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TAYLOR  
BRADFORD**

**A WOMAN OF  
SUBSTANCE**

THE  
MULTI-MILLION  
COPY  
BESTSELLER—  
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MAGNIFICENT  
TV SERIES





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Front cover photograph shows  
Jenny Seagrove as the young Emma Harte  
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Barbara Taylor Bradford was born in Leeds. She was a reporter on the *Yorkshire Evening Post* at sixteen and by the time she was twenty was fashion editor on *Woman's Own* in London. She worked as a journalist on several Fleet Street publications, including the *Evening News*, before moving to New York, where she now lives and writes an interior-design column syndicated by the *Los Angeles Times* to 150 US newspapers. *A Woman of Substance* was Barbara Taylor Bradford's first novel. Her second is *Voice of the Heart*.

**By the same author**

***Voice of the Heart***

**BARBARA TAYLOR BRADFORD**

# **A Woman of Substance**

**PANTHER**  
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The value of life lies not in the length of days, but in the use we make of them; a man may live long, yet get little from life.

Whether you find satisfaction in life depends not on your tale of years, but on your will.

– MONTAIGNE, *Essays*

I have the heart of a man, not of a woman, and I am not afraid of anything . . .

– ELIZABETH I, Queen of England





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New York, 1979

Quotation from 'The Poems of Yurii Zhivago', Hamlet, from *Doctor Zhivago*, by Boris Pasternak, translated by Max Haywood and Manya Harari. Copyright © 1958. Reprinted by permission of William Collins Sons and Company Limited.

## **PART ONE**

# **THE VALLEY**

## **1968**

**He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men.**

**- JOB**





# ONE

Emma Harte leaned forward and looked out of the window. The private Lear jet, property of the Sitex Oil Corporation of America, had been climbing steadily up through a vaporous haze of cumulus clouds and was now streaking through a sky so penetratingly blue its shimmering clarity hurt the eyes. Momentarily dazzled by this early-morning brightness, Emma turned away from the window, rested her head against the seat, and closed her eyes. For a brief instant the vivid blueness was trapped beneath her lids and, in that instant, such a strong and unexpected feeling of nostalgia was evoked within her that she caught her breath in surprise. It's the sky from the Turner painting above the upstairs parlour fireplace at Pennistone Royal, she thought, a Yorkshire sky on a spring day when the wind has driven the fog from the moors.

A faint smile played around her mouth, curving the line of the lips with unfamiliar softness, as she thought with some pleasure of Pennistone Royal. That great house that grew up out of the stark and harsh landscape of the moors and which always appeared to her to be a force of nature engineered by some Almighty architect rather than a mere edifice erected by mortal man. The one place on this violent planet where she had found peace, limitless peace that soothed and refreshed her. Her home. She had been away far too long this time, almost six weeks, which was a prolonged absence indeed for her. But within the coming week she would be returning to London, and by the end of the month she would travel north to Pennistone. To peace, tranquillity, her gardens, and her grandchildren.

This thought cheered her immeasurably and she relaxed in her seat, the tension that had built up over the last few days diminishing until it had evaporated. She was bone tired from the raging battles that had punctuated these last few days of board meetings at the Sitex corporate headquarters in Odessa;

she was supremely relieved to be leaving Texas and returning to the relative calmness of her own corporate offices in New York. It was not that she did not like Texas; in point of fact, she had always had a penchant for that great state, seeing in its rough sprawling power something akin to her native Yorkshire. But this last trip had exhausted her. I'm getting too old for gallivanting around on planes, she thought ruefully, and then dismissed that thought as unworthy. It was dishonest and she was never dishonest with herself. It saved so much time in the long run. And, in all truthfulness, she did not feel old. Only a trifle tired on occasion and especially when she became exasperated with fools; and Harry Marriott, president of Sitex, was a fool and inherently dangerous, like all fools.

Emma opened her eyes and sat up impatiently, her mind turning again to business, for she was tireless, sleepless, obsessive when it came to her vast business enterprises, which rarely left her thoughts. She straightened her back and crossed her legs, adopting her usual posture, a posture that was contained and regal. There was an imperiousness in the way she held her head and in her general demeanour, and her green eyes were full of enormous power. She lifted one of her small, strong hands and automatically smoothed her silver hair, which did not need it, since it was as impeccable as always. As indeed she was herself, in her simple yet elegant dark grey worsted dress, its severeness softened by the milky whiteness of the matchless pearls around her neck and the fine emerald pin on her shoulder.

She glanced at her granddaughter sitting opposite, diligently making notes for the coming week's business in New York. She looks drawn this morning, Emma thought, I push her too hard. She felt an unaccustomed twinge of guilt but impatiently shrugged it off. She's young, she can take it, and it's the best training she could ever have, Emma reassured herself and said, 'Would you ask that nice young steward - John, isn't it? - to make some coffee please, Paula. I'm badly in need of it this morning.'

The girl looked up. Although she was not beautiful in the accepted sense of that word, she was so vital she gave the im-