
 This gig was fun.
 Next weekend is another one.
 Every day
 from skin to hair,
 henna stains are everywhere.

Katie

Parody of The Twelve Days of Christmas

On the first day of Christmas,
 my true love sent to me
 Ancient Red henna paste

On the second day of Christmas,
 my true love sent to me
 Two spoons of sugar,
 And ancient Red henna paste

On the third day of Christmas,
 my true love sent to me
 Three lemon slices,
 Two spoons of sugar
 And ancient Red henna paste

On the fourth day of Christmas,
my true love sent to me
Four types of EO's,
Three lemon slices,
Two spoons of sugar
And ancient Red henna paste

On the fifth day of Christmas,
my true love sent to me
Five minutes stirring,
Four types of EO's,
Three lemon slices,
Two spoons of sugar
And ancient Red henna paste

On the sixth day of Christmas,
my true love sent to me
Six hours waiting,
Five minutes stirring,
Four types of EO's,
Three lemon slices,
Two spoons of sugar
And ancient Red henna paste

On the seventh day of Christmas,
my true love sent to me
Seven cones to fill
Six hours waiting,
Five minutes stirring,
Four types of EO's,
Three lemon slices,
Two spoons of sugar
And ancient Red henna paste

On the eighth day of Christmas,
my true love sent to me
Eight brides a-waiting
Seven cones to fill
Six hours waiting,
Five minutes stirring,
Four types of EO's,
Three lemon slices,
Two spoons of sugar

And ancient Red henna paste

On the ninth day of Christmas,
my true love sent to me
Nine gigs up coming
Eight brides a-waiting
Seven cones to fill
Six hours waiting,
Five minutes stirring,
Four types of EO's,
Three lemon slices,
Two spoons of sugar
And ancient Red henna paste

On the tenth day of Christmas,
my true love sent to me
Ten fingers a-waiting
Nine gigs up coming
Eight brides a-waiting
Seven cones to fill
Six hours waiting,
Five minutes stirring,
Four types of EO's,
Three lemon slices,
Two spoons of sugar
And ancient Red henna paste

On the eleventh day of Christmas,
my true love sent to me
Eleven slingers a-slinging
Ten fingers a-waiting
Nine gigs up coming
Eight brides a-waiting
Seven cones to fill
Six hours waiting,
Five minutes stirring,
Four types of EO's,
Three lemon slices,
Two spoons of sugar
And ancient Red henna paste

On the twelfth day of Christmas,
my true love sent to me
Twelve drums to henna
Eleven slingers a-slinging

Ten fingers a-waiting
 Nine gigs up coming
 Eight brides a-waiting
 Seven cones to fill
 Six hours waiting,
 Five minutes stirring,
 Four types of EO's,
 Three lemon slices,
 Two spoons of sugar
 And ancient Red henna paste!

Katie

Henna Page is my Shepherd Psalm 23 Henna Page Style

HP is my Shepherd; I will make Henna
 HP maketh me to come to the computer: HP leadeth me to purchase Catherine's personal stash. HP restoreth my hope: HP leadeth me in the ways of mixing henna for my palm's sake. Yea, though I sling henna through the valley of bad gigs, I will fear no evil: for HP art with me; thy How to's and forum guests comfort me. HP preparest Henna before me in the simplest of ways: thou addest lemon juice, sugar and EO's to my mixing bowl; my cone runneth over. Surely oohs an ahhs shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will stay on line with HP for ever.

CatMean

This entry is based on the very serious journalism style.

ACT OF VANDALISM REPORTED
 from Staff and Wire Reports

FORT WORTH, Texas (HP) -- A serious act of vandalism was reported in Fort Worth, after witnesses discovered what can only be described as a "brown mess."

Analysis revealed the "brown mess" to be a thick crust of fragrant and hardened plant matter, authorities said. Upon removal, a striking color remained and a vandalism report was filed. Reports have been inconsistent as to the exact color, ranging from caramel to chocolate to black cherry.

