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THE ARCHIVE

ESTD

BY IMTIAZ

1993



IMTIAZ

A life, well read.



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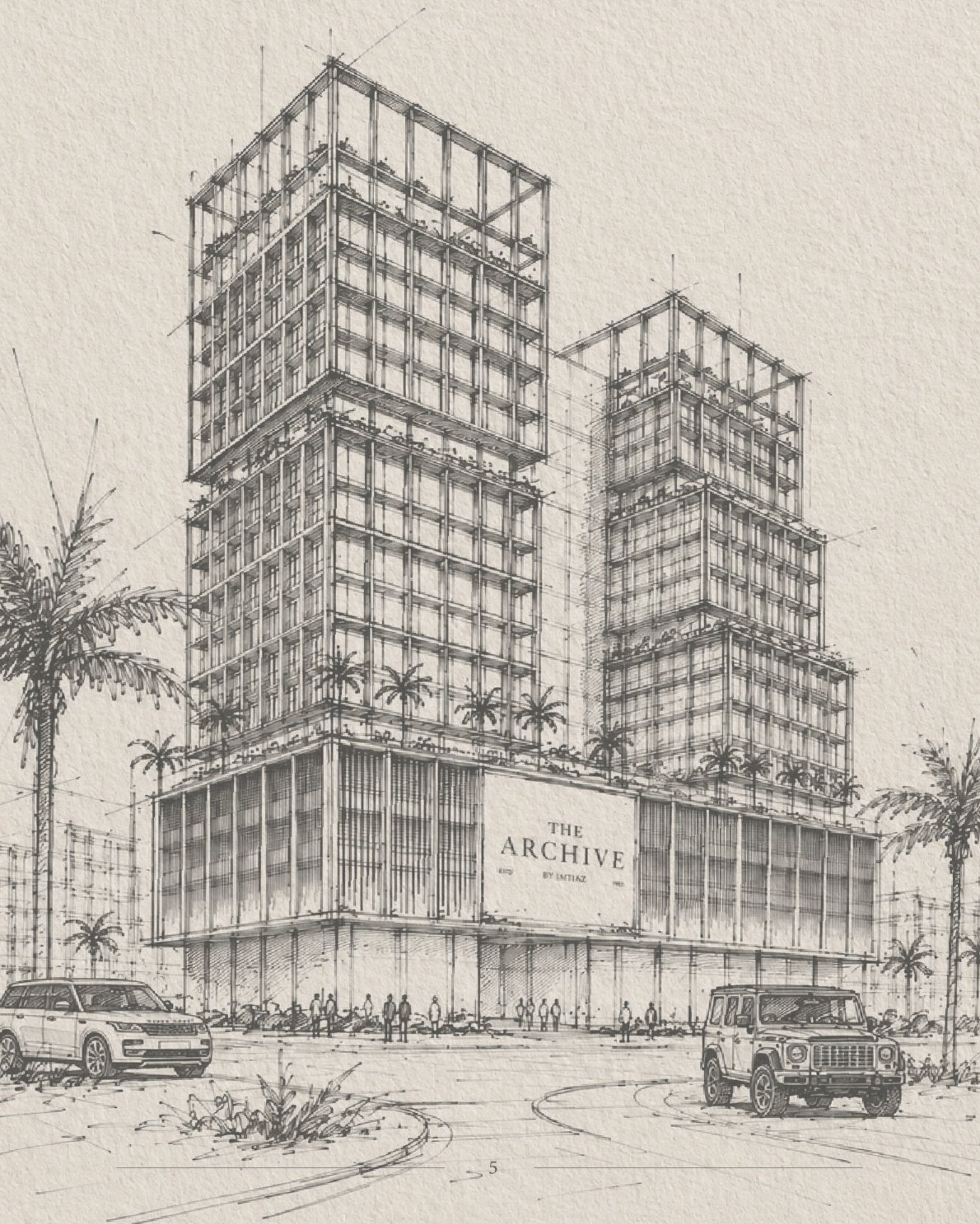


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Prologue

*A life is measured not in square feet,
but in what you have taken the time
to understand.*





Chapter One

A Life, Well Read

INTIAZ





The Archive is not a building that keeps books. It is a way of living arranged around reading, where the quiet hours are the ones that count. Most homes measure the view. This one, how far a chapter takes you.

It is built for a certain kind of attention: the ones who read past midnight, who go far into one thing rather than briefly across many.

