

Lake Soprasasso Excursion: Trekking and Bamboo Fishing



by Davide Fiorani

Introduction

The trekking and fishing trip to Lake Soprasasso with Gianpiero Bertolini began with an enthusiastic phone call:

"Hi Davide, if you come up, we can go for a trek to Lake Soprasasso to see if the brookies are still around. It's a two-and-a-half-hour hike and it's worth it!"

I immediately accepted, ready for this excursion into the wild—or so I like to think of it—Val di Rabbi, in Trentino.

That's how the trekking and fishing trip with Gianpiero came about.

The ascent route

It's now late August of last year. We set off at 7:30 a.m. from a point at 1,245 meters above sea level, where Fausto accompanies us in his off-road vehicle (permission from the forestry department is required to use the road). The starting point is near the Malghetta forest hut, after the bridge over the Rabbits stream, following the SAT 121 trail. From there, we can already admire the spectacular Valorz waterfalls.



The day is cloudy and brisk. We strap on our backpacks and begin a gradual climb through a sparse larch forest, passing the Valorz waterfalls



The trail then begins to steepen. After about two hours, we reach the Malga Casera bivouac, where we take a short break before making the final climb. Dark chocolate is a must.



A final half-hour effort and we arrive at Malga Soprasasso, right above the lake.



The route is over 3 km long with an elevation gain of over 900 meters, reaching the lake's 2,177 meters: a moderate physical challenge, immersed in pristine nature.

Arriva and preparation

The ritual photos, the change of sweaty T-shirts, and we immediately set up our bamboo rods: Gianpiero brought a 7'0" #3, I brought a 7'6" streamer rod, a choice that later proved to be perhaps a bit too optimistic.





We descend to the lake, a small body of water measuring approximately 200x90 meters, nestled between paragneiss rocks (medium-high grade metamorphic rocks, derived from the transformation of pre-existing sedimentary rocks) in the Cevedale Mountain Group.

There isn't a living soul!



A quick glance: a couple of rises and we see brookies near the shore.

We're thrilled.



Fishing for brookies

Gianpiero begins to stalk the first fish, staying away from the shore so as not to disturb them. He uses a size #18 fly with an opossum tuft and catches the first fish, small but lively.



Given the size of these brookies, I need to revise my streamers because I wasn't expecting them to be so small. I find a couple of #12s in the box and use those: in the end, they'll be a good selection. The strikes keep coming, and only the "bigger" fish stick to the hook.

It's a succession of catches: every now and then we have to move because we disturb the other fish, which try to hide in other areas, but these, unfortunately for them, are always within our reach.



Three hours of fishing in this alpine lake surrounded by meadows and glacial remnants:
we're satisfied and decide that's enough.



Return and end of the day

We stow our gear in our backpacks, fill our water bottles at the spring near the mountain hut, and get ready. This time, we have to descend a little over five kilometres to the village of San Bernardo, where we left the car.





Once we reach the bottom, we remove our boots, get in the car and head back to Dimaro to our base camp. Beer.

Practicing catch and release is one thing but needing something to eat, we start thinking about dinner. We opt for an excellent venison fillet, roast potatoes, a nice piece of cheese from Malga Mondènt, and a good local beer..



Great. Tomorrow we'll be ready for the next adventure.