The two main perpetrators involved have been identified as Citrus "The Juice" Limonum and Lawsonia "Powder" Inermis. As he was arrested, "The Juice" was reported to have protested "Hey man, I only HELPED, I didn't actually do it..." The primary suspect, "Powder" who remains at large, is of Middle Eastern descent and is reported to have Islamic ties.

At the crime scene, authorities have had little success in removing the stain, which continues to mysteriously darken. They do report minor success with a few areas fading to orange.

A third perpetrator, Melaleuca "Smelly" Cajuputii, was caught after forensic analysis of the crust. In a statement to the press, a defiant "Smelly" proclaimed "Hell YEAH I made it worse! It'll take you weeks to wash that *&%\$ out."

In a disturbing development, hundreds of similar copycat crimes are being reported all over the country.

Desdemona

What Poet Laureat Billy Collins might write if his wife were a henna artist:

From the kitchen she calls to offer me iced tea with lemon
 A real wheel of bitter sunshine
 Not juice from the bottle of faux that she saves for her brew
 along with the packages of pink
 horded from diners

Or shoved in her pocket
 as we slide around on the orange plastic of McDonald's
 A slippery sleigh of the same garish color
 as Ronald's carrot top

Yesterday she gathered the packages of Barbie pink
 A few from the mysterious depths of her handbag
 A dozen or so standing at attention in a little square pottery
 amidst the coffee mugs
 a liberal platoon--
 saluting Garfield and overseeing the frolicking elephants

And one from the basket by the door where
 I seldom remember to drop my keys.

All night it sat atop my refrigerator
 Waiting to take on a life of its own
 after it had been coaxed into being
 with innocent ingredients
 by my wife, the mad scientist

Covered by a thin layer of plastic film
 (which didn't do much to muffle the sounds of its breathing
 that crept into my ears at night)
 like The Blob or The Thing,

a thick pile of sludge
 a sci-fi headliner, out of place in my midwestern kitchen.

But this morning it was still there
 seeming as innocent as chocolate pudding
 Glossier now, from her addition of oils
 which bites at my eyes and inside my nostrils
 an exotic airborne aftershave.

Also unscathed, is the bird
 squawking to any who'll listen
 And not just a sprinkling of green feathers
 and a trail of slime remaining
 as I'd envisioned in the night.

Now that the cold light of morning has become
 the warm rays of afternoon
 she's mixing again.
 Taming the beast to a yoghurt kitten,
 a mewling softness

Her spoon's motion wafts the odor
 out to me on my rocker
 Not quite fungi, not quite barnyard
 but the smell of old leaves
 late in the fall
 after you've kicked free the crimson and gold
 uncovering the wet brown ones
 that make the funerary "dust to dust" ring true.
 An earthy smell that lingers
 in my senses
 when she lays her delicately embroidered hands
 upon my face.

The "thlorp" of the paste extruding through nylon
 The rustle of cellophane
 The crisp measures of Scotch red plaid tape
 let me know she'll join me soon
 to sip her tea
 now watered down
 Her ice cubes reduced
 to slippery lozenges.

I look at my palm and the condensation left by my oolong
 and wonder what adornment I'll have there
 A succotash of lines and dots and leaves

or a koi, refugee from the fishbowl
 wishing to swim free
 to follow the path of my ghostly purple veins
 leading down my arm

Like the cartography of an ancient caravan line.
 The red-brown of henna that will make me an Arabian Knight
 The Peter O'Toole of my porch.

Litlbigbro

This is a parody of Twelve Questions "Is A.A. For You?"

So here is my Twelve Questions "Is H.A.(Hennaholics Anonymous) For You?"

- 1) Have you ever decided to stop Hennaing for a week or so, but only made it for a couple of days?
- 2) Do you wish people would mind their own business about your hennaing—stop telling you what to do (like save some lemon juice)?
- 3) Have you ever switched what kind of Henna powder you use to another in the hope that this would keep your paste from cracking?
- 4) Have you had an eye-opener upon awakening during the last year? (MYLAR DOES WONDERS!)
- 5) Do you envy people who can henna intricate designs with ease?
- 6) Have you had problems with hennaing in the past?
- 7) Has hennaing caused troubles at home? (Honey, why does the house smell strongly of tea tree?)
- 8) Do you ever try to get "extra" henna at a party because you do not get enough?
- 9) Do you tell yourself you can stop hennaing any time you want to, even though you keep getting hennaed when you don't mean to?
- 10) Have you missed days of work of school because of henna?
- 11) Do you have times when you don't remember where the henna designs on you came from?
- 12) Have you ever felt that your life would be better if you did not henna? (WELL LETS NOT BE RIDICULOUS! Now I have to go so Raina can henna me.)

