I spend some time watching the pawn shows, pickers and Antiques Roadshow. I'm amazed at what people find in their attics, basements and forgotten corners of their homes.

I don't think my home has any such corners and I pretty much know what we have and it isn't making the cut on Antiques Roadshow any time soon.

I can't help but make the list while I watch. Aunt Gertie's antique broach she hasn't worn since she played dress up? It's now worth a cool $12,000. So sold.

That painting Uncle Art left him in the will? An original whosey face from the late 1800s with a price tag of $7,000. Gone. Pocket change.

That autographed photo of great-great-grandpa Joe with the letter and other piece of memorabilia? Only worth $400 but hey, it's great-great-grandpa Joe's. You can't get rid of that.

I also enjoy watching the pickers go through barns, warehouses, garages, etc. I like how Danielle always sets it up and they know Mike and Frank are coming and they say they want to sell off some of the clutter but they really don't. I think some of them just want to be on TV and have people see the cool stuff they have.

I also like how they know just where to go to find the good stuff. They walk by two piles, three shelves and zone in on that box in the corner under the rug by the old chest of drawers. Hmmm. What's inside here?

Then I see the guys talking about what they bought and how much they're going to sell it for. Wow. But wait a minute. Who are they going to sell it to? How do they know someone who wants to buy an old beer sign, a tin toy bear driving a sports car and an old bell off a shrimp boat that sank in the Mississippi River in 1928?

Turns out they don't. It's all online and you can buy it now. Pop goes the bubble. It's still fun watching them. That's why they're still on. We are watching.

So back to my woefully bare attic and pathetically empty basement. I doubt I'll be pulling out anything remotely resembling something worth pawning or picking for that matter.

So I'll watch Mike and Frank and my other guys on the History Channel and the appraisers on PBS cuz there's no old doodad worth thousands in my basement or garage and no Picasso in my attic. There's just my stuff. And I like it.