

Sea to summit.

Two dead straight parallel lines led out of the surf and up to the tideline of Secret Cove. The only blemishes on the curved stretch of white sand. An engine revved and tyres spat shingle and small stones back onto the beach; imitating a cat covering up its business. The vehicle bobbed over the top of the dunes and nodded goodbye to the cobalt blue ocean; before it sped up the salt crusted track.

With a flick of the steering wheel, the tyres now scrunched on the sticky tarmac that sweated in the midday heat. With a boot of the accelerator, the vehicle leapt forwards, the engine growl, clearly registering its pedigree.

The driver wrestled with the controls and bowed right, through the open farm gate; in total contravention of the Country Code. The farmers-trail started to steepen. No need to press any buttons, play around with wheel lock differentials. The on-board computer had all terrain under control.

The vehicles bonnet now pointed to the azure blue of the sky and slowly but surely, it climbed the lower reaches of the Ben. The hybrid locomotive power-unit had tons of, as one infamous motoring expert would put it, 'low end grunt,' to spare.

The dirt path began to turn into more of a rocky road. High earth banks snapped at wheel arches. Cobble like rocks stretched out leaving canyon sized gaps; then clumped together in a mini-Matterhorn. The driver could now use the panoramic window screen to its fullest extent. The views now were as stunning as anywhere on earth. On one side the ocean lapped, next stop America. On the other, Munros tickled the firmament with their heather and gorse laden tops.

The ground now began to get heavier. The start of the boggy band that encircled the mountain. The vehicle ploughed on through; a true climber. Chris Bonington had nothing on this. Talk about touching the void or Everest the hard way; nothing today was going to stand in the way.

But hang on in there. was the bog too much for the vehicle? Plumes of mud spewed out from each corner of the vehicle. Dirty brown rainbow fans that splatted back as cow pats on the morass to announce that the vehicle, was indeed up to its axle in the mire. Hoisted by its own petard.

The end? Not on your nellie. This beastie, still had more rabbits in the hat. A hawser snaked out from a winch bolted to chassis, under the front bumper. A ground anchor was laid out and foot long pegs were hammered deep into the sphagnum moss. The winch whined. The cable tightened and began to haul the vehicle up and out, in a high horsepower tug-of-war.

Back on the straight and narrow, the vehicle spiralled to the summit, the crown perched on the Ben.

Above a drone buzzed; playing with the Osprey's that hunted the sea-loch below.

'Cut.' Called the director.

The advert for the new Land Rover Discovery, in the can.