IMTIAZ





Chapter Two

A Short Passage

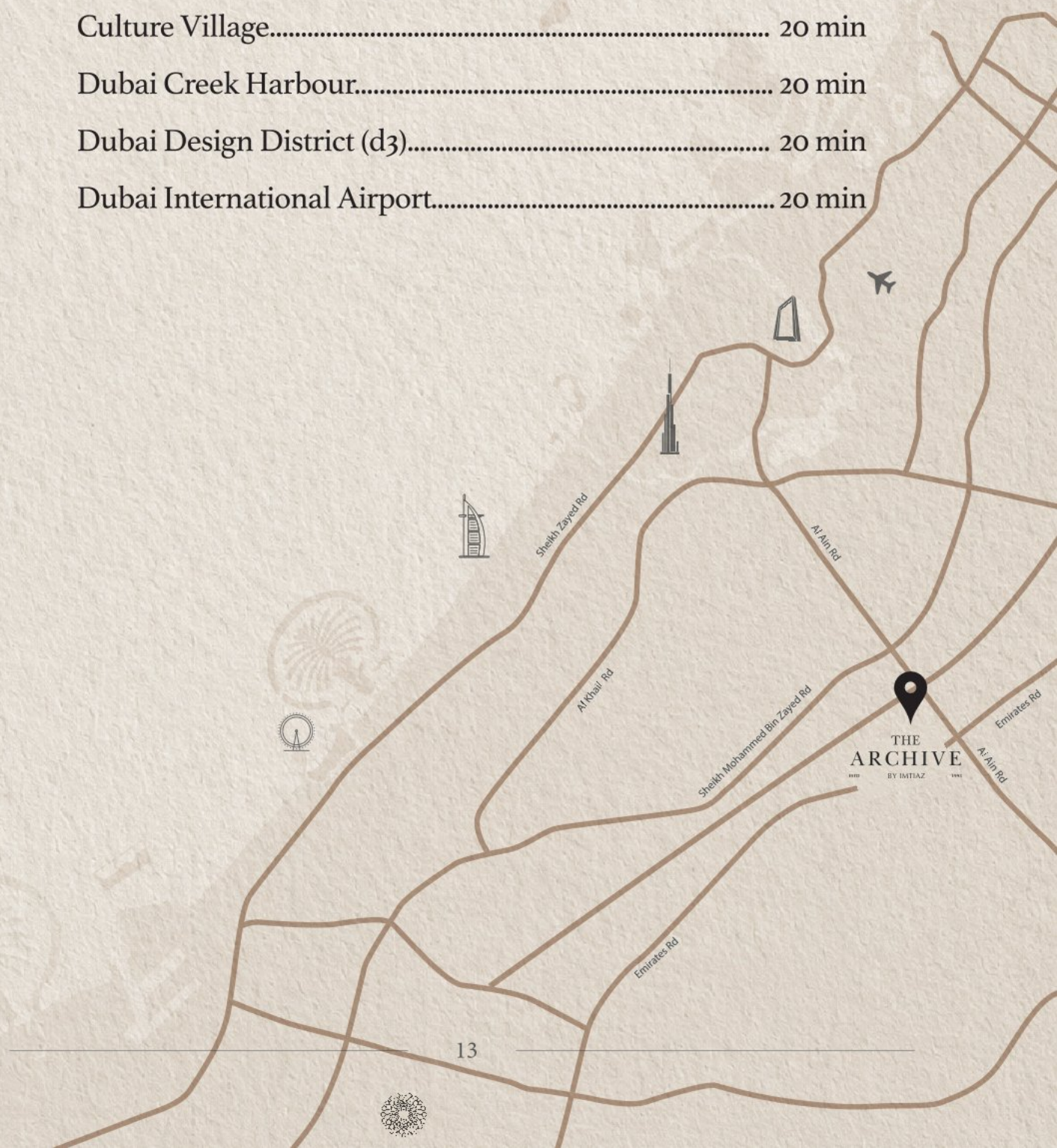


A library is only as useful as its reach. Sheikh Mohammed Bin Zayed Road opens at your door like a first chapter. Downtown Dubai, minutes beyond that. The airport in twenty. From here, every part of the city is a short passage away.



Within a short drive: the largest library in the region, the district where Dubai designs its ideas, the campuses where the next generation is taught, and the towers where the work gets done. This is not the edge of the city; it is the middle of everything worth reaching, and all of it sits inside twenty minutes.

Dubai Academic City.....	5 min
Dubai Outlet Mall.....	5 min
Dubai Silicon Mall.....	5 min
IMG World.....	10 min
Global Village.....	10 min
Mohammed Bin Rashid Library.....	15 min
The Dubai Mall.....	20 min
Culture Village.....	20 min
Dubai Creek Harbour.....	20 min
Dubai Design District (d3).....	20 min
Dubai International Airport.....	20 min





Chapter Three

Come Home Through a Library

Already, Bookmarked.



