

My name is Benjamín Serra, I have two bachelor degrees and a master's degree, and I clean toilets.

No, it is not a joke. I do it to pay the rent for my room in London.

I've been working in a famous chain of cafes in the United Kingdom since May, and for the first time today, after 5 months working there, I've saw it clearly. I have been cleaning toilets. My thought was: "I received distinction in my two degrees and I clean other peoples' shit in a country that isn't my own." Well, I also make coffee, clean the tables and wash cups.

And I am not ashamed to do so. Cleaning is a very decent job. What embarrasses me is having to do so because no one has given me an opportunity in Spain. Like me, there are many Spaniards, especially in London. "You are a plague," I was told once here. And let's not kid ourselves. We are not young people on an adventure to learn the language and have new experiences. We are immigrants.

I've always been very proud, I am not going to deny. Those who know me, you know. And I have to bust out a smile at customers who look over my shoulder as I am simply a "barista" (as they call it here). Some are so outrageous that it makes me want to pull out my University and master degrees and put them in their face. But it would not really do anything. It appears that those titles now only serve to clean the SHIT that I clean from the toilets in the cafe. A pity.

I thought that it deserved something better after putting so much effort in my academic life. It seems that I was wrong.

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