

In the NY Post's [Page Six](#) on Sunday, The Donald responded to my blog entry saying that he doesn't remember meeting me and would never have said what I claimed he said.

First, I don't expect him to remember me. That's ok. He meets a ton of people. I'm sure he doesn't usually talk to people like he did to us. It's possible it was just one of those throw away comments that we all make from time to time. But facts are facts, Donald. You said it. I remember it as clearly as I remember the Hawaiian Tropic Model wannabes with sequin dresses that were on the other side of the pool watching you come over to us.

The reason that I remember it as clearly as I do is not simply because it was you that said it, but rather because I was probably the poorest guy of the 3 of us at the table. The irony was so rich (pun intended), I was dying to tell my buddies when I got home.

It happened just like I said it did, Donald. That doesn't make you a bad guy, and it doesn't mean I don't like you. We are just different. Very different.

I respect you and think we would have a great time hanging out talking business. How about this as a truce offering: I will come by your apartment in NY, we can either walk or take a cab to the White Castle of your choice and dinner is on me. Bring your girlfriend if you like. If we can't be friends after sharing a couple dozen sliders and onion chips, it just wasn't meant to be.