Dyp

Style: Erotic Prose

Henna Powder lay in wait, so delicate, so dusty earthen green mixed with gentle tinges of sugary sweetness... smooth and yielding as the acidic juices flow over her being... stirring her into stiff submission... Her zipper closes as her master forces her to wait in agony till she can bare it no more and begs for release. Parting her slightly the master

adds the fragrant drops of his essence, bringing her closer to peek. Brimming over she can hold no more.... Tainting his skin upon contact.

Mani

A Monty Python parody:

store clerk: Is that a real tattoo?

hennaed customer: It's real henna.

store clerk: What?

hennaed customer: Henna - the dried leaves of a desert shrub, which are ground into a fine powder, then mixed with lemon juice and sugar to make a thick paste. The paste is left to sit until dye release and then a few drops of essential oil are added to increase the stain.

store clerk: Do you use a needle?

hennaed customer: No, the paste is applied to the skin with a mylar cone.

store clerk: Does it hurt?

hennaed customer: No, it's very safe. Look, I wasn't expecting a sort of Henna Inquisition.

(Jarring Chord)

(Inquisition enters, consisting of one experienced artist, one novice artist, and a booth babe)

Experienced Artist: NOBODY expects the Henna Inquisition! Our chief weapon is henna powder... henna powder and lemon juice... lemon juice and henna powder... Our two weapons are henna powder and lemon juice... and sugar or dextrose... Our three weapons are henna powder, lemon juice, sugar or dextrose... and an almost fanatical devotion to The Henna Page... Our four...no...amongst our weapons... Amongst our weaponry are such elements as henna powder, lemon juice....I'll come in again!

(inquisition exits)

hennaed customer:...I didn't expect a kind of Henna Inquisition.

(Jarring Chord)

Henna Artist: NOBODY expects the Henna Inquisition! Amongst our weaponry are such diverse elements as: henna powder, lemon juice, sugar or dextrose, an almost fanatical devotion to The Henna Page and nice shiny, mylar cones - OH DAMN!

(to the novice artist) I can't say it - you'll have to say it.

Novice: What?

Henna Artist: You'll have to say the bit about 'Our chief weapons are...'

Novice: (rather horrified) I couldn't do that....

Malynda

a pulp horror in the style of the Bulwer-Lytton really bad writing contest

Alice had been mixing henna when the zombies came. Normally, she would have had her favorite iTunes radio station pulsing through the kitchen, but tonight she wasn't listening to it - which was odd. . . nearly as odd as the faint moan that came from the front lawn. A shadow of fear passed over her. Surely, she told herself as she emptied the last of 15 packets of artificial sweetener into the 3 tablespoons henna powder and lemon juice she'd made up that morning, surely it was just two love-sick tomcats yowling at each other. Of course. Tomcats. They have such a monstrous howl when they fight. Strange how it sounded almost human, she thought as she reached for her oils. Her calm was soon shattered by another moan that even the Ambient station DI.fm Chillout wouldn't have been able to muffle no matter how loud it would have been playing, especially with the cheap speakers that came with her computer, which reminded Alice how deeply she regretted not upgrading. The wheezing moan was followed by a sickly thwack, like mashed potatoes (which is the consistency she liked her paste to sit at for 8 hours before adding terps and sweetener) being hurled against the screen door behind her.

