

Two brothers attacked by ghostly dogs in Nevada



The El Dorado Canyon region, located in Nevada, has a long and rich history. Despite the apparent calm that seems to reign there, **mysterious ghostly dogs** seem to live in this vast and grandiose place.

Originally, two Native American tribes resided there: the Paiutes and the Mojaves. Soon after the discovery of the New World, the Spanish conquistadors flocked to this region, which held incredible reserves of gold. They were never able to find any.

It was not until the 19th century that researchers finally found the precious metals. They dug mines to exploit this very lucrative vein. For example, the Techatticup mine alone produced more than \$ 2.5 million in gold, silver, copper and lead when it closed in 1945.

Today, this region attracts more walkers or curious. But any witnesses claimed to have seen terrifying ghostly dogs.

Two brothers decided to carry out the investigation and therefore went there. In this canyon, they were attacked by these creatures, commonly called “Hell Hounds”.

One of the two says:

“For many years people have come out of this canyon with tales of sightings and in a very few instances terrifying accounts of actually being attacked or chased by these alleged ghost dogs while exploring various different mining or town sites in the area. Curious as to the validity of such tales my brother and I made the decision to do a little exploring of our own. On the first few excursions we found nothing as was expected. However, on the last adventure we stumbled onto what we thought was just another anonymous shaft site. As we looked closer at the site, we noticed about an eight foot severely weathered chain embedded into the rock wall at the entrance to the shaft.

Well, curiosity got the best of the both of us and foolishly we entered the shaft. There we came upon the bones of what appeared to be those of a large dog. We decided to camp here as the day was coming slowly to its end. A decision that later we would come to regret. The still desert night closed in as we had dinner and relaxed around our small campfire. we heard what we assumed were coyotes yipping and calling off in the distance. The atmosphere became thick and very uneasy. We now felt that we were being watched from a very close distance. What we thought was the night time breeze now sounded more like the panting or breathing of large dogs in close proximity. Then we heard the growling. Grating, low.....and hateful. The fall of paws on the desert sand now became apparent. They seemed to circle the campsite. We were surrounded. That’s when the scratching started. It came from the area were the chain was. That damn chain moved! It seemed to tug away from the rock wall, pulling harder and harder each time! We fumbled for our gear and and stumbled to our feet. My brother shown the flashlight at the chain. There were scratch marks in the rock!

There were what appeared to be blood stains on the wall seemingly were the unfortunate dog furiously clawed at the chain’s base in the rock itself! The chain dropped...something brushed against my leg and I struggled to keep my balance. My brother caught me and we ran like hell towards the car! The fall of canine footsteps and wild panting chased us all the way! I’ve never run faster in my life! On the road heading out of the canyon we were paced for a good two or three miles at least by what seemed to be a pack of wild strays! We made it home and I will never forget the terror of being chased by this pack of spectral hounds.”

Sources

- [Haunted El Dorado Canyon and its Mysterious Hellhounds](https://mysteriousuniverse.org/haunted-el-dorado-canyon-and-its-mysterious-hellhounds/) - mysteriousuniverse.org

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