

Unfiltered Food. Real Kitchens. No Bull\$*#

SOLORIO EATS!



Where to Find My Recipes
What's New at Wendy's
Do Chef Titles Matter?
What I've Been Snacking On
Amazing Sauce for Seafood
The Game I'm Currently Addicted To

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ISSUE #1



this guy

LUIS SOLORIO

15 YEARS COOKING

MEXICAN ROOTS

PENNSYLVANIA RAISED

CREATOR OF THIS

yeah, this!

This magazine was written between bites. Fast ones. Standing ones. The kind eaten out of pint containers when time is thin and hunger is loud. On loading docks. In quiet corners. Before service when the adrenaline hasn't hit yet—or after, when it finally lets go. These are the meals that don't make memories for guests, but make careers for chefs.

I'm a professional chef. Classically trained. Permanently curious. I love this craft, but I refuse to pretend it lives only in pressed whites and hushed dining rooms. Cooking is art—but it's also survival. It smells like heat and effort. It's loud, imperfect, and sometimes eaten with a plastic fork you swear you'll replace later.

Solorio Eats Magazine lives in that tension. Between refinement and reality. Between discipline and desire. This is where chef stories coexist with snacks, drinks, fast food, and cravings we pretend not to have —because culture isn't just what we cook for others, it's what we reach for ourselves.

I am a *snack slut* by design. Snacks, they don't ask for commitment, applause, or attention—just a brief window to do their job. And we all have our favorites, the ones we reach for without thinking

This magazine is me pulling up a milk crate, cracking something cold, and inviting you into my world.

No filters. No fluff. No bullshit.

TITLES DON'T MEAN SHIT

In kitchens, titles come stitched in clean thread. Executive. Sous. Chef de Cuisine. They look good pressed into a jacket, sharp against white cotton, something your family can point to and say, you made it. And sure—titles matter. They mark progress. They recognize responsibility. They can open doors. But here's the truth most people don't tell you early enough: titles don't make you a chef. They don't make people respect you. And they sure as hell don't make people follow you.

Long before a title is ever embroidered on your chest, people are already deciding who you are. They're watching how you move on a busy prep day. How you react when service goes sideways. How you talk to the dishwasher when the dish pit is buried. They're clocking whether you show up prepared or always scrambling. Whether you blame or take ownership. Whether you stay calm or let chaos live in your voice. The kitchen is a brutally honest place—there's nowhere to hide, and no title is loud enough to drown out weak character.

Becoming a chef is a slow burn. It's built in repetition, in the quiet discipline of showing up every single day and doing the work the right way even when no one is watching. It's built through small wins: mastering a sauce, running a clean station, leading a smooth pickup, helping a teammate without being asked. Confidence should come from those moments—not from a promotion letter or a new title on a schedule. Real confidence is earned. It's steady, not loud. It doesn't posture.

Humility is not weakness. In fact, humility is one of the strongest tools a chef can have. Walking into a kitchen believing you're superior to anyone—because of rank, experience, or pay—is the fastest way to lose trust. Every position in the kitchen matters. The person washing dishes controls the heartbeat of service. The person taking out the trash keeps the kitchen safe and functional. The prep cook sets the table for success hours before the first ticket prints. Respect flows both ways, and kitchens can feel immediately when it's missing.

Treat everyone with respect, from the dish pit to the boardroom. Not because it looks good, but because it's right. Leadership doesn't change depending on who's in front of you. If you only show respect upward, people notice. If you only flex authority downward, people remember. The best chefs understand that titles don't elevate you above the work—they deepen your responsibility to the people doing it with you.



What you do day in and day out speaks louder than anything stitched into fabric. Your consistency. Your attitude. Your preparedness. Your willingness to help instead of hover. Your ability to listen. Kitchens don't need leaders who are constantly overexcited or chasing recognition. They need leaders who are calm when the printer won't stop. Resilient when staffing falls apart. Grounded when food costs climb. Leaders who can weather a storm without panicking or pointing fingers.