Thwack. Her body jerked in fright, spilling the teaspoon of cardamom oil across the counter. The measuring spoons clattered to the floor, noisily as they were the metal kind that are all hooked together on a keyring-type thing. She spun around. The shape of a man stood pressed against the screen. Thwack. It was not mashed potatoes being hurled into it, but the festering gob of flesh that had once been his arm. As an ICNHA certified henna artist, Alice's first concern was the man's well-being. He'd been in a terrible accident and needed assistance. No. This man was beyond help. The slack face pressed deeper into the screen. The flesh, putrid with decay, pushed through the tiny spaces, oozing foul pus and liquified skin. And its eyes. Its eyes were like the ones on the fish her dad used to bring home from fishing trips that had obviously been caught in the morning, then sat around in a plastic sack all day getting slimier and slimier, then started to dry out a little towards evening - starting with the eyes. Thwack this time the screen began to give way. Alice let out a shrill scream, echoed by the dry, coughing moan - not from the creature now clawing its way through the door, but from the front yard. Another moan, closer now as though drawn by the sounds of struggle, of life. If only Alice had a sister who cared enough to give her Max Brooke's "The Zombie Survival Guide" for her

birthday, she'd have known what to do. Instead, she stood frozen; unable to breathe, to run, to scream as the undead closed in around her, until the heady scent of cardamom was eclipsed by that of rotting flesh . . . and of feeding.

Holly

The Swedish Chef... In tribute to Jim Henson:

Scene One – The Muppets' Kitchen

Swedish Chef: “Vid de använder stockingen pudrer-poofer siften de henna pudrer... Stirr de juicy-juicy lemonfruktsaften. in de hennaen pudrar...”

Kermit The Frog: “Ummm, excuse me, Swedish Chef, but, umm, have you seen Miss Piggy?”

Swedish Chef: “Nope, no seen de piggy... stirr de juicy-juicy vid de pudrer, göopy-glöopy...”

Kermit: “Well, if you see Miss Piggy, could you let her know she has an important photo shoot this weekend?”

Swedish Chef: “Shure ve tell de Piggy....juice de gloopy-goopy poofy pudrer..... täcker de glöopy-glöopy in de warmy-warmy place to shleepen för de nighty-nighty.....

Scooter: “Excuse me, Mr. Swedish Chef, but have you seen Miss Piggy? Kermit told me to look for her. We have an important photo shoot she needs to be ready for.”

Swedish Chef: “Nope, sure ve haven't seen de Piggy, ... putten de hennaen pudrar glöopy-glöopy in de warmy shpot för de nighty-night....

(Cut to balcony box)

Statler: Well, what do you think of tonight's program?

Waldorf: Too soon to tell, but if I know anything about henna, it's going to get a lot darker before things lighten up!

Statler & Waldorf: (Chuckling together)

Scene Two- Professor Honeydew's Laboratory

Dr. Bunsen Honeydew: "Oh, Beaker, have you finished the extractions yet?"

Beaker: "Beep! Beep, beep beep!"

Dr. Honeydew: "Oh, very good, very good! You've extracted the lavender and the rose geranium oils! The Swedish chef needs them by morning for a special recipe he's working on."

Kermit: "Ummmm, excuse me, Professor Honeydew, but have you seen Miss Piggy?"

Dr. Honeydew.: No, I haven't seen her in the past 23 hours, 59 minutes, and sixty seconds... Beakie, have you seen her lately?

Beaker: "Beep-bee-beep!"

Kermit: "Well, thanks guys- if you do see her, tell her I need to see her right away, ok?"

Scene 3- back in the kitchen, next morning

Swedish Chef: "Nöw ve lööky-lööky de hennaen pudrar juicy-glöopy för de dyen releasen yår... Var är de oilen för de hennaen?"

Sam the Eagle: "It has just come to my attention that there is a very -er- UN AMERICAN RECIPE being mixed!! In, may I be ashamed to say it- in MY HOUSE!! Do you know anything about this, chef?"

Swedish Chef: "Nope, sure ve don't know! Vill you like to try de Swedish äpple pie ve baking för söpper ya?"

Sam: "Apple Pie- now that sounds more AMERICAN. (Sniffs the air) And smells AMERICAN, too! I will be honored to try the apple pie!"

Beaker, rushing in: "Beep! Beep! Beep-beep!"

