

THE TRAUMA CLEANER:

One Woman's Extraordinary Life in the Business of
Death, Decay, and Disaster

By Sarah Krasnostein

Brooks pauses near the front door where he makes both women kneel low to the ground. He forces them to remove all their clothing. He unzips his fly and removes his flaccid penis. He forces it, again and again, into the mouth of each woman. ...Jenny stands up and he barks, "Get back down on your knees!" Then he turns the power off at the main switch and the house disappears into darkness. ...Sandra is shaking, silently crying. Jenny tries to talk Brooks down. She tells him, "Whatever you want, we'll try to do it." He shoves his penis back into her mouth and then into Sandra's, where he ejaculates. Her stomach lurches. "Keep it in your mouth," he warns. She is going to vomit. She grabs the towel that Jenny has been wearing and furtively spits into it. ... "Get into the bedroom!" Brooks shouts at both women. He pulls up the blind so that he can look out over the front yard. He forces Sandra to kneel and repeatedly and painfully forces his finger into her anus. "Lick my ass!" Brooks says as he turns around and bends over slightly. She can see clearly how dirty he is and, revolted, grabs the towel to wipe him. He warns, "Do it properly. Pull the cheeks apart." She tries not to vomit. Jenny is kneeling in front of him. Suddenly he says to Sandra, "Now you get in front." The women switch places. She is too scared to notice what Jenny is doing, too scared to disobey him although she thinks he will kill them both anyway. ...Brooks nods. "Get dressed, both of you. We're going for a walk." Sandra reaches for her leotard but he

allows them only to wear towels. He grabs their hair again and walks them out of the house and across the road into the deserted and vast public park. They walk for some time, deep into the park, until they come to a chain-link fence and cannot go any farther and become just shapes moving on the dark grass; a lion tearing into its prey in the moonlight. "Spread your towels on the ground," Brooks commands, releasing their hair. He makes both women alternately kiss him on the mouth and suck his penis. Nauseated from the violence and the pain and the terror and the smell of his beastbreath and his dirty skin, Sandra feels even sicker as he repeatedly shoves his fingers into her vagina. She knows from the way he is talking and behaving that her life is in danger. "Get in the sixty-nine," he tells them. Sandra starts crying again. "Don't worry," Jenny whispers to her, "It'll be all right." Sandra flinches as he shoves his finger again into her anus. "Lick harder! You're not doing it properly!" he shouts at the back of her head, which is now between Jenny's legs. Shaking, she tries to do what he says. She doesn't know how much time passes as he rearranges them, again and again, like dolls. She looks up for a moment and sees that he has just ejaculated.

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