The front desk doesn't announce itself. It's built from books, stacked and bound, standing where a check-in counter usually would. Behind it, a wall of drawers rises to the ceiling, each one lit like something worth finding. This is the first page, before you've even reached your door.





Welcomed *by a Library*



You do not arrive through a lobby. Two storeys of shelves rise from the ground floor, wrapped by a spiral stair. Ten thousand books, a real collection meant to be read, not admired. Most residents mean only to pass through. Most stop.





Chapter Four

A Room That Reads You Back

A man is seated in a deep, upholstered chair, viewed from the side and slightly from behind. He is looking out of a large window at a city skyline at night. His legs are extended towards the window, and he is holding a white mug in his right hand. The room is dimly lit, with the primary light source being the city lights visible through the window. A desk with books and papers is partially visible in the lower right corner.

Every residence assumes you own books, and intend to own more. A shelf waits for the collection. A reading lamp is fixed exactly where your hand already reaches. A deep chair sits where the room goes dark and the skyline arrives in the glass.

The Writer's Room



Not every thought needs an audience. Off the library, a smaller room holds a desk, a door that closes properly, and nothing else asking for attention. Some residents will read here. A few will finally write something.





The Reading Lounge



A Reading Lounge for solitude that asks nothing of you, built for company of one, or two, where the quiet doesn't need explaining. Close enough to the library so that nothing has to be carried far. Some residents come here to finish a chapter. Others, just to sit somewhere quiet.







The Reading Salon



On the roof, a Reading Salon for the guest you bring: fireplace, deep seating, and the kind of quiet that makes people have a deep conversation. Outside, a firepit and water feature for the cool months, when the company matters more than the page.









Chapter Five

The Body Keeps the Mind

The Gym



A gym set beneath a lattice of gold and glass, where movement and thought exist side by side. Treadmills face the skyline, curtained off like a page you'd turn to on purpose. Brick and timber set the tone. The space is shaped by Imtiaz's Raw Theory health philosophy, where wellbeing is approached as a daily ritual rather than a destination.







The Pool



The water holds still long enough to catch the whole city in it. A chair, a shaded corner, nothing asking to be finished by a certain hour. Even up here, the pace stays exactly the one you brought with you.



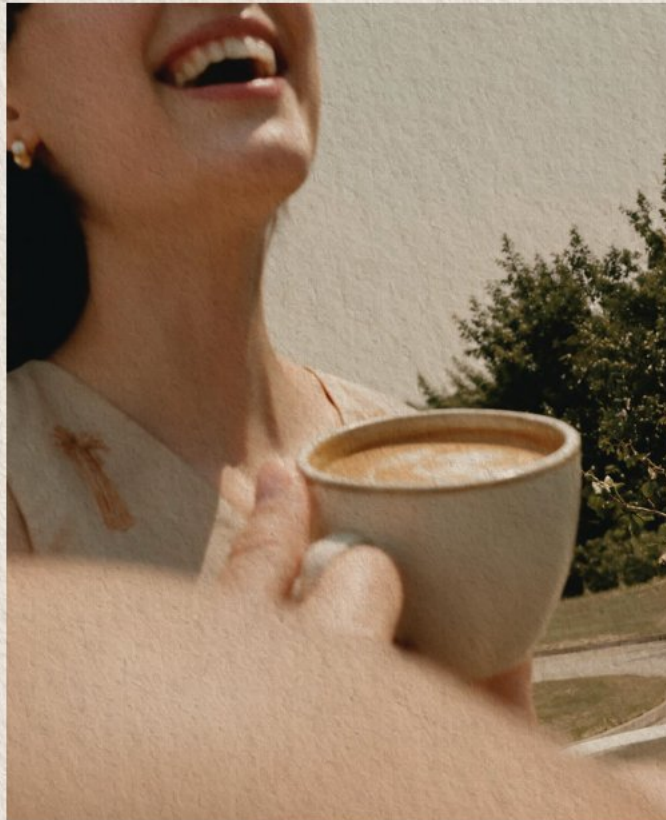




Chapter Six

The Outdoors, Read Slowly

Everything, *Slowed Down*



At the top of the building, the garden continues: a rooftop terrace, a barbecue lounge for the nights guests stay late, and an outdoor cinema for the evenings a screen earns its place outside. Slow is the rarest thing a city like this has to offer. Here, it's the default.





The property is pet-friendly by design, with a dedicated area of its own. A separate play area gives the youngest residents somewhere that belongs entirely to them.