Swedish Chef: Gööden – good! De oiljan för de hennaen yust in timen!! Nöw ve mixen in de oiljan in de glöopy-glöopen, till degen och uppståndelsen in de könen... Bork! Bork! Bork!

Kermit: "Has anybody seen Miss Piggy?? The photo shoot is this afternoon and I can't find her anywhere!"

Scooter, rushing in: "It's time to get to the airport to meet our special makeup artist!"

Kermit: "Gotta go!! If anybody sees Miss Piggy, call us right away!! OK, guys?"

Scene 4- Miss Piggy's Boudoir

Miss Piggy: "Moi cannot wait for this photo shoot! Moi will be magnifique!

(Knocking at the door)

Miss Piggy: "Who's there? Is that you, Kermie..?"

Swedish Chef: "Nöpe, nö de frögge, yust de hennaen puder glöopy- glöopy juicy-juicy sleepy vid de lavenderoljan ånd de geraniumoljan in de könen bork! bork! bork!!"

Miss Piggy, opening the door and grabbing the henna, "Moi thanks you! Got any sandwiches?"

Swedish Chef: "Nöpe, nö de sandwich, vud you like to try de Swedish åpple pie?"

Miss Piggy: "Sure!! (grabs pie and stuffs it in her mouth) Got to get ready now!! (shoves Swedish Chef out and slams the door)

(Knocking on the door)

Kermit: "Miss Piggy! Miss Piggy! Are you in there? The makeup artist is here, and the photo shoot starts in three hours!!

Miss Piggy, striking a pose with her boa and opening the door, "Of course moi is here, Kermie.... And who is that with you!! (Gasps) Riffat!! Moi will be gorgeous beyond mortal pigs!! (Takes Riffat by the arm and welcomes her into the dressing area) See you later, Kermie....(gives him a kiss on the cheek, then a shove and slams the door) – don't want to waste any time!! Let's get started!

Roy

This isn't an official entry, because I fall into the "employees and relatives" category, but this looked like so much fun, I wanted to join in. I'm no fiction writer, but this is an attempt at a bad gloss on bad detective fiction.

The Mixup

As soon as I got to the door of my apartment, I knew something was wrong. Senses honed by fifteen years of patrol and detective squad work and another five as a private investigator told me there was some one inside my place. Or was it the fact that the door was partly open?

I put my hand on the .38 in my shoulder holster and stepped in quietly, expecting anything except what I saw when I peeked around the doorway into the kitchen. “She” was here! “The girl in 4B.”

I’d been stealing looks at her with that incredible shock of reddish-brown hair ever since she moved into the building. Now, there she was in my kitchen.

She was facing away from me, stirring something in a bowl...a gray-greenish powder...and adding the last of the lemon juice I still had in the fridge from my last halibut take-out orgy at Sailor Sam’s over on 49th Street the other night.

As if she weren’t tall enough, she was wearing heels that would have given an airline pilot vertigo. She had on a black pencil skirt that was years out of fashion but looked just right on her. The heavy silk of her pearl grey blouse folded and draped and made soft whispering sounds as she stirred the mix in the bowl and shifted her weight to reach for the bag of powder again.

Now she was adding sugar. I always kept it around. I like my coffee and my women very sweet.

Then, she opened a small vial of something that smelled familiar. It was the same scent that came out on the draft from under her apartment door on those nights when I heard what sounded like an all-night hen party going on at her place. She added a few drops, stirred the bowl a little more and covered it with a plate. That’s when she saw me.

“I was out of lemon juice. I didn’t think you’d mind,” she said. “I have a few friends coming over and I needed to get this ready for them.”

“How did you get in here?” I eased my hand off the gun and relaxed a little.

“That will be my little secret,” she purred.

She kicked off her shoes. “I have a few hours free until my guests arrive. I know something we can do to amuse ourselves until they get here.”

I loosened my tie. Things were starting to get interesting. “What did you have in mind?”

That’s when I saw the glint of the X-acto knife in her hand. With one swift move, she was close enough to be dangerous.

She flashed a wicked smile: “Got any mylar?”