

Three days. Two days. One. My brain is counting down to the inevitable. I know it's coming. Dan's proposal. Even my extreme bitchiness last week hasn't seemed to have put him off. If anything, he's trying harder than ever because of the seed of doubt I've planted in his mind.

When I'm with him it really is like the old days and I don't have to fake the affection in my smile, but when we part ... well, that's when the old memories – the 'forward' memories – start creeping in.

What do I do?

Up until now I've been doing my best to just go with the flow, do what feels good. It was easy when I thought I'd wake up and realise this has all been a vivid dream, but it's been over two weeks now. I'm also pretty sure this is no waiting room for heaven.

Which leaves only one possibility: this is real. Somehow, I've jumped backwards in time, fully conscious of the life I've already lived and I've got to do it all over again. I've always thought the opportunity to go back and change the things you regret would be a blessing. Now the prospect of it frightens me.

If I'm staying here I can't keep messing around. If I've really got to do it all again I've got to start thinking about the choices I'm making. Making the wrong one tonight could ruin everything.

I shake my head as I look in the mirror. I'm supposed to be getting ready for a meal out with Dan, but all this mental wrangling is making it a heck of a job to do my mascara. I keep poking myself in the eyeball or blinking before it's dry and being rewarded with a row of black dots under my lashes and then having to wipe it off and start again. I take a deep breath and will my hand to stay steady.

Dan's done a good job of being nonchalant about this date, but I know he's booked a posh Italian restaurant in Putney and afterwards he'll suggest a walk along the river and then he'll take my hands, look me in the eye and my future will be sealed.

Last time I was so sure what I wanted.

They say hindsight is twenty-twenty. What they don't tell you is that it's crystal sharp and painful.