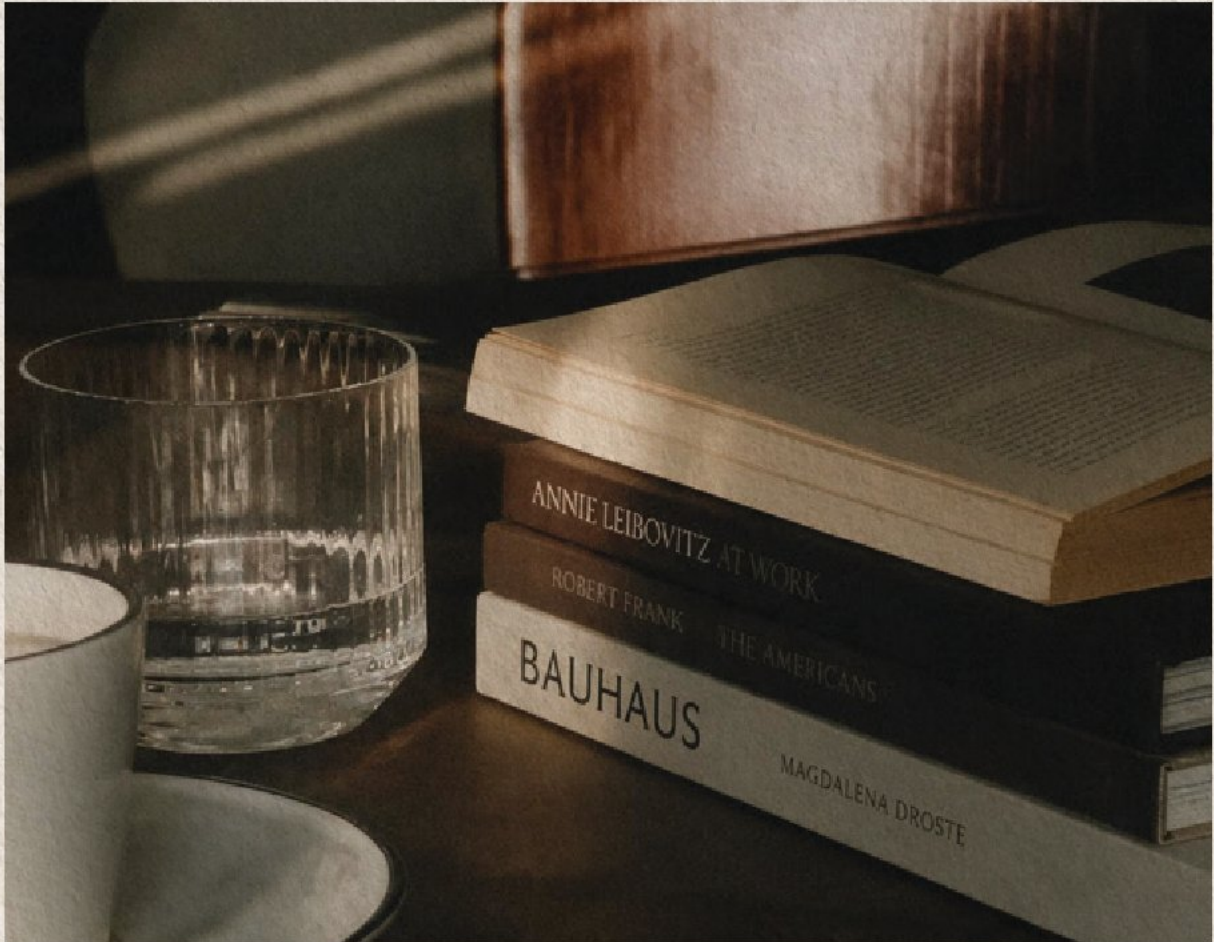
A lush garden runs the length of the ground level, with lounges built for reading outdoors when the light allows it. Floating cabanas sit over a shallow water feature, for the kind of afternoon that has nowhere else to be. Beyond them, a stretch of grass and a mini golf course for the evenings that don't call for a book at all.



Chapter Seven

A Book Well Bound

The Residences



The Residences aren't defined by any one room. They're defined by how the day moves through all of them — quickly in some, slowly in others, and not at all in the ones that ask nothing of you. That's the kind of home this is. One that already fits the life being lived in it.





The Kitchen



Built into the same wall as the coffee machine, a shelf holds space for the pause before breakfast. The kind of pause that deserves something to read. Coffee on one side. A chapter on the other. Neither one waits for the other to finish.





The Bedroom



A shelf runs the length of the wall, close enough to reach without leaving the bed. A light angles exactly where a hand would need it, for the chapter that outlasts the rest of the house going quiet.











Chapter Eight

The Facts



Chapter Nine

A Journey to Perfection