

A YOUNG MUSLIM'S GUIDE
TO SIBLING RIVALRY AND THE BONDS
THAT OUTLAST IT

No blame upon you today

FAITH, FORGIVENESS, AND
BROTHERHOOD ROOTED IN THE
QUR'AN AND SUNNAH

*"No blame upon you
today. May Allah
forgive you. And
He is the Most
Merciful of those
who show mercy."*

— QUR'AN 12:92



UNDERSTAND
THE ROOTS
OF RIVALRY



HEAL OLD
WOUNDS



REPAIR & BUILD
STRONGER BONDS



MASTER YOUR
MIND & HEART



PREPARE FOR
A LIFETIME
TOGETHER

TAHOOR PUBLISHERS

No Blame Upon You Today

*Healing the Bond Between Siblings
the Way of Yusuf*

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First edition.

*For the brother or sister
on the other side of the silence —
the door on this side is open.*

لا تثريب عليكم اليوم يغفر الله لكم

“No blame will there be upon you today. May Allah forgive you.”

Sūrah Yūsuf 12:92

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BEFORE YOU BEGIN

The Brother in the Mirror

There is a particular kind of grief that almost no one names aloud. It is the grief of having a brother or a sister who is still alive — and still a stranger. Not dead, so there is no funeral. Not gone, so there is no closure. Just there, on the other side of a silence that has lasted so long you can no longer remember how it began.

Maybe a wedding undid it. Maybe an inheritance. Maybe nothing dramatic at all — just years, and distance, and the slow accumulation of small woundings until one day you realised you no longer knew the person who once shared your bedroom, your secrets, your whole childhood. Or maybe the bond is not broken at all, only worn thin, and you have picked up this book not to repair a rupture but to keep one from ever forming.

Either way, you are not the first. The most beautiful story Allah ever told is a story about exactly this — about brothers who threw their own blood into a well, about a father who wept himself blind, and about the morning, decades later, when the wronged one looked into the faces of those who had wronged him and chose to say seven

words that have echoed through fourteen centuries.

لا تثريب عليكم اليوم يغفر الله لكم

*“No blame will there be upon you today. May Allah forgive you,
and He is the most merciful of the merciful.”*

Sūrah Yūsuf 12:92

That sentence is the spine of this book. Not because reconciliation is easy — it is among the hardest things a human heart is ever asked to do — but because Allah preserved this story, in this much detail, so that you and I would have a map. Yūsuf’s brothers were not children when they reconciled. They were grown men, fathers themselves, carrying decades of guilt. If the bond could be rebuilt there, after a betrayal that severe, then the bonds we are mourning are not beyond reach either.

This is not a book about pretending the wound never happened. Yūsuf never pretended. It is a book about what a Muslim does with the wound afterward — how we carry it, when we reach out, when we hold a boundary, and how we make sure that whatever happens between us and our siblings in this life, we do not arrive before Allah as the one who cut the tie He commanded us to keep.

Before we go further, sit for a moment with an honest question. In the story you are about to re-enter, there is a brother thrown into a well and there are brothers standing at its edge. Most of us are quietly certain we are the one in the well — the wronged one. But the truth is that in nearly every estrangement, both sides are in the well and both sides are at the edge. So begin here:



IN PRACTICE

Which brother are you?

- ◆ The wronged one — you were hurt, excluded, or betrayed, and the silence feels like the only justice you were ever given.
- ◆ The one who wronged — you carry something you did or said, and the distance is partly your own avoidance of facing it.
- ◆ The one who drifted — nobody did anything terrible; life simply pulled you apart, and now the gap feels too wide to cross.
- ◆ The peacemaker — you are caught between others, exhausted from carrying a family's worth of broken tiles.

Hold your answer loosely. By the last page you may find it has changed — that the brother in the mirror was never only one of these. That is not a failure. That is the beginning of the road back.



CHAPTER ONE

The Most Beautiful Story

Why Allah chose a tale of brothers to be His most complete narrative



“We relate to you the most beautiful of stories.”

— Sūrah Yūsuf 12:3

Of all the stories in the Qur'an, only one is told from beginning to end in a single, unbroken sūrah. Only one is introduced by Allah Himself as *aḥsan al-qāṣaṣ* — the most beautiful of stories. And it is, at its heart, a story about siblings who fell apart and were put back together.

Think about what that means. The Author of all things, choosing one narrative to tell in full, chose this one: a family fracture. Not a battle, not a conquest, not a miracle of fire or sea. A jealousy between brothers, a father's grief, a long separation, and a reunion. Allah is telling us, by His choice of subject, that what happens inside a family is not a small thing. It is worthy of the most beautiful story He ever told.

The sūrah opens with a boy and a dream, and almost immediately the wound appears. The brothers look at Yusuf and at their younger

brother and they say a sentence that any reader from a large family recognises instantly:

إِذْ قَالُوا لِيُوسُفُ وَأَخُوهُ أَحَبُّ إِلَيْنَا مِمَّا نَحْنُ عَصَبَةٌ

“Surely Yusuf and his brother are more beloved to our father than we are, though we are a strong band.”

Sūrah Yūsuf 12:8

There it is — the oldest poison between siblings, named on the page: *he is loved more than us*. Not *he is worse than us*, not *he wronged us*. Simply: he is loved more. Almost every sibling rupture, if you trace it back far enough, sits on top of that buried sentence. Someone got more. More attention, more praise, more of the parents' pride, more of the inheritance, more of the easy affection that should have been shared equally and somehow never was.

What makes the story the *most beautiful* is not that the wound is small. The wound is enormous — they plotted to kill him, then settled for abandoning him in a well. What makes it beautiful is that Allah carries us through every stage of it: the jealousy, the betrayal, the lie told to the grieving father, the long years of separation, and then — slowly, deliberately — the turning. The story does not end at the well. That is the whole point. Your story does not have to end at the well either.



HADĪTH

المؤمن للمؤمن كالبنیان يشد بعضه بعضا

Al-mu'minu lil-mu'mini kal-bunyāni yashuddu ba'duhu ba'dā.

The believer to another believer is like a building, each part strengthening the other. And he interlaced his fingers.

Ṣaḥīḥ al-Bukhārī & Muslim

If that is true of two believers who are strangers, how much more is it meant to be true of two believers who shared a mother? The Prophet ﷺ did not say the believers are like separate stones lying near one another. He said they are like a single structure — and a structure with a part torn out of it does not simply have a gap. It is weakened everywhere. When you are estranged from a sibling, you are not only missing them. You are standing in a building with a wall pulled out, and you feel the draught in rooms you cannot even name.

So we begin where the Qur'an begins: with the admission that the wound is real, that comparison is its root, and that Allah preserved this entire story precisely because He knew how many of us would one day need it. The most beautiful story is, in the end, an act of mercy toward every estranged sibling who would ever live. It is Allah saying: *I have seen this before. Here is how it can end.*