People follow long before you're "in charge." They look for direction from those who are steady. From those who ask the right questions instead of barking orders. From those who are always trying to get better, tighter execution, cleaner systems, clearer communication. Improvement isn't loud. It's daily. It's subtle. It compounds.

Titles are fine. They're milestones, not destinations. They should never be the goal, because if the title comes before the substance, the room will know. Kitchens have a way of exposing frauds quickly. You can't fake leadership over a ten-hour shift. You can't bluff your way through a slammed Saturday night. You either show up as someone people trust, or you don't.

The chefs who leave the deepest mark aren't remembered for the titles they held. They're remembered for how they made people feel working beside them. For how they handled pressure. For how they carried themselves when things were hard. For the standard they lived by every day, not the one they talked about in meetings.

So chase the craft—obsess over it. Chase the discipline when no one's clapping, when the hours are long, when the job feels invisible and the wins are small but earned. Chase that quiet, unshakeable confidence that comes from doing the work right **every damn day**, not just when someone important is watching. Let the title come later, or not at all. Don't rush it. Don't beg for it. Don't confuse a word on a schedule with respect. Because in the end, titles **don't mean shit**. They fade, they change, they get replaced. Character doesn't. The kitchen remembers who stayed calm when it was burning down, who took responsibility when it went wrong, who lifted others instead of standing on them. It remembers who could be trusted with a station, a team, a moment that mattered. Long after the jackets are hung up and the titles stop changing, your reputation will still be walking those halls. And that, whether people want to work with you, for you, or never again, that's the only title that ever truly sticks.

EXECUTIVE SOUS CHEF DE CUISINE



VIDEOS & RECIPES

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**BANANA MATCHA
ICED LATTE**

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CHICKEN**

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**BRINED PORK
CHOPS**

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colorful snack picks



There's something deeply satisfying about discovering a drink that doesn't try too hard and Taiyuan's jelly drink is exactly that. Originating from Taiyuan, the capital of Shanxi Province, it's rooted in northern Chinese street-food culture where balance matters more than excess. Served chilled, it features a lightly set jelly suspended in a subtly sweetened liquid that refreshes without ever feeling heavy or overly sugary.

What really makes it stand out is the texture. The jelly consistency is money. soft enough to glide, firm enough to give a satisfying chew—turning each sip into a small moment of pleasure. I've got this drink on rotation right now, and it's earned its spot: low-key, dialed-in, and proof that when something's done right, it doesn't need to show off.

My new favorite snack right now is the Fatty Stick Co. meat stick—straight up, no gimmicks, just good product.

They come in a solid lineup of flavors, each one delivering with confidence. At \$2.99 a stick, yeah, it's not cheap, but that thought barely survives the first bite.

This is top-tier quality meat, the kind that makes you pause for a second and nod like, yeah, this is it. One stick in and the price fades—what stays is how damn good it is.

The nuance is where these really flex. The texture is locked in: a clean snap, firm but juicy, with fat that melts instead of smears. The smokiness rides smooth—present, warm, never overpowering—letting the meat and seasoning stay front and center. Salt is balanced, spice is intentional, and nothing feels rushed or careless. Made in Chicago, Illinois, and it shows. This is a blue-collar snack with polish—bold, honest, and built for people who know the difference. You don't crush it mindlessly; you enjoy it, then immediately want another.





Chef RPG speaks directly to cooks who know the grind. You're not dropped into some fantasy kitchen—you're thrown onto the line with bare counters, limited mise, and a long prep list ahead of you. The game understands kitchen life: sourcing product, managing time, building flow, and getting through service without everything crashing. It scratches that same itch chefs feel in real kitchens—execute better today than you did yesterday.

Building your restaurant feels like opening a spot from scratch. You start with a stripped-down operation, then slowly dial it in—upgrading equipment, refining menus, tightening execution, and finding your rhythm. Ingredients matter. Technique matters. Your decisions affect how service runs and how your food is received. It's less about instant success and more about developing consistency, learning your strengths, and running a cleaner service every night. Anyone who's ever opened a restaurant or worked through a menu rollout will recognize the pressure and payoff.

Character customization seals the deal for chefs who care about identity. You're not just customizing a look—you're defining your style as a cook. Are you the type chasing wild product and seasonal ingredients, or the chef focused on efficiency, menu balance, and repeatable execution?

The game lets you lean into your instincts, much like real life. Chef RPG feels like it was built by people who understand kitchens, making it a rare game that resonates with cooks who clock out, fire up a console, and still want that sense of purpose and craft.





Chef RPG plays beautifully on both PC and Steam Deck, making it easy to fit into a chef's real-world schedule. On PC, you download it directly through Steam and really get to appreciate the art style, smooth controls, and overall polish—everything feels clean, intentional, and well-paced, whether you're locked in for a long session or dialing in your restaurant late at night. On the Steam Deck, the game shines in a different way: it's perfect for short bursts, quick services, or zoning out on the couch after a long shift. The controls feel natural, the screen showcases the visuals surprisingly well, and performance stays solid. No matter how you play it, Chef RPG is a beautiful, fully enjoyable experience that's clearly built to be played—not just admired.

SCORE

9.0

10



POST SHIFT COMFORT

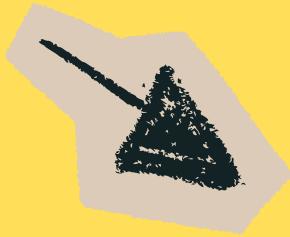
Long before titles, before coats with embroidery and responsibilities that followed me home, I was just a cook trying to survive long shifts and longer nights. Wendy's was there in those years—late drives, burned forearms, feet screaming, brain fried from a long dragged out service. It wasn't glamorous, but it was reliable. It was warm, consistent, and comforting in a way only fast food can be when you're running on fumes. Back then, it wasn't about trends or technique; it was about having something solid after a long shift on the line. That mattered then, and it still does now.

Now, standing on the other side of the craft, I can say this without nostalgia blurring my judgment: I truly enjoy what Wendy's is cranking out right now. The quality is real. Their new chicken tenders are crispy, seasoned with purpose, juicy where it counts. The new sauces, especially the Signature Sauce mixed with the Honey BBQ—How I like to mix and dip them, feel thought out. After a day spent focused on high-end product, classical technique, and repetition done right, you don't want another project, you want something familiar that still tastes good. Wendy's understands that. It did when I was just a cook, and it still does now.

The sauces deserve their own moment. The Signature Sauce leans creamy and tangy with a quiet richness—balanced, not aggressive, built to work with the chicken, not steal the show. The Honey BBQ is smoother and rounder, with a mellow sweetness and soft smoke that feels easy, not heavy. Mixed together, they hit all the notes without trying too hard. It's the kind of food cooks appreciate after service, nothing to analyze, nothing to fix, just something warm, satisfying, and reliable when you're finally done cooking for everyone else.



Beurre Blanc (Butter Sauce)



Ingredients:

1 Cup White wine
1 Cup White wine vinegar
1 Cup Heavy cream
1 each Lemon, juiced
1 each Shallot, sliced
4 each Garlic cloves
1 tsp Fennel seeds, toasted
1 tsp Coriander seeds, toasted
1 tsp Black peppercorns, toasted
1 each Bay leaf
2 each Thyme sprigs
¼ bunch Parsley stems
2 Pounds Butter, large dice



Procedure:

1. Combine all ingredients except for the butter and heavy cream in a heavy bottom pot. On low heat reduce to almost ***au sec (almost completely reduced)***
2. Add heavy cream and reduce to half a cup.
3. Whisk the butter cube by cube into the liquid to emulsify
4. Strain through a ***chinois (fine mesh strainer)***
5. Season with salt to taste.

Try this on fish, shrimp, crab, mussels, clams, and oysters